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TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN,

HENRIE; Thrice Roiall Inheritor

to th'vnited Kingdomes of Great

BRITANNE, &c.

SInce perfe& happineſſe, by Princes ſought,
Is not with birth, borne, nor exchequers bought;
Nor followes in great Traines; nor is poſſeſt
With any outward State; but makes him bleſt
That gouernes inward; and beholdeth theare,
All his affections ſtand about him bare;
That by his power can ſend to Towre, and death,
All traitrous paſſions; marſhalling, beneath
His iuſtice, his meere will; and in his minde
Houlds ſuch a ſcepter, as can keepe conſinde
His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds
Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds
Takes-in, to ſowe his honors, his delights,
And compleat empire; you ſhould learn theſe rights
(Great Prince of men) by princely preſidents;
Which here, in all kindes, my true zeale preſents
To furniſh your youths groundworke, & firſt State;
And let you ſee, one Godlike man create
All ſorts of worthieſt men; to be contriu'd
In your worth onely; giuing him reuiu'd,
For whoſe life, *Alexander* would haue giuen
One of his kingdomes: who (as ſent from heauen,
And thinking well, that ſo diuine a creature
Would neuer more enrich the race of Nature)

Kept

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Kept as his Crowne his works; and thought them still
His Angels; in all power, to rule his will;
And would affirme that *Homers* poelie
Did more aduance his Asian victorie,
Then all his Armies. O! tis wondrous much
(Though nothing prifde) that the right vertuous touch
Of a well written foule, to vertue moues.
Nor haue we foules to purpose, if their loues
Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd:
How much then, were this kingdomes maine foule maim'd
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That moue in humane foules? All Realmes but yours,
Are honor'd with him; and hold blest that State
That haue his workes to read and contemplate:
In which, Humanitie to her height is raifde;
Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath prayfde.
Seas, earth, and heauen, he did in verfe comprise,
Out-fung the Muses, and did equalife
Their king *Apollo*; being so farre from canife
Of Princes light thoughts, that their graueft lawes
May finde stuffe to be fashioned by his lines;
Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your Lutes, and Violls, and more loftily
Make the Heroiques of your *Homer* fung;
To Drummes and Trumpets set his Angels tongue:
And with the princely sport of Haukes you vse,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse:
And see how like the Phoenix she renews
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne;
Thoufands of yeares attending; euerie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that haue bin
Subuerted in them; lawes, religions, all

Offerd

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet still your *Homer* lasting, liuing, raining;
And proues, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.

A Princes statue, or in Marble caru'd,
Or Steele, or Gould, and shrinde (to be preferu'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into lowest ruines may depresse:
But, drawne with, all his vertues in learn'd verse,
Fame shal resound them on Obliuions herse,
Till Graues gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise:
No Gould can follow, where true Poesie flies.

Then let not this Diuinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth
Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lye
Still Bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright Image ras't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures giuen
Of his refulgent Deitie in Heauen:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,
In earth present his fierie Maiestie.
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and proiect braue beames;
But since they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Iustice, Imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more diuine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired course;
The Rise, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In vs, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great *Existence*, tearm'd his Treasurie:
Since not, for being greatest, he is Blest;
But being Iust, and in all vertues Best.

What sets his Iustice, and in his Truth, best forth

A

(Best

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

(Best Prince) then vse best; which is Poesies worth.
For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt
With gracious vertue, giue more sure effect
To her perswasions, pleasures, reall worth,
Then all th'inferiour subiects she sets forth;
Since there, she shines at full; hath birth, wealth, state,
Power, fortune, honor, fit to eleuate
Her heauenly merits; and so fitte they are
Since shee was made for them, and they for her:
So, Truth, with Poesie grac't, is fairer farre,
More proper, mouing, chaste, and regular,
Then when she runnes away with vntrust't Prose;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose
Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces;
In Poesie decking her with choicest Phrases,
Figures and numbers; when loose Prose puts on
Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot, vpon
Dull earthly businesse (she being meere diuine);
Holds her to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,
That should drinke Poesies Nectar; euerie way
One made for other, as the Sunne and Day,
Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring,
The plyant water, mov'd with any thing
Let fall into into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that moue round about
The gentle fountaine, one another rayling:
So Truth, and Poesie worke; so Poesie blazing,
All subiects false in her exhaustless fount,
Works most exactly; makes a true account
Of all things to her high discharges giuen,
Till all be circular and round as heauen.
And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me;
As in a flourishing, and ripe fruite Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to saue the Bole;

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

The Bole, the tappe; the tappe, to decke the whole
With leaues and branches; they, to beare and shield
The vsfull fruit; the fruit it selfe to yeeld
Guard to the cornell, and for that all those
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes):
So, in our Tree of man, whose neruie Roote
Springs in his top; from thence euen to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All ioynde in one to serue his Queene of Artes:
In which, doth Poesie, like the cornell lye
Obscurde; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make euen death to liue:
For which, she should liue honord; kings should giue
Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still
Hould vp their spirits in vertue; make the will,
That gouernes in them, to the power conform'd;
The power to iustice; that the scandals, stormd
Against the poore Dame, cleard by your fayre Grace,
Your Grace may shine the clearer. Her lowe place,
Not showing her, the highest leaues obscure.
Who raise her, raise themselues: and he sits sure,
Whom her wingd hand aduanceth; since on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit.
All whose poore seede, like violets in their beddes,
Now growe with bosome-hung, and hidden heads:
For whom I must speake (though their Fate conuinces
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

By him, that most ingenuously wisheth your Highnesse,
all the Vertues, and Royalties, eternisde by your
Diuine Homer;

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877



To the Reader.

Least with foule hands you touch these holy Rites;
 And with preiudicacies too prophane,
 Passe **Homer**, in your other Poets sleights;
 * Wash here; In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
 Heare auncient Oracles speake, and tell you whom
 You haue to censure. First then **Silius** heare,
 Who thrice was Consull in renowned Rome;
 Whose verse (saies **Martiall**) nothing shall out-weare.

Silius Italicus. Lib. 13.

HE, in *Elysium*, hauing cast his eye
 Vpon the figure of a Youth, whose hayr
 With purple Ribands braided curiously,
 Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire;
 Said, Virgine? What is he whose heavenly face
 Shines past al others, as the Morne the Night;
 Whom many maruailing soules, from place to place,
 Pursue, and haunt, with sounds of such delight?
 Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade)
 Would make me, questionless, belieue he were
 A verie God. The learned Virgine made
 This answer; If thou shouldst beleue it here,
 Thou shouldst not erre: he well deserv'd to be
 Esteemde a God; nor held his so-much breſt
 A little preſence of the Deitie:
 His verse comprisde earth, seas, starres, soules at rest:
 In song, the Muses he did equalise;
 In honor, *Phæbus*: he was onely soule;
 Saw al things spher'd in Nature, without eyes,
 And railde your *Troy* vp to the starrie Pole.
 Glad *Scipio*, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts,
 Saide, O if Fates would giue this Poet leaue,
 To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoasts;
 How much beyond, would future times receiue

To the Reader.

The same facts, made by any other knowne:
O blest *Æacides*! to haue the grace
That out of such a mouth, thou shouldst be showne
To wondring Nations, as enricht the race,
Of all times future, with what he did knowe:
Thy vertue, with his verse, shall ever growe..

Now heare an Angell sing our Poets Fame;
Whom Fate for his diuine song, gaue that name.

Angelus Politianus, in Nutricia.

More liuing, then in old *Demodocus*,
Fame glories to wax young in *Homers* verse.
And as when bright *Hyperion* holds to vs
His goulden Torch, wee see the starres disperse,
And euerie way flye heauen; the pallid Moone
Euen almost vanishing before his sight:
So with the dafeling beames of *Homers* Sunne,
All other ancient Poets lose their light.
Whom when *Apollo* heard, out of his starre,
Singing the Godlike Acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the diuine straines of his penne;
He stood amaz'd, and freely did confesse
Himselfe was equall'd in *Maonides*.

Next, heare the grane and learned *Plinie* vse
His censure of our sacred Poets Muse.

Plin. Nat. hist. lib. 7. Cap. 29.

Turn'd into verse; that no Prose may come neere *Homer*.

Whom shall we choose the glorie of all wits,
Held through so many sorts of discipline,
And such varietie of workes, and spirits;
But Grecian *Homer*? like whom none did shine,
For forme of worke and matter. And because
Our proud doome of him may stand iustified
By noblest iudgements, and receiue applause
In spite of enuie, and illiterate pride;
Great *Macedon*, amongst his matchless spoiles,
Tooke from rich *Persia* (on his Fortunes cast)
A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)
Form'd all of gould, with wealthy stones enchac't;
He

To the Reader.

He tooke the oyles out; and his neereſt friends
Aſkt, in what better guard it might be vſde?
All giuing their conceipts, to ſeuerall ends;
He anſwerd; His affections rather chuſde
An vſe quite oppoſite to all their kindes:
And *Homer's* bookes ſhould with that guard be ſerv'd;
That the moſt precious worke of all mens mindes,
In the moſt precious place, might be preſerv'd.
The Fount of wit was *Homer*; Learnings Syre,
And gate Antiquitie, her living fire.

*Idem. lib. 17.
Cap. 5.
Idem. lib. 25.
Cap. 3.*

Volumes of like praiſe, I could heape on this,
Of men more auncient, and more learnd then theſe:
But ſince true Vertue; enough lovely is
With her owne beauties; all the ſuffrages
Of others I omitte; and would more faine
That *Homer*, for himſelfe, ſhould be belov'd,
Who euerie ſort of loue-worth did containe.
Which how I have in my conuerſion prov'd,
I muſt confeſſe, I hardly dare referre
To reading iudgements; ſince, ſo generally,
Cuſtome hath made euen th' ableſt Agents erre
In theſe tranſlations; all ſo much apply
Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render
Their patient Authors; when they may as well,
Make fiſh with foule, Camels with Whales engender;
Or their tongues ſpeech, in other mouths compell.
For, euen as different a Production
Aſks Greeke and Engliſh; ſince as they in ſounds,
And letters, ſhunne one forme, and vnion;
So haue their ſenſe, and elegancie bounds
In their diſtinguiſh natures, and require
Onely a iudgement to make both conſent,
In ſenſe and elocution; and aſpire
As well to reach the ſpirit that was ſpent
In his example; as with arte to pierſe
His Grammar, and etymologie of words.
But, as great Clerks can write no Engliſh verſe;
Be cauſe (alas! great Clerks) Engliſh affords

*Of Tranſlation;
and the naturall
difference of Di-
alects, neceſſarily
to be obſerved
in it.*

Ironia.

To the Reader.

(Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude tongue,
(Since tis their Natiue): but in Greek or Latine
Their wits are rare; for thence true Poësie sprung:
Though them (Truth knowes) they haue but skil to chat-in,
Compar'd with that they might say in their owne;
Sincethither the others full soule cannot make
The ample transmigration to be showne
In Nature-louing Poësie: So the brake
That those Translators sticke in; that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they lose
The free grace of their naturall Dialect
And shame their Authors, with a forced Glose,
I laugh to see; and yet as much abhorre
More licence from the words, then may expresse
Their full compression, and make cleere the Author.
From whole truth, if you thinke my feet digresse,
Because I vse needful Periphrases;
Reade *Valla*, *Hessus*, that in Latine Prose,
And Verse conuert him; read the *Messines*,
That into Tuscan turns him; and the Glose
Graue *Salel* makes in french, as he translates:
Which (for th' aforesaide reasons) all must doo;
And see that my conuersion much abates
The licence they take, and more shoves him too:
Whose right, not all those great learnd men haue done
(In some maine parts) that were his Commentars:
But (as the illustration of the sunne
Should be attempted by the erring starres)
They faild to search his deepe, and treasurous hart.
The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art;
With Poësie, to open Poësie.
Which in my Poem of the mysteries
Reuealde in *Homer*, I will clearely proue:
Till whose neere birth, suspend your Calumnies,
And farre-wide imputations of selfe loue.
Tis further from me, then the worst that reads;
Professing me the worst of all that wright:
Yet what, in following one, that brauely leads,
The worst may shoue, let this prooffe hold the light.

But

*The necessary
necessity of
translation to
the example.*

*The power of
nature, above
Art in Poësie.*

To the Reader.

But grant it cleere : yet hath Detraction got
My blinde side, in the forme, my verse puts on ;
Much like a dung-hill Mastife, that dares not
Assault the man he barks at; but the stone
He throwes at him, takes in his eager Iawes,
And spoyles his teeth because they cannot spoyle.
The long verse hath by prooffe receiu'd applause
Beyond each other number: and the foile,
That squint-eyd Enuie takes, is censur'd plaine.
For, this long Poeme asks this length of verse ;
Which I my selfe ingenuously maintaine
Too long, our shorter Authors to reherse.
And, for our tongue, that still is so empayrde
By trauailing linguists ; I can proue it cleere,
That no tongue hath the Muses vterance heyrde
For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this ;
Our Monosyllables, so kindly fall
And meete, opposde in rime, as they did kisse :
French and Italian, most immetricall ;
Their many syllables, in harsh Collision,
Fall as they brake their necks ; their bastard Rimes
Saluting as they iustl'd in transition,
And set our teeth on edge ; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falls. And me thinkes, their long words
Shewe in short verse, as in a narrow place,
Two opposites should meet, with two-hand swords ;
Vnwieldily, without or vse or grace.
Thus hauing rid the rubs, and strow'd these flowers
In our thrice sacred *Homer's* English way ;
What rests to make him, yet more worthy yours ?
To cite more prayse of him, were meere delay
To your glad searches, for what those men found,
That gaue his praise, past all, so high a place :
Whose vertues were so many, and so crounde,
By all consents, Diuine ; that not to grace,
Or adde encrease to them, the world dorth neede
Another *Homer* ; but euen to rehearse
And number them : they did so much exceede,
Menthought him not a man ; but that his verse

*Our English
Language, above
all others, for
Rhythmical Po-
esse.*

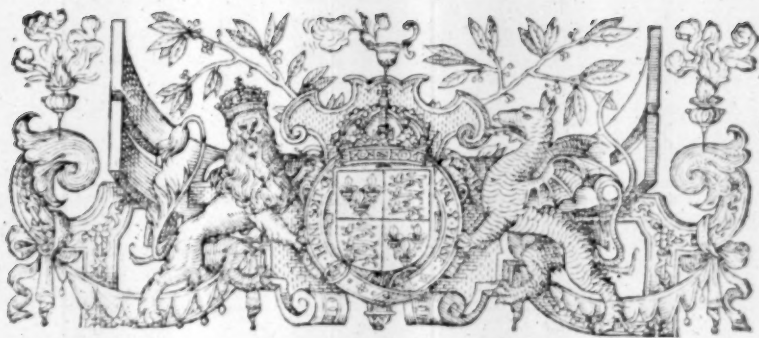
Some

To the Reader.

Some meere celestiall nature did adorne.
And all may well conclude, it could not be,
That for the place where any man was borne,
So long, and mortally, could disagree
So many Nations, as for *Homer* striv'd,
Vnlesse his spurre in them had beene diuine.
Then end their strife, and loue him (thus reuiu'd)
As borne in *England*; see him ouer-shine
All other-Country Poets; and trust this,
That whose-soeuer Muse dares vse her wing
When his Muse flies; she will be trufs't by his,
And shoue as if a Bernacle should spring
Beneath an Eagle. In none since was seene
A soule so full of heauen as earth, in him.
O! if our Moderne Poesie had beene
As louely as the Ladie he did lymne,
What barbarous worldling, groueling after gaine,
Could vse her louely parts, with such rude hate,
As now she suffers vnder euerie swaine?
Since then tis nought but her abuse, and Fate,
That thus empayres her; what is this to her
As shee is reall? or in naturall right?
But since in true Religion men should erre
As much as Poesie, should th'abuse excite
The like contempt of her Diuinitie;
And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites,
In most liues, breed but reuerence formally;
What wonder is't if Poesie inherits
Much lesse obseruance; being but Agent for her
And singer of her lawes that others say?
Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhor her;
Keepe still on in the durtie vulgar way,
Till durt receiue your soules, to which ye vow;
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifs.
Ye cannot so dispile vs, as we you.
Nor one of you, aboue his Mowlehill lifts
His earthy Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,
Kept by their Guardians, neuer care to heare
Their manly voices; but when, in their fits,
They breath wilde whistles; and the beasts rude care
Hears

To the Reader.

Hearcs their Curre barking; then by heaps they fly,
Headlong together: So men, beastly giuen,
The manly soules voice (sacred Poësie,
Whose Hymns the Angels eter sing in heauen)
Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises
(For Gaine, Lust, Honor, in litigious Prose)
Are bellow'd-out, and crack the barbarous voices
Of Turkish *Stentors*; O! ye leane to those,
Like itching Horse, to blocks, or high May-poles;
And break nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All
In all your Documents; your Asinine soules
(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gal.
But as an Asse, that in a field of weedcs
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it;
That prickcs, and galls him; yet he feedes, & bleeds;
Forbeares awhile, and licks; but cannot woo it
To leaue the sharpnes; when (to wreak his smart)
He beats it with his foot; then backward kickes,
Because the Thistle gald his forward part;
Nor leaues till all be eate, for all the prickcs;
Then fals to others with as hote a strife;
And in that honourable war doth waste
The tall heat of his stomacke, and his life:
So, in this world of weedcs, you worldlings taste
Your most-lov'd dainties; with such war, buy peace;
Hunger for torment; vertue kick for vice;
Cares, for your states, do with your states encrease:
And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,
Yet Reasons Day-light, shoves ye at your meate
Asses at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.



*To the sacred Fountaine of Princes; sole
Empresse of Beautie, and Vertue; A N N E,
Queene of England &c.*

With whatsoeuer Honor wee adorne
Your Royall Issue; we must gratulate yow
Imperiall Soueraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole and Bow.
If it be honor then to ioyne you both
To such a powerfull worke, as shal defend
Both from foule *Death*, and *Ages* oughly Moth;
This is an Honor, that shall neuer end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And ioygues your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.
Shield vertue, and aduance her then, Great Queene;
And make this Booke your Glasse, to make it seene;

*Your Maiesties in all subiection most
humbly consecrate,*

Geo. Chapman.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



A Pollos Priest to th' Argiue Fleete doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King:
For which her tendred freedom he intreats:
But being dismist with contumelious threats,
At Phobus hands by vengefull prayer hee seekes,
To haue a plague inflicted on the Greekes:
Which done Achilles doth a Councell cite,
And forceth Chalcas in the Kings despite
To tell the truth why they were punished so:
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth grow.
In which Achilles so extreamely raues,
That Goddesse Thetis from her Throne of waues
(Ascending Heauen) of Ioue assistance wonne
T'afflict the Greekes, by absence of her Sonne,
And make the Generall himselfe repent
To wrong so much his Armies Ornament.
This found by Iuno, shee with Ioue contends,
Till Vulcan with Heauens cuppe the quarrell ends.

Another Argument.

*Alpha, the prayer of Chrysis sings,
The Armies plague th'incensed Kings.*

Achilles banefull wrath, resound great Goddesse of my verse
That through th' afflicted host of Greece did worlds of woes disperse,
And timeles sent to hell by troopes, the strong and generous soules
Of great Heroes; but their lims, left food for beasts and foules:
So Ioues high counsell tooke cuent, from whence that larre begun,
Twixt Agamemnon King of men, and Thetis Godlike sonne.
What God did giue them vp to strife? Ioues and Latonas seede,
Who angrie with the King for wrongs, against his Priest decreede,
Made sickenes rage through all the host, which much life, put to flight:
His Priest came to the Greekes swift Fleete, with ran some infinite.

B

The

*The golden Scepter and the Crowne far-shooting Phœbus wore,
To free his daughter: which in hand he humbly brought before
The Peeres of Greece; whom he besought, but both th' Attides, most,
Who were most mightie in the rule of all th' imperiall Host.*

*Attides and ye well-grien'd Greekes, Gods that in Heauenly Halles,
Make blest abodes, renoune your swords with Pitiāns razed walls;
And grant your wisht retreat to Greece: meane space accept of me
These sacred presents, as the price of Noblie setting free
My onely daughter: In which deed, ye shall fit Honor shoue,
To Phœbus; honouring me, his Priest. This all the Peeres allow;
Giue fit grace to the reuerend Priest: and thinke the wisht release
Deseru'd well in the sacred Price; which yet did nothing please
The great Attides: who thus wrongd the Deities of the Day,
In wronging his religious Priest: commanding him away.*

*Hence dotard; quickly quit our fleete: nor let me euer more,
Heare of thy presence; least the Crowne of him thou dost adore
And his great Scepter helpe thee not; I will not set her free
Till age hath freed her of my lone: At Argos farre from thee,
She shall be hufwife in my Court, and honorde with my Bedae.
Be gone then, that thou mayst be safe; The old man feard and fled,
And by the farre-resounding seas went silent, till (far gone)
He thus besought the King of Men; Faye-hayrd Latonas sonne,
Heare thou that bear'st the siluer Bowe, that dost on Chrysa shine,
That strongly gouernst Tenedos, and Cylla most diuine.*

*O Sminthus, if euer I thy thankfull Temple crownde,
Or with fat thighes of Buls and Goats, haue made thy fires abound,
Giue full effect to my desires, and for these teares I shed
Let Greekes pay paines, and with thy shafts in troopes be stricken dead.*

*Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who at the heart offended
Downe from the topless browes of heauen, into the host descended:
His bowe and Quincer couer'd round, his golden shoulders wore,
His angrie arrowes (as he mou'd) did thunder on the Shore.
So, like the lowring night he walkt, and tooke his wreakfull stand
Athwart the Fleete: his siluer Bowe, with his hard loosing hand,
A dreadfull sound did make, and first the mules and dogges he wound,
And after with the brests of men, his mortall shafts confounds:
The funerall pyles did euer burne with heapes of men he slew;
Nine dayes together through the host, his poisoned arrowes flew,
The tenth a counsell through the Camp AEacides designe,
Which Iuno with the siluer Armes, did put into his minde:*

Who stood remorsefull of the Greekes to see them euerie where
Employ the greedy fires of death: and now conuented were
The chiefe commanders of the camp, who (altogether plaste)
From sacred Thetis swift foote some this supposition paste.

Atrides, some new error now procures this plague I feare,
To driue vs hence; if with our liues we may th'impulsions beare
Of this our double pestilence, th'infection and our warre:
But let vs some graue Prophet aske, or Priest that sees from farre;
Or some interpreter of dreames (for dreams proceede from Ioue)
Who may report what sinne doth thus the Delphian Archer moue
To punish vs: if hecatombs or fumes of offered sheepe,
Or soundest Goates, or vowes vnkept, which now our Zeales may keepe,
That his sharpe arrowes in our breastes hee may refraine to sleepe.

Achilles, hauing sayd, sate downe; when Calchas, Thestor's sonne
(The best of Augures, that was skild in all things present, done
Deedes past, and euerie act to come, and did direct the course

Of th' Argiue Fleete to Ilion, for his prophetique force
Giuen by Apollo) next stood vp, and thus did silence breake.

Ioue-lou'd Achilles, if thou wish, and wilt command me speake
My knowledge of Apollos wrath; couenant and sweare to mee,
That readie with thy hand and sword, thou wilt assistant bee
Both now and in affaires to come: for him that most doth sway
The soueraigne Empire of the hoste, whom all the Greeks obey,
I feare my sentence will offend: and if a mightie state
Against a much inferiour man conceive a lordly hate,
Though hee depresse it for the time, yet he reserves it still,
Till best aduantage of his power haue perfected his will.

Say then if thou wilt warrant me, against the worst euent?

Achilles answerd, All thou knowest, speake, and be confident:

For by the deere belou'd of Ioue, the dayes Eternall King,
From whom (O Calchas) to the Greekes, thou Oracles dost sing,
Not one of all the Peeres shall lay offensive hands on thee,
While my truth shielding forces last, or that in earth I see:

No not if Agamemnons frowne, be obiect of thy feares,
Who to be soueraigne of vs all, the glorious title beares.

Then tooke the blamelesse Prophet hart, and sayd they were not vowes,
Yet vnperform'd, nor Hecatombes, but Ioue that Phœbus shoves,
In honor of his Priestes disgraste by Agamemnons will,
That skorn'd his ransome, and reserves his dearest daughter still;
For this, Apollo sends this plague, and yet will send vs more,

Nor will containe, from our distresse, his heauie ~~hauie~~ band, before
The blacke cyde virgin be releast, vnbought and ransomlesse,
And conuoy'd hence with Hecatombes, till her chaste foot do presse
The flowrie Chrylas holy shoare; and so if wee shall please
Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure this keene disease.

He saie: the great Heroe rose, the far commanding king
Atides, full of froward grieues, excessiue anger's sting
Sperr'd blacke fumes round about his brest, his eyes like burning fire
Cast sparkles from his bended browes, all blowne out of his Ire:
And looking sternely on the priest, Prophet of ill (said he)
That neuer didst presage my good, but tookst delight to be
Offensiue in thy Auguries, not one good word proceeds
From thy rudetips, nor is perform'd in any after deedes:
And now thou frowardly dost preach, in midst of all the Greekes,
That heauens farre shooter in this plague, the restitution seekes
Of my faire prisoner, who retaynd, is cause of our annoy:
And all because thou knowst, in her I take such specjall ioy,
And wish to bring her to my Court, since I esteeme her more,
Then Clytemnestra, that to me, the nuptiall contract swore,
When shee was yet a maide and young: nor doth she merite lesse
Both for her bodies comely forme, her native towardnesse,
Her wisdome and her huswiferie; yet will I render her
If it be best: for to my good, my Souldiers I preferre.
But in her place some other Pryse see quickly you prepare,
That I alone of all the Greekes, lose not my honors share:
Which needes must be confest unfit; but thus my friends you see
That what by all your mindes is mine, one other takes from me.

To him, the excellentst of foot, diuine Achilles said,
Ambitious and most couetous man, what Pryse can be repaid
By these our noble minded friendes, for thy desire supply?
All know how scantly wee haue storde our common tresurie,
For what the spoyled Citties gaue, ech souldier for his paine
Hath duely shar'd by onr consents, which to exact againe
Were base and ignominious; but to the God resigne
Thy pleasure for our common good: and if the most diuine
So grace vs, that this well wall'd towne, we leauill with the plaine
We fourefold will repay the losse, thy fortunes now sustaine.

The king replied; Be not deceiu'd, nor thinke thy priuate force
(Godlike Achilles) can outgoe the free, and publique course,
In which, Heauen set my eminent power; It will be neuer so;

Thou

Thou hast a like Prize; wouldst thou wish that I should thus let goe
 The right I wun, and thou keepe thine? But if the rest thinke fit,
 That my rule thus be ouer-rul'd, let them as well admit
 My worthy recompence: if not, Ile make mine owne Amends;
 In person, I will come my selfe to thee, or to thy Friends,
 Ajax, or Ithacus; and take my choice of any Prize,
 That I thinke counteruailes my losse, in all your Custodies;
 Let him seeke wreake, that thinks him wrongd; But, touching this designe,
 We will heereafter, and elsewhere conclude what shall be mine:

Now let vs lanch the Sable Barke into the holy seas,
 Shippe chosen rowers in her banks: and Hecatombes to ease
 Our instant plague; and we will cause bright Chrifys to ascend:
 Whose charge to some Greeke prince in chiefe t'is fit we should commend:
 Or to the royall Idoimen; or Ajax Telamon:
 Or to the prudent counsaylor, Diuine Laertes sanne:
 Or to the terriblest of men, thy selfe Acacides:
 That offrings made by thy strong hands, Apollo may appease.

Acacides obseruing well the vrg'd authoritie
 Of his proud foe: with browes contract, returnd this sharp reply;
 O thou possessest with impudence, that in command of men,
 Affectst the brute minde of a Fox, for so thou fill thy denne
 With forced or betrayed spoyle, thou feel'st no sense of shame:
 What souldier can take any spirit, to put on (for thy fame)
 Contempt of violence and death, or in the open field,
 Or secret ambush; when the hyre his high desert should yeeld,
 Is before hand condemnd to glut thy gulfe of auarice.
 For me; I haue no cause t' account these llians enemies:
 Nor of my Oxen nor my horse, haue they made hostile spoyle;
 Nor hurt the comfortable frutes of Pthias populous soyle;
 For many shady distances, hills and resounding Seas
 Are interposde: but our kinde armes, are lifted to release
 (Thou senselesse of all Royaltie) thine and thy brothers fame;
 Imprisoned in disgracefull Troy, which nothing doth inflame
 Thy dogged nature to requite, with fauour or renowne,
 Our ceaselesse and important toyles: for which, what is mine owne,
 Giuen by the generall hands of Greece (yet by the valure got
 Of my free labours) thy rude lust will wrest into thy lot:
 In distribution of all townes, wun from our Troian foes.
 Still more then mine to thy heapt store, th' vneuen proportion rose;
 But in proportion of the fight the heauiest part did rise,

To my discharge; for which I finde much prayse and little prise.
 But Ile enaure this ods no more: it is better to retire,
 And to my countrey take my fleet, not feeding thy desire,
 Both with the wracke of my renowne, and of my wealth beside,
 Exhausted by the barbarous thirst of thy degenerat pride.

Affectst thou flight, replied the King, be gon and let not mee
 Nor any good of mine be cause to stay thy fleete or thee;
 There are enow besides, will stay and do my state renowne:
 But chiefly prudent Iupiter. Of all his band doth crowne,
 Thou still art bittrest to my rule; contention and sterne fight
 To thee, are vnitie and peace; if thou exceed in might,
 God gaue it thee, and it is absurde to glorie as ouy owne,
 In that we haue not of our selues; but is from others growne.
 Home with thy fleet and Myrmydons; there let thy rule be seen,
 I loath so much to feare thy rage, or glorifie thy spleene,
 That to thy face I threaten thee; and since thou offended Sunne
 Takes Chryles from me, whom by right of all consents I wun;
 I et I with mine owne shippe and men must send her to her Syre;
 My selfe will to thy tent repaire and take thy hearts desire;
 Euen bright-checkt Bryllis from thine armes; that th. n thy pride may sweare
 Amidès is thy bettter far, and all the rest may feare.
 To vaunt equalitie with mee; or take ambitions hart,
 To stand with insolence comparde, in any aduerse part.
 Thus set Peleides soule on fire, and in his bristled brest,
 His rationall and angrie parts, a doutfull strife distrest;
 If he should draw his wreakfull sword, and forcing way through all,
 End Agamemnons insolence in bloudie funeral;
 Or else restraine his forward mind and calme his angers heat.
 Whilst in his thus diuided selfe, these agitations beat,
 And hee his mightie sword vnbeathide, wise Pallas was in place,
 Foresent by great Saturnia, that makes the white embrace;
 Who, of the two late enemies, had wondrous loue and care;
 Shee stood behind AEacides, and by the goulden hayre
 She puld him to her; and to him she onely did appeare:
 Who turning to her heauenly sight, was strooke with reuerent feare;
 But by her dreadfull sparkling eyes her godhead straight he knew,
 And sayd, Why comes loues daughter here? the arrogancie to view
 Of Atreus sonne? twere fitter, death his barbarous pride should bow
 Whose author, I haue vowd to be, and will performe my vow:
 She answered, T'is not best for thee, and I am come t' appease

Thy

Thy violent furie, if thou wilt for my perswasions cease,
 Sent by the luorie-fingerd Queene, that tenders both your liues,
 Forbeare then thy aduise-less sword, and rule that part that strives;
 Reprouing him with words more safe; and here I promise thee,
 What shall be perfectly perform'd: Thou shalt presented bee
 With gifts of three-fold excellence to thy rectined wrong,
 And therefore serue our deities: and onely vse thy tongue.

Tis fit (Pelides did reply) your godheads should be please;
 Though at my soule I bee incens'd: who is for heauen appease,
 Heauen will appease his wrongs for him: this said, his ample hand
 (Close'd in his silver hilt) forbore, and did the Dames Command;
 So to the heauenly house shee flew of Egis bearing loue
 To keepe her state with other Queenes, that sway the thrones above.
 She gone, Pelides did renew breach of his tempers peace;
 And gaue the king despightfull words, nor yet his wrath would cease.
 Thou great in wine, with dogged lookes, and hart but of a Hart,
 That neuer with the formost troups, in fight darst shake thy dart,
 Nor in darke ambush arme thy selfe: these seeme too full of death
 For thy cold spirits; 't is more safe, with contumelious breath,
 To show thy manhood gainst a man, that contradicts thy lust,
 And with thy conetous valour, take his spoiles, with force vnjust,
 Because thou knowest a man of fame, will take wrong ere hee be
 A generall mischiefe nor sham'st thou though all the armie see.
 Thou souldier-eating king, it is on beasts thou rule hast won,
 Or els this wrong had beene the last, thou euer should'st haue done:
 But I protest and sweare to thee, a great and sacred oath,
 Euen by this Scepter (which with kings, lawes and religion both
 Was wont to institute, and held a symbole of the right,
 By partlesse iustice ministred, and still bewrayes the might
 Of princes carried in their hands, protecting all the lawes
 We all receiue from Iupiter) which giues sufficient cause,
 To make thee thinke I meane to obserue, what I so deeply sweare;
 That as it neuer since it grew, did leaues or branches beare,
 Cut from the hils, and can no more produce delightful shade,
 So since thy most inhumaine wrongs, haue such a slaughter made
 Of my affections borne to thee, they neuer shall renew
 Those sweet and comfortable flowers, with which of late they grew.
 But when the vniuersall hoast shall faint with strong desire
 Of wrongd Achilles, though thou pine, thou neuer shalt aspire
 Helpe to their miseries from me, when underneath the hand

Of bloudie Hector cold as death their bodies spread the sand;
And thou with inward griefe, shalt teare thy miserable minde
That to the most kinde worthy Greek thou wert so most unkinde.

This said, he threw against the ground his Scepter, all besprent
With such a kinde of goulden studdes, as figur'd Regiment.

So sate the king and he inragde; when vp old Nestor stood,
The sweet-voic't Pylian Orator, whose tongue powrde forth a flood
Of speech that honnies taste exceld; two ages he had liu'd,
Of sundrie language men, all which were dead, yet he suruiu'd,
And now amongst the third he rain'd; hee thus bespake the peeres.

O Gods what mighty woes will wound all Princely Achieue eares?
And how will Priam and his sonnes with all the Iliion seed,
Euen at their hearts reioyce to heare these haynous discordes bred,
Twixt you; who in the skill of fight and counsels, so excell
All other Greekes: let my aduise this bitternefs expell;
You are not both so old as I, who liu'd with men that were
Your betters far, yet euer held my exhortations deare;
I neuer saw, nor euer shall behold the like of them
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the godlike Poliphem,
Exadius and Perithous and Drias great in power,
And Theseus like a Personage bred in the Olympian towre,
And Cæneus a right worthie man; all which, the strongest were,
Of all the earth then nourished; and euerie way sans Pere;
And hand to hand with wildest beasts that euer mountaine bred,
Fought, and destroy'd them; and with these my Lycians forth I led,
Far from the land of Apia: themselves did call me forth,
And to my utmost strength I fought; and these were men whose worth
No men that now liue durst withstand: yet these would gladly heare
My counsels and obey them too: then do not both you beare
Greater conceits, then greater men: but (as they did) obey.
Obedience better is then rule; where rule erres in his sway;
Let not the king officiously by force the damsell take,
But yeeld her whom the Greekes at first Pelides prise did make.
Nor let a kings heire gainst a king, with such contempt repine;
Since neuer scepter-state attaind an honour so diuine,
And rightfully by Ioues high gift: though better borne thou bee
Because a goddesse brought thee forth, yet better man is he
Since his command exceeds so much; then let the king subdue
His spirits greatnesse, and my selfe, to Thetis sonne will sue,
That he depose his furies heat; who is the mightiest barre

Betwixt

*Betwixt the Grecians safe estate, and spoyle of impious warre.
With good decorum (reuerend Syre) Atrides did reple,
Thou giu'st vs counsell; but this man, aboue vs all will flie,
All in his power he will conclude, and ouer all men raigne,
Commanding all; all which, I thinke, his thoughts attempt in vaine.
What if the euer being-state to him such strength affordes,
Is it to rende vp mens renownes with contumelious words?*

*Achilles interrupted him, Thou might'st esteeme me base,
And cowardly to let thee vse thy will in my disgrace:
To beare such burthens neuer were, my strength and spirits combinde,
But to reforme their insolence: and that thy soule should finde,
Were it not hurt of common good more then thy worst despight;
But I (not soothing Nestors sute) for rights sake, reuerence right,
Which thou dost seruilely commend, but violate it quite;
And this, euen in thy intrayles print; ile not prophaye my hand,
With battell in my lusts defence; A gyrlc cannot command
My honour and my force like thine, who yet commandst our hoast;
Slauelieue he to the world, that liues slauelieue to his lust; engroft:
But feed it, come and take the dame, safe go thy violent secte;
But what souer else thou findest, aborde my sable fleete,
Dare not to touch without my leaue: for feele my life mischance,
If then thy blacke and lust-burnt blood, flow not vpon my Lance.*

*Contending thus in words, Opposde they rose; the counsaile brake;
Pelides to his tents and ships, his frind and men did take;
Atrides lencht the full sayld shippe into the brackish seas;
And put therein the Hecatombe, that should the God appease;
Twise ten selected iouers then; then Chrysus foorth he brings,
Made her ascend the sacred shippe: with her the grace of kings
(Wife Ithacus) ascended too: All shipt, together then
Neptunes moist wildernes they plow; the king charg'd all his men
Should hallow'd Lustrations vse: which done, into the floud
They threw the Offall, and the Barke purge from polluted blood:
Thus, sweet and due solemnities they to Apollo keepe,
Of Bulls and Goates, neere to the shore of the vnfruitfull deep.
The sanor wrapt in cloudes of smoake, ascended to the skies,
And thus they sanctifi'd the Campe with generall sacrifice:*

*Yet Agamenons froward thoughts, did not from discord cease:
But cald to him, Talthibius, and graue Euribates,
Heralds, and carefull ministers, of all his high commandes:
And this iniurious Ambassie committed to their hands;*

Goe to Achilles tent, and take the bright-checkt Brytys thence;
 If he denie, tell him, my selfe with more extreame offence,
 Will come and force her from his armes, with vnresisted bandes;
 The heralds all vnwilling went along the barren sands:
 The tents and fleet of Mirmydons they reacht and found the king,
 At his blacke shippe and tent; Their sight could be no welcome thing,
 To his sterne eyes; His lookes amaze and made them reuerent stand,
 Not daring to salute his mood; nor what they sought, demande;
 Hee seeing them loath, th' iniurious cause of his offence to be;
 Welcome, ye Heraldes, messengers of Gods and men (said hee)
 Come neare: I blame not you, but him that gainst your wils doth send,
 To haue the lonely Brytys brought; Patroclus, princely friend
 Bring soorth the dame, and render her, pleas'd be their Soueraigne then;
 But here before the blessed gods before the eyes of men,
 Before your ignominious king, bee faithfull witnesses,
 Of what I feele: If euer worke in future bitternesse,
 Of any plague to be remou'd from your unhappy host,
 Be needefull of my friendly hand wrong, hath your refuge lost.
 Our king not present harmes conceiues, much lesse succeeding woes,
 But led by eniuous counsell, raues and knowes not what he does:
 Nor how to winne his name renowne; being carefull to foretell
 How with least death his men might fight, and haue them bulwarkt well.

This said, Patroclus well allow'd the patience of his friend;
 Brought Brytys forth, and to her guides her comforts did commend
 With the most kindnesse; which his friend could not for anguish vse:
 Shee wept, and lookt vpon her Loue, he sigh't and did refuse;
 O how his wisdom with his power, did mightily contend,
 His loue encouraging his power, and spirit that durst descend
 As far as Hercules for her: yet wisdom all subdude.
 Wherein a high exploite he show'd, and sacred fortitude.

Brytys without her soule did moue, and went to th' Achilue tents:
 Achilles seuer'd from his friends, melts anger in laments,
 Vpon the shore of th' age d deepe, viewing the purple seas
 And lifting his broad hands to heauen hee did with vtterance ease
 His manly bosome, and his wrongs to Thetis thus relate;

O mother, since you brought me forth to breath so short a date,
 Th' Olympian thunderer might commix some boone with my short breath;
 That what my minds power, wanting time, contracts in timeles death,
 Short life wel grac't might amplifie: which Iupiter denies,
 As if his gifts (being giuen in vaine) men iustly might dispise;

Admit-

Admitting Atreus sonne to vaunt, th' inforcement of my prise.
 His mother (seated in the deepes of Neptunes softned skyes
 With old Oceanus) forsakes the gray seas like a clowde,
 And presently before him sate, whom ruthfull sorrowes bowde:
 She mou'd him with her tender hand, and said, Why mournes my sonne?
 What bold woes dare inuade thy breast? conceale not what is donne:
 But tell, that we may both partake one mournfull iniurie.

He sighing said, Why should I tell? thou know'st as well as I.
 We went and ransackt sacred Thebes, Aetions wealthie towne,
 Brought thence the spoyle, and parted it, each man possesse his owne:
 Th' Attrides, beautilous Chrysis chusde, whose libertie was sought,
 By her graue Father, Phœbus Priest, that to the Nanie brought
 A pretious ransom, euen the Crowne and Scepter of his God:
 Which Atreus impious sonne despis'd, and threatned his abode,
 Dismissing him with all disgrace; for which, his vengefull prayer
 Attaind of Phœbus such a plague, as poysoned all the Ayer:
 In which his shafts flew through our Campe; and many souldiers died.
 We had an Augure, that our cause of mischief propheesied:
 I urgde th' appeasure of the Gods; which vext Attrides so,
 He threatned his amends on me, which with disgracefull woe
 He hath perform'd; his heralds now fetcht Brytis from my tent,
 Whose beautie was my valours prise, by euerie Greekes consent.
 If then thou canst assist thy sonne, ascend Olympus top,
 Pray Ioue (if euer his estate thy godhead helpt to prop,
 By ministrie of words, or werkes) he will assistance grant,
 Since often in my fathers Court, mine eares haue heard thee vant
 (As women loue to tell their worth) thou didst auert alone,
 Of all th' immortals, cruell skathe, from that clowde-makers throne.
 When Iuno, Neptune, and the dame, hee shooke out of his braine,
 Offer'd to binde him: thy repaire their furies did restraine,
 And brought the hundred-handed power to high Olympus Hall,
 Whom Gods doe Briaræus name, but men Egæon call:
 Whose strength redoubled his strong Syres, he fraid the immortall states,
 And draue them from the impious chaines, should execute their hates:
 For which in Ioues owne throne he ioyd: let this remembred bee,
 Sit euer praying at his foote, neuer forsake his knee,
 Till (if by any meanes he meane to helpe Troy) now hee line
 To fight for Ilion, and expell the Greekes to Sea againe:
 Or slaughter'd at their Fleete, their lines may wreake their kings offence,
 And he in his acknowledg'd harmes confesse my Eminence.

Thetis powrd out reple in teares: *Ay me, my Sonne (sayd shee)*
Why bearing thee to such hard fate, did my breasts nourish thee?
O would thou wouldst containe thy self, at Fleete, from wrongs and tears,
Since fates allow thee little life, and that too swiftly weares:
Soone must thou die, and yet the date is hastned with such woes
As none indures; and therefore sad and haples were my throes,
That brought thee forth but Iupiter, that doth in thunder ioi,
I will importune as thou wilt, and all my powers imploy,
(Scaling Olympus snowie browes) to order, if I may,
An honorable wreake for thee; meane time unmoued stay,
Hid in thy tent, and scorne the Greekes; thought of their ayde abstaine:
Ioue by Oceanus yester day, with all th'immortall traine
Went to the holy AEthiops feast, which thrise fower dayes will end:
Then will he turne to heauen againe, and then will I ascend
His Pyramis, whose base is brasse, where round about his knee
I will sollicite thy reuenge, and hope to bring it thee.

Thus left shee her deare sonne, with wrath, for his lost Loue still sed,
 Whom wilfull force, against his will, tooke from his mournfull bed.

Vlysses with the Hecatombe arriu'd on Chrylas shore:
 And when into the hauens deepe mouth they came to use the Ore;
 They strait strooke saile, they rowl'd them vp, and them on th' hatches threw
 The topmaste (by the kelsine laid) with Cables downe they drew:
 The ship then into harbour brought, with Ores; they Anker cast,
 And gainst the violent sway of stormes, make her for drifting fast.
 All come a shore, they all exposde the sacred Hecatombe
 To Angrie Phœbus: and withall, faire Chrysys forth doth come:
 Whom wise Vlysses to her Syre, that did at th' Altar stand,
 For honor ledde, and with these words resignde her to his hand:

Chryle, the mightie King of men, great Agamemnon, sends
 Thy loued daughter safe to thee, and to thy god commends
 This holy Hecatombe, to cease the plague he doth extend
 Amongst the sigh'-expiring Greeks, and make his power their friend.

Thus he resignde her to her Syre, who tooke her full of ioy:
 The honord offering to the God, they orderly imploy
 About the Altar, wash their hands, and take their salted cakes;
 When Chryle with erected hands this prayer to Phœbus makes;
 O thou that bearest the siluer bow; that Chrysa dost dispose
 Celestiall Cylla, and with power commandst in Tenedos;
 O heare thy Priest: and as thine eares gaue honour to my prayers
 In shooting sicknes mongst the Greekes, now harden their assayres

With

With health renewed, and quite exhale th' infection from their breasts.

He prayd, and gracious Phœbus heard both his allow'd requests:

All (after prayer) cast on salt heapes, draw backe, kill, &ea the beenes;

Cut off their thighes, dubd with the fatte, dr: it fayre in doubled leanes;

And pricke the sweete breads thereupon, in cleft perfum'd woode;

The graue old Priest did sacrifice, and red wine (as they stood)

He gaue to euerie one to taste; the young men held to him

Fine soulded Grydyrons on the whih he laid each choys'est lim:

Whih broyld, and with the inwards eate; the rest (in gygors slitt)

They fix on spits, till rosted well, they draw and fall to it.

The Mariners (their labors past) haue foode for them prepar'd,

Whih eaten, not a man was left, but competently far'd.

Their hunger and their thirst thus quench't; the youths crown cups with wine,

Begin and distribute to all; that day was held diuine

Consum'd in Pœans to the Si nne; who heard with pleas'd eare:

And when his Chariot tooke the sea, and twilight hid the cleare,

All soundly on their cables slept, euen till the night was worne:

And when the Ladie of the light, the rosie-finger'd morne

Rose from the hills; they freshly rose, and to the campe retyr'd;

Apollo with a prosperous wind their swelling Barke inspyr'd.

The top maste hoysted; milke white sayles upon the same they put:

The misens then were fill'd with wind; the ship her course did cut

So swiftly, that the parted waues about her sides did rore:

Whih comming to the campe they drew, upon the sandie shore:

Where (laide on stocks) each soldier kept his quarter as before.

But Peleus sonne at his blacke fleet, sat girt in Angers flame,

Nor to Consults (that make men wise) nor forth to battaile came,

But did consume his mightie heart in desolate desires

Of mortall sbrikes, and massacres, made in the Greekes retires:

And now the day-starre had appear'd twelue times in furthest East,

When all the Gods returnd to heauen from th' AEthiopian feast,

And Iupiter before them all; then Thetis cald to mind

Her mournesfull issue, and aboue the seas Greene billowes sbinde:

The great Heauen early shee ascends, and doth the King behould,

Set from the rest, in heauens bright toppe, adorn'd with pearle and gould;

By him shee fals; her left hand holds his knee, her right his chinne,

And thus her sonnes desire of loue, by prayer shee seekes to winne;

Celestiall loue, if euer I, amongst th' immortals, stood

Thy trustie aide in word or act; doe my desires this good:

Honour my sonne aboue the rest; since past the rest, his life

Hath so short date; yet Aeneas sonne, in a disgracefull strife,
His labors recompence hath forst; but thou (most prudent loue).
That with iust will rewards desires; with glorie grace the loue
Of my sad sonne; so shew his strength, with adding strength to Troy,
Now he is absent; that the Greekes may let him clearly ioy
Gaine of his honour, in their losse; and so augment his fame,
By that disgrace, they let him beare to their eternall shame.

Loue answer'd not a word to this, but silent sate so long,
Till she still hanging on his knee, insisting on her wrong,
Intreated promise at his hands by his resistless becke,
Or flat rebuke; I know (sayd shee) the seruile feare of checke,
Is farre from him, may checke all powers; then if thy power denie,
I well may see my selfe left grac't of euerie deitie.

Ione thundred out a sigh and sayd; Thou vrgest workes of death,
And strife betwixt my Queene and me, wth opprobrious breath,
Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though vainly she contend,
And chargeth my respectfull hand to be the Trojans friend.

But couertly do thou descend, lest her eye sease on thee;
Care of thy will I will assume, which shall effected be:
Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall to my bosome bow,
Which is with gods the strongest rate of any fact I vow,
Not by my selfe to be reuokte, nor spie'te with any guile,
Nor can it euer to my brest, without effect recuile.

Now bowde the sable browet: f loue; the thicke Ambrosian hayre
Flow'd on his most immortall hed; heauen shooke beneath his chaire.

Their conference dissolu'd, she slid to th' Ocean from the skies;
Loue to his house; when all the Gods did from their thrones arise,
To meete their Syres none durst presume to saue that reuerence done,
Till he came neere; all met wth him, attending to his throne;
Nor luno ignorantly sate; but, when her iealous view
Saw Thetis with the siluer feet; she confidently knew,

She brought some plots to heauen with her, and thus began to chide;
What goddesse counsaile yet againe (deceitefull) dost thou hide?
Still thou tak'st ioy to be from me; and sifst'st, in corners still,
Secrets that I must neuer know; nor euer with thy will,
Thou canst endure a word to me of all thy actions scope.

The sire of men and gods replide: Saturnia do not hope,
That all my counsels thou shalt know; they are too deepe for thee
Although my wife: but for thy eare, what decent I shall see,
Not any God nor man shall know, before thy selfe partake;

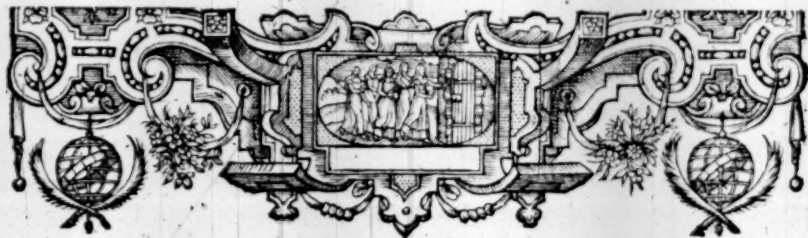
Yet, what I list to vnderstand, and no God partner make,
 Enquire not their particulars, nor vrge them at my hand;
 Then Iuno with the Oxfaire-eyes, on what nice temes you stand?
 As if I did so much affect, or vrge to know thy mind,
 (Froward Saturnides) till now: but wondrous close you bind.
 Your loose incenours, and my heart sustaines exceeding feare,
 The ig:d sea gods daughter breathe seducements in thine eare;
 Shee kneeld so carelie at thy feet, and tooke thee by the knee:
 For whom, thy chinne against thy breast (my minde suggesteth mee)
 Thou erst didst knocke, and promise her some honor for her sonne,
 Though (for his mood) the Greekes in heapes do on their ruines run.
 Wretch (answerde Ioue) still thy suspicts into my bosome diue:
 Yet canst thou hinder me in nought: but thou dost euer strue,
 To bee vngratious in my thoughts: which humor (if I please)
 I can make horrible to thee: obcyme then and cease,
 Least all the Gods Olympus houldes, suffice not for thy ayde,
 If my inaccessible hands, vpon thy limbs be laid.

The reuerend faire-eyde Iuno sate with this high threat afraide;
 Nor any word shee answer'd him, her heart had such a fall:
 The rest of gods with murmur filld the high Saturnian hall:
 The famous fierie Artisan, the white arm'd goddesse Sonne,
 (Lame Vulcan) stood betwixt them both, and with kinde wordes began
 To ease his loued mothers hart: he saide, This strife will breede
 Intollerable plaguy acts, if you of heavenly seede,
 For paltrie mortals thus contend amongst the Gods yee make
 A tumult here, and all the mirth from our sweet banquet take,
 Because the worse the better hath: but mother I aduise,
 (Although I neede not counsell you, because I know you wise)
 Giue good respect to my good Syre lest once againe hee chide,
 And make our banquet bitterer yet: for he is magnified,
 With power to throw vs from our thrones, th' Olympian lightner is:
 With gentle words then supple him, it will not be amisse
 To make beneuolent and calme, that thundring hart of his.
 With this (the double eared bowle, put in his mothers hand)
 Vpon his admonition still, the crookt legd God did stand:
 Beare mother and forbear (saide he) though it be paine to you:
 Lest I that hold you deare, he should stripes make your stomacke bow,
 And cannot helpe you if I would, although it cost me teares:
 It is not easie to repaigne the king of all our spheres:
 How seru' a he me, though (seeking helpe) I wish it otherwise?

Hee

Hee tooke me by the helpless foote, and threw me from the skies;
 The whole day long, I hee long fell, euen till the Sunne and I
 Did set together; he ate ase, in extremitie;
 He on the sea, and I on land: in Lemnos I did fall;
 And there the Sintii tooke me vp, halfe dead with my appall:
 The luorie fingerd Deitie was pleas'd to heare her sonne:
 And smiling tooke the Cup from him: which he (when she had done)
 Resum'd, and left not with her pledge, but still the Cup did plye,
 And from his right hand drunke about to euerie Deitie;
 Which vnextinguisht laughter stir'd in euerie blessed breast;
 To see him halt about the house, and fill to all the feast.
 So all that day they banquetted till sun-set rais'd the night,
 And wanted nought that with content might crowne the appetite;
 There did the God of musicke touch his harps stone-quickning strings;
 To which, ech sacred Muse consorts, and most diuinely sings.
 But when the comfortable Sunne left to enlighten aire,
 To seuerall houses all the Gods, with sleepeie browes repaire,
 The famous both foot-halter wrought their roomes with wondrous art:
 With them, the beauenly wild-fire-god did to his rest depart:
 Where Somnus vs'd to close his eyes, and to his side ascends,
 Faire Iuno with the golden throne: and there their quarrels ends.

The end of the first booke of Homers Iliades.



THE



THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



One calls a vision vp from *Somnus* den,
 To will *Atrides* muster vp his men :
 The king to Greekes dissembling his desire
 Perswades them to their Countrie to retire.
 By *Pallas* will, *Vlisses* stayes their flight :
 And prudent *Nestor* hartens them to fight.
 They take repast: which done, to armes they goe,
 And march in good aray, against the foe.
 So those of *Troy*, when *Iris* from the skie,
 Of friendly *Ioue* performes the Ambasie.

Another Argument.

Beta, the dreame and Synod cites,
 And Catalogues the Nauale knights.

THe other Gods, and Knights at armes, slept all the humorous night,
 But *Ioue* lay waking, and his thoughts discourst how best he might
 Giue honour to great *Thetis* Sonne, with slaughtering at their tents,
 Whole troupes of Greekes: this counsell then seemd best for these euent,
 He instantly would send a dreame to *Actius* eldest sonne:
 That with darke vowes might draw his powers to their confusion:
 And (calling him) he wingd these words; *Flie* to the *Grecian* fleet,
 (Pernicious vision) and the king at our high summons greet;
 Uttering the truth of all I charge: giue him command to arme
 His vninerfall fayre-haired host, this is the last *Alarme*

*He shall enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers:
For now no more remaine disioinde, the heavenly housed powers;
Saturnia with successiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
Their generall forces: instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.*

*This heard; the dreame with utmost hast, the Greekes swift fleet attaine,
Where entring Agamemnons tent, he found him fast enchain'd
In sleepe diuine; aloft his head, he tooke impressiue place
Informde like Nestor, whom the King, past all old men did grace:
And thus he spoke; Sleeper Atreus sonne, whose braue horse-taming Syre
Was so exceeding politiquer: a man that guards the fire
Of state and counsell, must not drowne, the compleat night in sleepe:
Since such a multitude of liues, are tendred him to keepe,
And cares in such abundance swarme about his laboring minde;
Then wake, and giue me instant care, sent from the most diuinde:
Who (though farre hence) is neere in care; he giues thee charge to arme
Thy vniuersall faire-hayrd host; this is the last alarme
Thou shalt enthunder gainst proud Troy, and take her ayrie towers;
For now no more remaine disioinde, the heavenly-housed powers,
Saturnia with successiue prayers hath drawne in one right line
Their generall forces; instant illes, shall lliions pompe decline.
This loue assures, which well obserue, nor let obliuion sease
Thy loose affections, carelesly, dissolude in sleepe and ease.
Thus left he him, who in his minde, with deep contention tost
These wisht euent, farre short of date; yet he supposde his host
Should race in that next day the towne, so indiscreet he was:
Not knowing what repugnant works, did Ioues designements passe,
Who platted miseries and sighes, to smoke from eithers side,
In skathfull battail; long before, Troys utmost fate was tryde.*

*He rose from heauen-infused sleep, the dreames celestiall sounds
Still rung about his pleased cares, sweetned with cause of wonds.
He deckt him with his silken weed, right beautifull and new,
On which he cast his ample robe; then on his feet he drew
Faire shooes, and on his shoulders girt his siluer-flooded sword:
The neuer-taynted scepter then, his birthright did afforde,
He took, and went amongst the fleet: Aurora now arose,
Clymbd steep Olympus, and sweet light, did to all gods disclose,
When he the voicefull heralds charge in counsell to conuent
The curled Greeks: they summond all; and all with one consent
Together came: the court in chiefe, the Generall did decree
At Nestors ship, the Pylian king, should all of Princes be,*

And

And men of counsell: all which met, Atreides thus did frame
 The consultation; Princely friends, a sacred vision came
 In this Nights depth, and in my sleepe, like Nestor greeting me,
 For stature, habite, forme of face, and head as white as hee:
 Hee stood aboue my head, and sayd: Sleep'st thou wise Atreus sonne?
 A Counsaillors state-charged thoughts, through broken sleepes should runne,
 To whom so many cares and liues, are in protection giuen;
 Then giue me audience instantly, th' Ambassadour of heauen;
 Whose Soueraigne though so farre remou'd, vowes his exceeding care,
 And easefull pittie of thy toyles: hee biddes thee straight prepare
 Thy faire-hayrd compleat host for fight: for now thy royall hand
 Shall take Troyes ample-streeted towne: no more at difference stand
 The great Immortals; Iunos fute hath cleare inclinde them all
 To smother Iliions fatall pride, in asbie funerall.

This, Ioue affirmes; which let thy thoughts be sure to memorise.
 Then tooke he wings, and golden sleepe flew with him from mine eyes:
 Resolue then, let vs proue to arme our powers, to this designe:
 Whom (to make eager of exployt) I will, in shew encline,
 To sayle, and flight; as farre as may, with their incitements stand,
 Which will be much the fiercer made, if you shall countermand
 With words of honorable stay, assuring them the prise
 By their firme valures: souldiers spirits are fird by contraries.

This said, he vsde his royall throne, and vp did Nestor rise,
 Graue king of Pylos sandie soyle, who thus gaue his aduise;
 Ye friends, commanders of the Greekes, ye princes of estate;
 If, saue our Generall, any Greeke, his vision should relate,
 We might esteeme it fabulous, or rather flat reiect
 The strange narration; but because his Soueraigne intellect
 (With which and with the like high soules, Ioue and the Powers diuine
 Haue proprest mixture) had the grace to haue this glorie shine
 In his immortall faculties; serue wee their highe compact,
 Admitting utmost power to giue this excitation act:
 To this assayre he first went forth: the other scepter-states
 Rose and obayde the Generall: and helpt t' effect the fates
 Ioue platted by the banefull dreame, endeuoring to attone,
 Their compleat host, to their attempt in publique Session:
 To which the troopes together ran; As when of frequent Bees,
 Swarms breake out of a hollow Rocke; in endless Companies,
 Some gone, some other fresh arise, and all in clusters flie
 On sweet spring flowers; some here, some there, their swarms incessantly,

Spreading the Meddowes; so these men troupt from their ships and tents
 Upon th' unmeasurable shore. Fame gathered their consents;
 Fame (Ioues Ambassadresse) to goe; who (binde amongst them cleare;
 And they about her flockt; disturb'd the mightie Counsaile were
 With their rude uprores; earth did grone, beneath the weight of those
 That onely sat; the rest were still in tumult; till there rose
 Nine Herald, that cryed out for peace, and urg'd fit audience
 To those their Ioue-sustained kings, and then the insolence
 Of their disordred clamor ceast: Then each man kept his place,
 And (out of all that sat) stood up the man of heavenly grace,
 Great Agamemnon; In his hand, he did the Scepter beare
 That Vulcan curiously made, and gaue to Iupiter:
 Ioue gaue it to his messenger, that slew Saturnias spie;
 And he to Pelops rendred it, renoumde for cheualrie;
 Pelops, to great king Atreus; And that king at his death
 Gaue it Thyestes, rich in heards: Thyestes did bequeath
 The high successiue vse thereof, to Agamemnons hands,
 To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-sieg'd lands:
 He leaning on this scepter, said: Princes of Greece and frinds,
 The household and the guard of Mars; Austere Saturnius ends
 Our actions in extreame disgrace, who promisde my desire,
 And bound it with his moued brow, to honor our retire,
 With wel-wald Troyes euer sion; but now th' euent approoues
 His plaine deceite, since gloryless, he wrgeth our remoones,
 Commanding our retreat to Greece, with los of so much blood
 Of our deare countrimen and friends, who must not be withstood;
 That hath in desolation drownde the free commerciall steapes
 Of many citties; and of more, will make subuerted heapes:
 His power is so surpassing great; but it will loath the eare
 Of all posteritie, that we, who such a number were,
 And so renound, with men so few, should wage successles warre,
 Of whose drift yet no end appeares; that we exceed them farre,
 (If we should strike firme truce, and trie by numbring either side)
 Take all the townes inhabitants, and into tennes diuide
 Our Achine power, and let each ten, at banquet chuse them one
 Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy should harbour none
 To fill the cuppe to many tennes, so much I say transcends
 Our powers th' inhabitants of Troy; but their assistant friendes
 From many citties drawne, are they, that stay this cittes spoyle
 In spight of our affected wreake; nine yeares hane past our toyle:

And

*And now the substance of our ships corrupt, our tacklings fayle:
Our wines and seed, sit in their doores expecting our resayle,
When that we sought, is yet vnfound: but come, hoyst sayle and home:
For neuer shall Troyes spacious towne by vs be ouercome.*

*'Tis mou'd to flight in euerie mind, th'inglorious multitude,
Who heard not what in priuate court, the counsell did conclude.
Th'assembly grew most turbulent, as billowes rude and vast;
Row'de in the rough Icarian seas, when East and Southerne blast
Breake fiercely from the cloudes of Ioue; or as when Zephyr flies
Vpon a wealthy field of Corne, makes all his forces rise,
And all the field bowes her faire heads, beneath his violence:
So did the common souldiers yeeld, t' Attrides forst pretence:
All to the shippes with shewing ran, earth smoak'd beneath their feete,
And mutually they made exhort, to haile the crased Fleete
Straite backe to sea; clens'd what was fowle, and drew the stockes away,
Offering to lanch; the other Peeres, could not be heard for stay:
A noyse confus'd alongst the shore, did smite the golden stars,
From souldiers throats, whose harts did long to leaue such irksome warres.
Then glorilasse the Greekes had fled, past all presage of fate,
Had not Saurnia thus aduise, Ioues Targe-supporting state:
Out on this shame, O Ioues fayre seede, thou conquering deitie,
Shall thus vpon the seas brode backe, th'infamous Argiues flie?
Admitting Priam and his Peeres, a glorie so despisde,
As Helens rapture in despight, and haue so dearely prisde,
Their long-sworne honor of reuenge, with Greekes so manie slaine,
Far from their countrey? but descend, to Argos brasse-arm'd traine,
And with perswasive gentle speech, will euerie man to stay,
Not suffring any go aboarde, nor hayle their ships away,
Which now are euerie where preparse, to flie out of the bay.*

*So sayd shee, nor the gray-eyde maide, stood aduerse to her will,
But left the vndiscerned browes of Ioues-Olympian hill,
And quickly reacht the Grecian fleet, where standing still she found,
Th' aduicefull king of Ithaca, like Ioue in counsailes sound,
Who yet had not so much as toucht his black wel-transomde barke,
Bat (vexed in his hart and soule) the armies shame did marke.*

*To him, said Pallas (comming neare) great Laertiades,
Most wise Vlisses, make ye flight, thus headlong to the seas,
In your well-furnisht men of warre, and long so much for home?
What honor to the King of Troy; and his consorts will come,
In leauing Argiuc-Helen here, the price of so much bloud,*

Suckt from the wofull breasts of Greece, robd of her dearest brood?
 But run, and inierpose no stay, through euerie Grecian band;
 And with thy sweet perswasive tongue, let none depart the land,
 Nor draw the oare-enforced fleete, from off the Troian strand.

So Pallas charg'd, whose heauenly voyce, the wise Vlisses knew:
 Then forth he ran, and for more speede, his cloake on earth he threw,
 A high diligent Eurybates (a Herald of renowne,
 Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege of Priams towne)
 Tooke up: Vlisses met the King, from whom he was so bold,
 To take the scepter neuer staind, held in his line of old,
 With which he went amongst the troupes, to stay them from the fleete:
 And with what prince, or gentleman, his royall steps did meete;
 In these faire tearmes he would aduise he should the flight forbear:

Vnhappie man it fits not you, to flye, as driuen with feare,
 But rather stay, and with bold words, make others so inclinde:
 For you as yet not rightly know king Agamemnons minde.
 He makes but triall of such spirits as he may most renowne,
 And will severely punish such, as lie th' vnconquered towne.
 All we in counsell heard not all, comprisde in his command,
 Nor durst wee please too neare, for feare of his offended hand;
 The anger of a king is death; his honour springs from loue;
 His person is in sight of hate, protected in his loue.
 But if the common souldier his obseruation tooke
 With base exclames for thirsted flight: him with his mace hee strooke,
 And vsde these speeches of reproofe; Wretch, keepe thy place, and heare
 Those kings, besides thy Generall, that rule aboue thee beare.
 Thou art unfit to rule, and base, without a name, in war,
 Exempt from counsaile: nor must Greekes, be so irregular,
 To liue as euerie man may take the scepter from his king:
 The rule of many is absurd; degrees in euerie thing
 Must be obseru'd; one Lord, one king, whom prudent Saturnes sonne
 Hath giuen a scepter and sound lawes for their dominion.

Thus (ruling) gouern'd hee the host: againe to counsaile then
 From ships and tents in tumults swarm'd, these thus reformed men;
 With such a blustering, as against the Ponticke shore reboundes,
 A storme driuen-billow, with whose rage, the sea it selfe resounds.
 All sate, and silent vsde their seates, Therfites sole except,
 A man of tongue, whose rau'n-like voice, a tuneless iarring kept;
 Who in his ranke minde copie had of vnregarded wordes,
 That rashly and beyond all rule, vs'd to oppugne the Lords;

But, what soeuer came from him, was laught at mightily :
 The filt hieft Greeke that came to Troy : hee had a goggle eye,
 Starke-lame he was of either foot: his shoulders were contract,
 Into his brest, and crookt withall: his head was sharpe compact,
 And here and there it had a hayre : The great AEacides,
 And wise Vlisses neuer could his bitter humors please ;
 For still he chid them bitterly : and then against the state
 Of Agamemnon he would rayle : the Greekes in vehement hate,
 And high disdain conceited him yet he with violent throat,
 Would needes vpbraide the General: and thus himselfe forgot.
 Attides, why complainst thou now? what dost thou couet more?
 Thy thristie tents are full of coine, and thou hast women store,
 Faire & wel fauourde; which we Greekes, at euerie town we take,
 Resigne to thee: thinkst thou thou wantst some treasure thou might'st make
 To be deduc't thee out of Troy, by one that comes to seeke,
 His sonne for ransome: whom my selfe or any other Greeke,
 Should bring thee captiue? or a wench, fild with her sweets of youth,
 Which thou maist loue and priuate keepe, for thy insatiate tooth?
 But it becomes not kings to tempt, by wicked president,
 Their subiects to dishonestie; O mindes most impotent !
 Not Achies but Achian gyrles, come fall aborde and home,
 Let him digest his prey alone, alone Troy ouercome;
 To make him know, that our free eares, his proud chardge will not heare
 In any thing: or not disdain his longer yoke to beare,
 Who hath with contumely wrongd, a better man then hee,
 Achilles; from whose armes in spight, that all the world might see,
 He tooke a prise wun with his sword; but now it plaine appeares,
 Achilles hath no splene in him, but most remissly beares
 A femall stomacke: else be sure, the robberie of his meede,
 (O Agamemnon) would haue prou'd thy last iniurious deede.
 Thus did Therites chide the king, to whom all Greece did bowe,
 When wise Vlisses straite stode by, and (with contracted browe,
 Beholding him) vnde this rebuke: Presumptuous Prater cease,
 Though thou canst rayle so cunningly: nor dare to tempt the peace
 Of sacred kings, for well thou knowest, I know well what thou art,
 A baser wretch came not to Troy, to take the Grecians part.
 Prophane not kings then with thy lips, enquiring our retreat,
 Whereof our selues are ignorant: nor are our states so great,
 That we dare urge vpon the King, what he will onely know:
 Sit then and cease thy barbarous-taunts of him whom all wee owe

*A due obseruance, though from thee, these dogged poysons flow.
For here I vow, and will performe, if I shall deprehend
Such phrensie in thy pride againe, as now now doth all offend;
Then let Vlisses lose his head, and cease inglorious,
To be the native father cald of young Telemachus;
If from thee to thy nakednes, thy garments be not stript,
And from the Counsaile to the fleete, thou be not soundly whipt.*

*This said, his backe and shoulder blades, he layd his scepter on:
Who then sprunke round, and downe his cheeks, the seruile teares did run;
The golden scepter in his flesh, a bloudie print did raise,
With which he trembling tooke his seat, and (looking twentie wayes)
Ill fauoredly he wip't the teares, from his selfe-pittyng eyes;
And then (though all the host were sad) they laught to heare his cries,
When thus flew speeches intermixt; O Gods, what endless good,
Vlisses still bestowes on vs? that to the field of bloud,
Instruets vs: and in counsaile doth, for chiefe director serue;
Yet neuer action past his hands, that did more prayse deserue,
Then to disgrace this rayling foole in all the armies sight;
Whose rudenes henceforth will take heed, how he doth princes bite.*

*This all the multitude affirmd; when now againe did rise
The racer of repugnant townes, Vlisses bolde and wise,
With scepter of the Generall, and prudent Pallas by,
That did a Heraldes forme assume, and for still silence crie,
That through the host the souldiery might vnderstand th'intent,
The counsaile vrgde; and thus their flight, his wisdom did preuent:*

*Atrides if in these faint drifts, the Greekes haue licence giuen,
Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men vnder heauen,
Since they infringe their vowe to thee, at our designes for Troy,
From horse-race ARGOS, to persist, till Ilion they destroy:
But like young babes amongst themselves, or widdowes, they lament,
And would goe home: and I confesse, a tedious discontent
May stirre some humor to returne: for if a man remaine
But twise two seuen nights from his wife, at sea; he will complaine
Within his many-seated ship, driuen through with winters colde,
And bette with Billowes of the seas: But thrise three beaucens haue row'd
About the circle of the yeare, since this our anchor'd stay:
I cannot then reprove such Greekes, as greene at this delays
Yet were it shame to stay so long, and emptie handed lie.
Sustaine a little then my friends, that we the truth may trie
Of reuerend Chalchas prophesie: for we remember well,
And you in hart are witnessses, whom gracious fates from hel*

The third day past, and yesterday, haue held in soweraign garde:
 That when in Aulis lingring gulfe, we Grecian ships preparde,
 To ruine Priam and his friends; on holy Altars made,
 About a fountaine, and within a goodly Platane shade,
 We perfect Hecatombs did burne to all the powers diuine;
 Where strait appearde to all our eyes, a most prodigious signe,
 A Dragon with a bloody backe, most horrible to sight,
 Which great Olympius himselfe, did send into the light:
 This (tumbling from the Altars foot) did to the Platane creepe:
 Where (nestling in an utter Bow and vnder shade) did sleepe
 The russet sparrowes little young, which eight in number were,
 The damme the ninth, that brought them forth; with which, the beast did
 His ruthless iawes, and crasht their bones, the mother round about, (mere
 Flew mourning her beloued birth, whom by her wing stretcht out
 The dragon caught and (crying) eate, as he her young had done.
 This openly Olympius wrought, and turnd into a stone
 The purple serpent: which effect, we (standing by) admire,
 That such a terrible portent, should answer offrings firde.
 A little after Chalchas sayd, Why stand ye wonder-driuen
 Ye men of Greece? This miracle Almighty loue hath giuen
 Thus late, to shew the late euent, whose fame shall neuer dy:
 For as these eight young birds he eate, and she that mourned by,
 Did make the ninth; so we nine yeares, should here firme battaile wage,
 And in the tenth yeare take the towne; thus Chalchas did presage:
 All which is almost now fulfild: then stay renowned Greekes,
 Till euerie man possesse the spoyle, he honorably seekes.

Vlisses hauing spoken thus, his words so liked were,
 That of his prayse, the Ships, the tents, the shore did witnes beare:
 Resounding with the peoples noice, who gaue his speech the prise:
 Th'applawse once ceast, from seate, to speake, old Nestor doth arise.
 Fy Greekes, what infamie is this? ye play at childrens games;
 Your warlike actions thus farre brought, now to neglect their fame;
 O whither from our lips prophane, shall othes, and compacts fly?
 The counsailes and the cares of men now in the fire shall die,
 With those our sacred offrings made, by pure unmixed wine:
 And our right hands, with which our faiths, we freely did combine;
 The cause is, since amongst our selues, we vse discursiue words,
 And goe not manlike to the field to force our right with swords,
 Nor with the finenesse of our wits, by stratagems deuise
 (In all this while) against a world, to worke our enterprise.

But (great Atides) as at first, thy counsell being sound,
 Command to field, and be not led corruptly from the ground
 Of our endeuors; by the moodes, of one or two that vse
 Counsailes apart; they shal not goe to Greece til loue refuse
 To ratifie his promise made, or we may surely know
 If those olements were true or false, that he from heauen did show;
 But I am sure (to cheare our hopes) his beck the Heauens did shake
 That day of choise, when towards Troy, our flete first sayle did make,
 Conferring on our conquering sterns, the powers of death and fate,
 His lightning right hand shewing vs presages fortunate.
 And therefore not a man shall doe, himselfe that wrong to fly
 Before with Phrygian maids and wines, he at his pleasure ly,
 That Helens rape and all our sighes, may be reuengde thereby.
 But if some be so mutinous, whom nothing may restraints,
 Let him but touch his sable Bark, that he may first be slaine.
 Then great Atides be aduise, and other's reasons see:
 It shall not proue an abiect speech, that I will utter thee.
 In tribes and nations let thy men, be presently arraide,
 That still the tribes may second tribes, and nations nations aide:
 Of euerie chiefe and soldier thus, the prooffe shall rest in fight,
 For both will thirst their countries fame, and prease for single fight.
 What souldier when he is allowde, his countryman for guide,
 Will not more closely sticke to him, then to a strangers side?
 Thus shalt thou know, if Gods detaine, thy hand from Ilions harmes,
 Or else the faintnes of thy men, and ignorance in armes.

This to autentique Nestors speech Atides answer was;
 All Grecian birth (thrice reuerend King) thy counsailes farre surpasse:
 O would King Ioue, Tritonia, and he that guides the Sunne
 Would grant me ten such counsellors; then should our toyles be done.
 Then Priams high topt towers should stoope, outfacing vs no more,
 But fall beneath our conquering hands, despoilde of all her store;
 But Ioue hath storde my life with woes, that no good houre can spend,
 And throwne me in the midst of strifes, that neuer thinke of end;
 Since with Achilles for a Gyrle, in humorous tearmes I stroue,
 And I the Author of the strife: but if intreated Ioue
 Make vs with reunited mindes, consult in one againe,
 Troy shal not, in the least delay, her loathed pride sustaine;
 But now to foode, that to the fight, ye may your valours yielde;
 Well let each souldier sharpe his lance, and well addresse his shielde:
 Well let each horse-man meate his horse, to breake the bristled field:

Well

Well let each Cocheman view his wheelies, and chariot-furniture;
 And arme them so that all the day, we soundly may endure.
 For those true mindes must be embrac't, that pine at labour least,
 Till night take strength from both our hosts, and force vs to our rest:
 The bosomes of our Targatiers must all be sleept in sweate?
 The Lanciers axie, must fall dissol'd; our chariot horse with heate
 Must seeme to melt, and if I finde one souldier take the chace
 Pursude by any enemie, or fight not in his face,
 Or els be found a shipboord hid, not all the world shall saue
 His hatefull lims: but foules and beasts, be his abhorred graue.
 This speech applausiue murmure stir'd; as when upon the shore,
 The waues runne high with South gales driuen, and gainst a rocke doe rore
 Plyde with a diuers flood of ayre, at one self time so fast,
 That their hoarse rages neuer cease: such lasting murmures past
 The pleased Greekes: they rose disperst, all hast to shipward make,
 Where all made fires within their tents, and did their suppers take:
 And euerie man to one of heauen, did sacrifice and pray,
 To scape the furie of the fight: in that important daie:
 Atides to the king of Gods, a well fed Oxe first kild,
 Of sue yeares growth, and all the host to waite on him were wild.
 Wise Nestor first, then Idomen, of Creete the kingly name,
 Then both th' Aiaces in consort, with Diomedes came,
 Antient Laertes sonne was sixt, whose counsaile bore the sway,
 And (vniuit last of all) came sweet-voic't Menelay,
 Acknowledging his brothers cares, and toyles in his respect.
 King Agamemnon in the midst, did pray to this effect.
 Most happie and almightie loue, great thickner of the skie,
 Descend on our long-toyled host, with thy remorsefull eye;
 Let not the lightsome Sun be set, nor set the night on wing,
 Before old Priams high rays'd towers, to leuill earth I bring;
 Before his broad-leau'd ports enflamde, may far off be descride,
 Before my sword on Hectors brest, his Curace may diuide,
 And his chiefe friends false dead in dust, may spread his carcase round;
 And in fell deaths conuulsions cate, the many-feeding ground.
 At this loue bended not his head, but did more labors guise,
 For him and his associates, yet tooke his sacrifice.
 Then after prayer, salt lumps of dowe, cast on the altars sides,
 They strike the offrings downe, then sticke, and strip them of their hydes,
 Then quarter them and all the thighes, with thristie fat they spread,
 Put one in other; and to them, the little fragments bred;

*All these, with sere and leaneles wood, they consequently burne,
And all the inwardes (put to spit) before the fire they turne;
The thighes burn'd up, th' entrayles rost, they eate and peecemeale slice,
In little gobbits, all the rest reserude for sacrifice:*

*They roste it wondrous workemanly and draw it from the spit,
And when their labours were perform'd, and all their suppers fit,
They vsde their stomackes, wanting nought, that appertained a feast:
When (thirst and hunger being alaid) thus spake the Pylian guest:*

*Great Agamemnon king of men, effect thy words with handes,
Nor more deferre the worke high Ioue, so instantly commandes,
But giue the Heraldes charge, & accite, all souldiers to the fleete,
And let our selues assift their paines, to set Mars on his feet,
With expedition more exact: the king was pleasde and wild,
The Heralds call the curld-head Greekes, who with quicke concourse filde
The smotherd shore, and all the kings, enrankt themselues about,
The great Atrides: and with them, Ioues gray eyde mayde went out,
She bore the Targe her Father made of Amalthæas hyde,
Not to be pierst, nor worne with time, but all eternified;
A hundred Serpents fring'd it round, quicke struggling, all of golde,
And at a hundred Oxens price, each serpent might be sold:
Shee through the Achiae armie ran, enforcing utmost hast,
And euerie stomacke filld with thirst, to lay proud lllion wast.
Enabling all their faculties to pierce and ceaselesse fight,
And made Troyes irkesome warre more wist, then their deares countreyes
Them, As a hungrie fire enflames, a mightie wood that growes, (sight;
Vpon the high tops of a hill, and far his splendor throwes;
So from the Grecians burnisht armes, an admirable light,
Flew through the ayre with golden wings, and did the Gods affright.
Or as whole flockes of geese, or cranes, or swans with neckes so tall
Flie cloud-like ouer Asian meades, to faire Caylsters fall,
Who (proud of their supportfull wings, as they take streame or ground)
Make all the riuer bordering lawnes, their melodie resound;
So all the troupes from ships and tents, throngd to Scamanders plaine,
And vnder sway of foote and horse, the earth did grone againe.
They stood in that enflowred meade, as infinite as leaues,
Or flowers the spring doth amplifie: or as the cloudie threaues,
Of busie flies, that (sheepe-coates fill, when summers golden vailles
Enrich the fieldes; and nourishing milke, bedewes the sprinkled pailles:
So many faire-haired Grecians stode, vpon that equall ground,
The Trojan rankes with deadly charge, desirous to confound:*

And

*And as good goate-herds when their goates at foode in herds abide,
Though they be neuer so commixt, can easily them diuide;
So did the leaders well digest, their bandes for fight applide.
Amongst whom shind the king of men, with browes and eyes like Ioue,
Like Mars in waste, in brest like him, that most doth waters loue:
And as a Bull amidst the heard, most proudly far doth goe,
(For he with well brancht Oxen fed, makes most illustrious show)
So Iupiter made Atreus sonne, in that death threatning day,
The brauest object of all Greekes, to grace his soueraigne sway.*

*Now tell me, Muses, you that doe in heauenly houses dwell,
(For you are Goddesses, still neere, and euerie thing can tell,
We knowing nought but onely hear, th'uncertaine voice of fame)
What Grecian princes and their peeres, to hapless Phrygia came.
The common souldiers by their names I not assay to sing,
Although ten tongues: and ten big thrcates, I could to utterance bring:
Though I sustained a brazen hart, and breathd a voice infract:
For onely you the seed of Ioue can tell the troupes exact.
That under Ilions lostie walls imployd reuengefull fight:
The princes therefore of the fleete, and fleet it selfe I cite.*

The Catalogue of the shippes.

T*He strong Boetian, Leitus and Penelaus led:
Arcefilaus, Clonius, Prothenor, ful of dread,
Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stonie Aulida,
Schæne, Schöle, the hillie Eteon, and holy Thespia,
Of Græa and great Mycaleffe, that hath the ample plaine,
Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remaine:
In Erith, and in Elcon, in Hylen, Peteona,
In faire Ocalca, and the towne well builded Medeona,
Capas, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for Pigeons doth surpasse,
Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store of grasse,
All those that in Platea dwell, that Glissa did possesse,
And Hypothebes, whose wel-buylt wals, are rare and fellowless.
In rich Onchestus famous wood, to watrie Neptune vowde,
And Arne, where the vine-trees are, with vigoruse büches bowd.
With them that dwelt in Mydea, and Nissa most diuine,
And those whom vtmost Anthedon, did wealthily confine:
From all these coastes in generall, full fiftie sayle were sent,
And six score strong, Boetian youtnes in euerie burthen went.*

But those who in Aspledon dwell, and Mynian Orchomen,
 God Mars his sonnes did lead (Ascalaphus, and Ialmen.)
 Whom in Azidon, Aetors house did of Astioche come;
 The balbsfull maide, as shee went up, into the higher roome,
 The war-god secretly comprest: in safe conduct of these
 Did thirtie hollow-bottomd barkes, diuide the wanie seas.
 Braue Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phoecean captaines were,
 Naubolida, Iphitus-sonnes: brest-proofe gainst any feare;
 With them the Cyparissians wept, and bould Pythonians,
 Men of religious Chrysas soyle, and fatte Daulidians:
 Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyampolistes:
 And those that dwell where Cephissus, casts vp his silken mistes:
 The men that faire Lylea held, neare the Cephissian spring,
 All which did fortie sable barkes, to that designement bring,
 About th'entoyled Phoenician fleete, had these their sayle assignde:
 And neere to the sinister wing, the armed Boetians shinde:
 Ajax the lesse, Oileus Sonne, the Locrians led to warre,
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by farre,
 Little he was and euer were a brest plate made of linne,
 But for the manadge of his lance, he generall prayse did win.
 The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoen,
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias louely men;
 Of Tarphius; and of Thronus, neere sloua Boagrius fall;
 Twise twentie martiall barkes of these, lesse Ajax saylde withall.
 Who neare Eubœas blessed soyle, their habitations had,
 Strenght-breathing Abants, who their seates in sweet Eboea made:
 The Astiæans rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida,
 The Cerinths bordering on the sea of rich Eretria,
 Of Dyons highly-seated towne, Charistus, and of Styre;
 All these the Duke Alphenor ledde, a flame of Mars his fire,
 Surnamde Chalcodontiades, the mightie Abants guide,
 Swift men of foot, whose brode-set backs their trayling hayre did hide,
 Well scene in fight and soone could pierce, with far extended darts
 The brest plates of their enemies, and reach their dearest harts:
 Fortie black men of warre did sayle, in this Elphenors charge:
 The Souldiers that in Athens dwell, a cittie builded large,
 The people of Eriethius whom Ioue-sprung Pallas fed:
 And plentious-feeding Tellus brought out of her slowrie bed:
 Him, Pallas plaste in her rich Fane, and enerie ended yeare,
 Of Buls and Lambes, th'Athenian youths, please him with offrings there;
 Mighty

Mightie Menestheus, Pteus sonne, had their diuided care:
 For Horsemen and for Targatiers, none could with him compare:
 Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend:
 But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:
 With him came fiftie sable sayle. And out of Salamine
 Great Ajax brought twelue sayle, that with th' Athenians did combine:
 Who did in fruitfull Argos dwell, or strong Hyrintha keepe:
 Hermion or in Alinen, whose bosome is so deepe,
 Træzena, Elion, Epidaure, where Bacchus crownes his head;
 Egina, and Mazetas soyle did follow Diomed.
 And Sithenelus, the deare lou'd sonne, of famous Capaneus:
 Together with Eurialus, the heyre of Mecistæus,
 The king of Talæonides, past whom in deedes of warre
 The famous soulaier Diomed, had eminence by farre;
 Fourescore blacke ships did follow these: the men faire Mycene held:
 The wealthy Corinth, Cleon, that for beaütious site exteld:
 Aræthiræas louely seate, and in Ornias plaine,
 And Sicyona, where at first, did King Adrastus raigne:
 High seated Gonoëssas towers, and Hyperifius
 That dwelt in fruitfull Pellenen, and in diuine AEgius:
 With all the sea-side Borderers, and wyde Helices friends;
 To Agamemnon euerie towne her natie birth commends,
 In double fiftie sable Barks: with him a world of men
 Most strong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did ouersbine
 The whole Heroique host of Greece, in power of his designe;
 Who did in Lacedæmons rule th' vnmeasurde concaue hold:
 High Phætes, Spartas, Messes towers, for doues so much extold;
 Bryseias and Augiæ grounds, strong Laa, Oetylon,
 Amyclas, Helos harbor-towne, that Neptune beates vpon.
 All these did Menelaus lead (his brother strong in arms)
 In sixtie wel-mand men of warre; mongst whom, with words kinde charms
 He vsde his vtmost art to stirre their stomacks to the fight,
 Desiring deeply to reuenge his wrongs for Helens right;
 Who dwelt in Pylos sandy soyle, and Arene the fayre,
 In Thryon, neere Alphæus floud and Aepy full of ayre:
 In Cyparisseus, Amphygen, and little Pteleon,
 The towne where all the iliots dwell, and famous Doreon,
 Where all the Muses opposite, in strife of Poesie
 To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did vse him cruelly

*As he came from Eurytus court, the wise Oechalian King:
 Because he proudly durst affirme hee could more sweetly sing,
 Then that Pyrean race of Ioue; who (angrie with his vant)
 Bereft his eye-sight and his song, that did the care enchant,
 And of his skill to touch his Harpe, disfurnished his hand:
 All these in nintie hollow keeles, grane Nestor did command:
 The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
 Below Cyllenes mount; that by Epyrus tombe did stand:
 Where dwell the bold neere-fighting men, who did in Phæneus lue:
 And Orchomen, where flockes of sheep, the shepheards clustering drine:
 In Rypè and in Stratie, the faire Mantinean towne,
 And strong Enispe, that for height, is euer weather-blowne,
 Tegea, and in Stimphalus, and in Parthasias wals,
 All these Alcæus sonne to field (King Agapenor) calls.
 In sixtie barks he brought them on, and euery barke well mann'd,
 With fierce Arcadians, skild to vse the utmost of a band.
 King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built ships bestowe,
 To passe the gulfy purple Sea, that did no Sea Rites knowe.
 They who in Hermyn, Buphrasis, and Elis did remaine,
 What Olens Clifses; Alifius and Myrsin did containe,
 Were led to war by twice two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,
 Which many venterous Epyans, did serue for barthening:
 Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talphius,
 Sonne of Euritus Aëtor, one; the other Creatus;
 Diotes Amarincides, the other did imploy;
 The fourth diuine Polixenus, Agasthenis his Ioy:
 The King of faire Angeiades, who from Dulichius came
 And from Euchinaus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame
 By ample Elis region, Medes Phelides led:
 Whom Duke Phyleus, Ioues belou'de, begat, and whylome fled
 To large Dulychius for the the wrath that firde his fathers breast;
 Twise twenty ships with Ebon sayles, were in his charge addrest.
 The warre-like men of Céphale, and those of Ithaca,
 Woodie Nerytus, and the men of wette Crocilia:
 Sharpe AÆgilipha, Samos Ile, Zacynthus sea-enclosde;
 Epytus, and the men that hold the Continent opposde;
 All these did wise Vlysses leade, in counsaile Peere to Ioue:
 Twelue ships he brought, which in their course, vermillion sternes did moue:
 Thoas, Andremons wel-spoke sonne, did gui de th' Etolians well,
 Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell:*

Great

Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stonie Calydon;
 For now no more of Oeneus sonnes suruin'd, they all were gone:
 No more his royall selfe did liue, no more his noble sonne,
 The golden Meleager, now their glasses all were run:
 All things were left to him in charge, the Aetolians guide he was,
 And fortie ships to Troian warres the seas with him did passe.
 The royall soldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout:
 The men of Gnosus, and the towne Cortima, wall'd about:
 Of Licus and Myletus towrs, of white Lycastus state,
 Of Phestus and of Rhistias, the citties fortunat:
 And all the rest inhabiting the hundred townes of Crete,
 Whom warre-like Idomen did lead copartner in the fleete,
 With kil-man Merion; righteene ships with him did Troy invade.
 Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made,
 Brought nine tall ships of warre from Rhodes, which hauty Rhodians mand,
 Who dwelt in three disseuerd parts of that most pleasant land,
 Which Lyndus and Ialissus were, and bright Camyrus, cald:
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battaile vnappald:
 Whome fayre Astioche brought forth, by force of Hercules
 Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from Riuier Sellees,
 When many townes of princely youthes he leuelde with the ground.
 Tlepolem (in his fathers house for building much renound,
 Brought up to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slew,
 The flower of arms, Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:
 Then strait he gathered him a fleete, assembling bands of men,
 And fled by sea, to shunne the threats, that were denounced then,
 By other sonnes and nephewes of th' Alciden fortitude:
 He in his exile came to Rhodes, driuen in with tempests rude:
 The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Ioue did stand,
 The king of men and Gods; who gaue much treasure to their land:
 Nireus, out of Symas haue, three wel-wald barks did bring;
 Nireus, faire Aglajas sonne, and Charopes the King:
 Nireus was the fairest man that to faire Ilion came
 Of all the Greekes, saue Peleus sonne, who past for generall frame:
 But weake he was, not fitte for warre, and therefore few did guide.
 Who did in Cassus, Nilyrus and Crapathus abide,
 In Co, Euripilus his towne, and in Calydnas soyles,
 Phydippus and bold Antiphus, did guide to Troian toyles;
 The sonnes of crowned Thestalus, deriu'd from Hercules,
 Who went with thirtie hollow ships, well ordred to the seas.

Now will I sing the sackefull troopes, *Pelaſgian Argos held,*
That in deepe Alus, Alope, and ſoft Trechina dweld,
In Pthya and in Hellade, where liue the lonely Dames,
The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achiues, robd of Fames :
All which the great AEacides in fiſtie ſhippes did leade :
For, theſe forgot warres horrid voice, becauſe they lackt their head
That would haue brought them brauely forth ; He at his fleete did ly,
That wind-like uſer of his feet, fayre Thetis progenie,
Diſpleaſde with bright-cheekt Bryllis loſſe ; whom from Lyrneſſus ſpoyles,
(His owne exployt) he brought away, as trophee of his toyles,
When that towne was depopulate ; he ſunke the Theban towrs ;
Myneta and Epitrophus, he ſent to Plutoes bowrs,
Who came of King Euenus race, great Helepiades :
For this he idely liues enrag'd, but ſoone muſt leaue his eaſe.
Of thoſe that dwelt in Phylace, and ſlowrie Pyrralon
The wood of Ceres, and the ſoyle that ſheepe are fed vpon,
Iten and Antton built by ſea, and Pteleus full of graſſe,
Proteſilaus while he liude, the worthy captaine was :
Whom now the ſable earth detaines : his teare-torn faced ſpouſe
He wofull left in Philace, and his halfe finiſht houſe :
A fatall Dardane fiſt his liſe, of all the Greekes, hereſt,
As he was leaping from his ſhip ; yet were his men vnleſt
Without a chiefe ; for though they wiſht, to haue no other man,
But good Proteſilay their guide ; Podarces yet began
To gouerne them, Iphitis ſonne, the ſonne of Philacus,
Moſt rich in ſheepe, and brother to ſhort-liu'd Proteſilaus :
Of younger birth, leſſe, and leſſe ſtrong, yet ſeru'd he to direct
The companies, that ſtill did more, their ancient Duke affect.
Twife twentie Iettie ſayls, with him the ſwelling ſtream did take :
But thoſe that did in Pheres dwell, at the Babrean lake,
In Braebe, and in Glaphira, Iaoicus builded faire :
In thrice ſix ſhips to Pergamus : did through the ſeas repaire,
With old Admetes tender ſonne, Eumelus, whom he bred,
Of Alceſt Pelius faireſt child ; of all his ſemall ſeede :
The ſouldiers that before the ſiedge Meſſiones uales did holde :
Thaumaticæ ſlowry Melibæ, and Oliſon the colde,
Duke Philocretes gouerned, in darts of fineſt ſleight :
Seuen veſſels in his charge conuaided their honorable freight ;
By fiſtie rowers in a barke moſt expert in the bowe :
But he in ſacred Lemnos lay, brought miſerably low,

By torment of an ulcer growne: with Hydras poysoned bloud:
 Whose sting was such, Greece left him there, in most impatient mood:
 Yet thought they on him at his shippe, and chusde to lead his men,
 Medon Oyleus, bastarde sonne, brought forth to him by Rhen:
 From Thrice, bleake Ithomens clifles, and haples Oechalye:
 Eurites cittie yulde by him, in wilfull tyrannie,
 In charge of Esculapius sonnes, physitions highly prayse:
 Machaon Podalirius, were thirtie vessails raysde,
 Who neare Hiperias fountaine dwelt, and in Ormenius:
 The snowe toppes of Titannus and in Asterius:
 Encmons son Euripilus, did lead into the field:
 Whose townes did fortie blacke-sayld shippes, to that encounter yeelde.
 Who Gyrton and Argissa held, Orthen and Elons seat,
 And chalkie Oloisine, werie led by Polypete:
 The issue of Pirithous, the sonne of Iupiter:
 Him the Athenian Theseus friend, Hypodamy did beare;
 When he the bristled sauges: did giue Ramnusia,
 And drave them out of Pelius, as far as Ethica:
 He came not single, but with him Leonteus Corons sonne:
 An armie of Mars, and Corons life Ceneus seed begun:
 Twise twentie shippes, attended these Guneus next did bring:
 From Cyphus twentie sayle, and two, the Enians following would,
 And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodones frozen moulde,
 Did plant their houses, and the men that did the medows hould:
 Which Titarehus deckes with flowers, and his sweet currēt leads;
 Into the bright Peneius, that hath the siluer heads:
 Ye with his admirable streame, doth not his waues commixe
 But glydes aloft, on it like oyle: for t'is the sloud of Stix;
 By which th'immortall gods do sweare, Teuthredons, honorde birth,
 Prothous, lead the Magnets forth, who neare the shadie earth,
 Of Pelius, and Pencion, dwelt, fortie reuengefull sayle
 Did follow him, these were the Dukes and Princes of auaille:
 That came from Greece: but now the man that ouershin'd them all;
 Sing Muse: and their most famous Steeds to my recitall call,
 That both th' Atrides followed; faire Pheretiedes,
 The brauest mares, did bring much, Eumelus manag'd these:
 Swift of their feete as birdes of wings, both of one hayre did shine,
 Both of an age, both of a height, as measurd by a lyne:
 Whom Iulcer-bowde Apollo, bred in the Piercan meade;
 Both sick and daintie yet were both in warre of wondrous dread.

Great Ajax Telamon, for strength, past all the peeres of warre,
 While next Achilles was away: but he surpast him farre:
 The horse that bore that faultlesse man were likewise past compare,
 Yet lay he at the crooke-slernd shippes, and furie was his fare,
 For Atreus sonnes vngratious deed: his men yet pleasde their harts
 With throwing of the holed stone, with hurling of their darts,
 And shooting fairely on the shore: their horse at Chariots fed,
 On greatest persely, and on sedge that in the fens is bred,
 His princes tents their chariots helde, that richly couerde were:
 His princes amorous of their chiefe, walkt storming here and there,
 About the host and skornd to fight: their breaths, as they did passe,
 Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the trembling grasse:
 Earth vnder-gronde their high-raised feete, as when offended Ioue,
 In Arime, Tiphocus with rattling thunder droue,
 Beneath the earth: in Arime men say the graue is still,
 Where thunder toomb'd Typhocus, and is a monstrous hill:
 And as that thunder made earth grone, so gronde it as they past,
 They trode with such contemptuous steppes, and so exceeding fast:
 To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heauie newes relates,
 From Ioue (as all to counsaile drew in Priams palace gates)
 Resembling Priams sonne in voice, Polytes swift of feete:
 In trust whereof (as Sentinell to see when from the fleete,
 The Grecians sallied) he was set vpon the loftie browe
 Of aged Elietes tombe, and this did Iris shew;
 O Priam thou art alwayes pleasde, with indiscrete aduise:
 And fram'st thy life to times of peace when such a war doth rise
 As threats inenitable spoyle; I neuer did behold
 Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
 In number like Autumnus leaues, or like the marine sand:
 All ready round about the walles, to vse their ruining hand;
 Hector I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:
 A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for Priams sake,
 Of other lands and languages; let euerie leader then
 Bring forth well armed into the field his seuerall bands of men.
 Strong Hector was not ignorant, a Goddesse thus did say,
 Dismiss the counsaile straight, like waues, clusters to armes do sway:
 The ports are all wide open set: out rusht the troupes in swarmes,
 Both horse and foote, the cittie rung with suddaine cried alarmes.
 A Column standes without the towne that high his head doth rayse,
 A little distant in a plaine trod downe with diuerse wayes:

Which

Which men do Bateia call, but the immortals name
 Myrinnes famous sepulcher, the wondrous actiue dame:
 Here were Th'auxiliarie bands, that came in Troyes defence,
 Distinguisht vnder seuerall guides, of speciall excellence,
 The Duke of all the Trojan power, great helme-deckt Héctor was:
 Which stood of many mightie men, well skilde in darts of brasse:
 Eneas of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man,
 Anchiles with the Queene of loue:) the troupes Dardanian,
 Led to the field his lovely Syre, in Idas lower shade,
 Begat him of sweet Cipridis, he solely was not made
 Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: Antenoirs valiant sonnes,
 Archilochus, and Acamas were ioyned companions:
 Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foote of Ide,
 That drinke of blacke AElepus streame, and wealth made full of pride:
 The Aphnii, Lycaons sonne whom Phœbus gaue his bowe.
 Prince Pandarus did lead to field: who Adrestinus owe,
 (Apesius cittie, Pitæi, and mount Tereies)
 Adrestus, and stout Amphius ledde, who did their Sire displease:
 Merops Percosius that exceld all Troy in heauenly skill,
 Of futures-searching prophesie: for much against his will,
 His sonnes were agents, in those armes: and since they disobayde,
 The Fates, in letting slip their threds, their kassie valures staide.
 Who in Percotes, Præctius, Arisbe did abide,
 Who Sestus and Abidus bred, Hyrtacides did guide:
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that through great Selees force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight, the great and fierie horse:
 Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led,
 Of them Larissas fruitfull soyle before had nourished:
 These were Pelasgian Pithus sonnes, son of Teutamidas:
 The Thracian guides were Pyrous and valiant Acamas:
 Of all that the impetuous floode of Hellespont enlosde,
 Euphenus the Ciconian troupes in his command disposde,
 Who from Trezenius Ceades right nobly did descend,
 Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend:
 From Axius out of Amidon he had them in command:
 From Axius whose most beauntious stream stil ouerflowes the land,
 1 ylemen with the thicke hart, the Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fitte for the plow is bred:
 The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Selamus enfold,
 About Parthenius lofty floud, in houses much extold;

*From Cromna and AEgialus, the men that armes did beare,
 And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemens soldiers were.
 Epittrophus and Dius did, the Hializonians guyde,
 Far-fetcht from Alybe, where first the siluer Mynes were tryde.
 Chronius and Augur Eunomus, the Mysians did command,
 Who could not with his Auguries the strength of death withstand:
 But suffred it beneath the stroke of great AEacides,
 In Xanthus; where he made more soules due to the Stygian seas:
 Phorcys and fayre Alcanius, the Phrygians brought to warre;
 Well traunde for battaile, and were come out of Alcania farre;
 With Methles and with Antiphus (Pylemens sonns) did fight,
 The men of Mezon whom the fenne Gygæa brought to light:
 And those Maonians that beneath the mountaine Tmolus sprung;
 The rude vnlettred Caribæ that barbarous were of tongue,
 Did vnder Naustes colours marche and young Amphimachus,
 (Nomyons famous sonnes) to whom the mountaine Phthirotus,
 That with the famous wood is crownd; Mileus, Micales,
 That hath so many loftie markes for men that loue the sea;
 The crooked armes Meander bowd, with his so snakie flood,
 Resign'd for conduct the choyce youth of all their Martiall brood.
 The foole Amphymachus, to fiede brought gold to be his wrack,
 Like a proud girle that euer beares her dowre vpon her backe;
 Which wise Achilles markt; slew him and tooke his gold in strife,
 At Xanthus floud; so little death did feare his golden life.
 Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus vnrepron'd:
 From Lycia and the gulfie-flood of Xanthus farre remou'd.*

The end of the Second booke.





THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



Paris, (betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight
(Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie kings :
King *Menelaus*, doth accept his Braue,
Conditioning that he againe should haue
Faure *Helena*, with all shee brought to *Troy*,
If he subdu'd ; else *Paris* should enioy
Her, and her wealth, in peace ; Conquest doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian Combatant ;
But *Venus*, to her Champions life doth yeeld
Safe rescue, and conuaies him from the fiede,
Into his Chamber ; And for *Hellen* sends ;
Whom much, her Louers foule disgrace offends ;
Yet *Venus*, for him still makes good her charmes,
And ends the second Combat in his armes.

Another Argument.

Gamma, the single fight doth sing
Twixt *Paris*, and the *Spartan* King.

When euerie least Commanders will best souldiers had obeyed ;
And both the hoasts, were rang'd for fight The Troians would haue
The Greeks with noises, Crying out in coming rudely on ; (fraid
At all parts like the Cranes that fill with harsh confusion,
Of brutish Clanges, all the Ayre : and in ridiculous warre,
(Eschewing the vn suffer d stormes, (hot from the winters farrre)
Visite the Ocean ; and confer the *Pygmei* souldiers death :

The

*The Greekes charg'd silent, and like men bestow'd their thrifstie breath
 In strength of far-reſounding blowes, still entertaining care
 Of eithers rescue, when their strength did their engagements dare;
 But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris stept before
 The Troian Hoste; Athwart his backe, a Panthers Hide he wore,
 A crooked Bowe and sword, and shooke two brazen-headed Darts;
 With which (well arm'd) his tongue prouok't the best of Grecian hart;
 To stand with him in single sight: whom, when the man wrongd most
 Of all the Greekes, so gloriously sawe stalke before the Host;
 As when a Lyon is reioic't (with hunger halfe for-lorne)
 That findes some sweet prey; (as, a Hart, whose grace lyes in his horne,
 Or Syluane Gote) which he deuours, though neuer so pursu'd,
 With dogges and men; so Spartas king exulted, when he viewde
 The faire-fac't Paris so expos'd, to his so thirsted wreake;
 Whereof his good cause, made him sure. The Grecian Front did breake,
 And forth he rusht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his Chariot,
 And royally prepar'd for charge. Which seene; cold Terror shot
 The heart of Paris; who retirde as headlong from the king,
 As in him, he had shund his death: And as a Hillie spring
 Presents a Serpent to a man, full underneath his feete;
 Her blew necke (swolne with poyson) raysde, and her sting out, to greeke
 His heedless entry: soudainely his walke he altereth,
 Starts backe, amaz'd, is shooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:
 So Menelaus, Paris skar'd: so that diuine fac't foe
 Shrunk in his beauties: which beheld by Hector; hee let goe
 This bitter checke at him. Accurst, made but in beauties skorne;
 Impostor, womans man! O Heauen, that thou hadst nere beene borne;
 Or (being so manless) neuer liu'd to beare mans noblest state,
 The nuptiall honour: which I wish, because it were a fate
 Much better for thee, then this shame; this spectacle doth make
 A Man, a Monster; Harke how lowde the Greekes laugh, who did take
 Thy faire Forme, for a Continent of Parts as faire; A Rape
 Thou mad'st of Nature, like Their Queene. No soule, an emptie shape
 Takes vp thy being: yet, how spight to enerie shade of good,
 Fills it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldst collect a Brood
 Of others like thee: And far hence, fetch ill enough to us;
 Euen to thy Father: all these friends, make those foes mocke them thus,
 In thee: for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they laye,
 All Greece, and Fate upon their necks: O wretch! not dare to stay
 Weake Menelaus? But twas well: for, in him, thou hadst tried*

What strength, lost beantie can infuse; and with the more grieve dyed,
To feele thou robdst a worthie man, to wrong a souldiers right:
Your Harps sweet touch, curld lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
Giuen thee by Venus, would haue done your fine dames little good,
When bloud and dust, had ruffled them; and had as little stood
Thy selfe in stead; But what thy care of all these, in thee flies,
We should inflict on thee our selues: Infectious cowerdise
(in thee) hath terrified our host; for which, thou well deseru'st
A coate of Tomb-stone, not of Steele: in which, for forme thou seru'st.

To this, thus Paris spake, for forme that might inhabite heauen;
Hector, Because thy sharpe reproofe is out of iustice giuen,
I take it well: But though thy hart (inur'd to these affrights
Cuts through them, as an Axe through Oke; That, more vsde, more excites
The workemans facultie: whose arte can make the edge go farre;
Yet I (lesse practisde, then thy selfe, in these extreames of warre)
May well be pardoned, though lesse bould; In these, your worth exceeds;
In others mine: Nor is my minde of less force to the deedes
Requirde in warre; because my forme, more flowes in gifts of peace.
Reproach not therefore, the kind gifts of goulden Cyprides;
All Heauns gifts, haue their worthy price; as little to be skorn'd
As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adorn'd,
Some man would change state, wealth, or strength: But if your Martial hart
Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
Of shame to giue it ouer thus; Cause all the rest to rest;
And twixt both hosts, let Spartas King, and me performe our best
For Hellen, and the wealth shee brought: and he that ouercomes
Or proues superiour any way, in all your equall Doomes,
Let him enioy her utmost wealth, keepe here, or take her home;
The rest, strike leagues of endless date, and hartie friendes become,
You dwelling safe in Glebye Troy, the Greekes retire their force,
T'Achaia, that breeds fairest Dames: and Argos, fayrest Horse:
He said: And his amendsfull words did Hector highly please;
Who rusht betwixt the fighting Hosts, and made the Troians cease
By boulding vp in midst his Lance: The Grecians noted not
The signall he for Parle vsde, but at him fiercely shot,
Hurl'd Stones, and still were leuelling Dartes. At last the king of Men,
(Great Agamemnon) cried alowde: Argiues, for shame containe:
Youthes of Achaia, boote no more. The fayre helmd Hector shoves
As he desirde to treat with vs; this said, all ceast from blowes;
And Hector spake to both the Hosts, Troians, and hardie Greekes

Heare now, what he that stir'd these wvres, for their cessation seekes:
 He bids vs all, and you disarm, that he alone may fight
 With Menelaus; for vs all: for Heilen, and her right,
 With all the dowre she brought to Troy; And he that winnes the Day,
 Or is, in all the arte of Armes, superior any way,
 The Quene and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enioy,
 The rest strike truce; and let loae seal firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.

The Greeke Hoast wondred at this Braue: silence flew euerie where;
 At last, spake Spartas warlike king. Now also giue me eare,
 Whom grieffe giues most cause of replie; I now haue hope to free
 The Greekes and Troians, of all illies, they haue sustained for me,
 And Alexander, that was cause I stretcht my spleene so farre;
 Of both then: which is neere st Fate, let his death end the warre,
 The rest immediately retire, and greete all homes in peace;
 Go then (To blesse your Champion, and giue his powers (successe)
 Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, the Gods on whom ye call)
 Two Lambs; a blacke one and a white: a Female, and a Male;
 And we, one other for our selues will fetch, and kill to loue;
 To signe which Rites, bring Priams force, because we wel approue,
 His sonnes perfidious enuious, (and out of practisde bane
 To faith, when she beleeueth in them) Loues high Truce may prophane.
 All young mens hearts, are still vnstaide: but, in those well-weigh'd deedes
 An old man will consent to passe; things past, and what succedes
 He lookes into; That he may know, how best to make his way
 Through both the Fortunes of a fact: and will the worst obaye.
 This granted; A delightfull hope, both Greeks and Troians fed,
 Of longd-for rest from those long toyles their tedious warre had bred.
 Their horses then, in ranke they set, drawne from their Charriots round;
 Descend themselves; tooke off their armes: and laid them on the ground;
 Neere one another for the space twixt both the Hoasts, was small.
 Hector, two Herald's sent to Troy, that they from thence might call
 King Priam; and to bring the Lambs, to rate the Truce they swore.
 But Agamemnon to the Fleet, Talthibius sent before,
 To fetch their Lambe; who nothing slackt the royall charge was giuen.
 Then came the louely Raine-bowe downe Ambassadee from Heauen,
 To white-arm'd Heilen; she assum'd at euery part, the grace
 Of Hellens last loues sisters shape, who had the highest place,
 In Hecubas affections, Laodice; Most faire
 Of all the daughters, Priam had: and made the Nuptiall payre,
 With Helicaon, royall sproute of old Antenors seede;

She

*She found Queene Hellena at home, at worke about a weede,
 Woun for her selfe; it shinde like fire, was rich and full of sife;
 The worke, of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise
 The many labors, warlike Troy, and brasfe-arm Greece indurde,
 For her faire sake; by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procurde;
 Iris came in, in ioyfull haste and said; O come with me,
 (Lowd Nymph) and an admired sight of Greeks and Troians see;
 Who first on one another brought a warre so full of teares;
 (Euen this stie of contentious warre) now euerie man forbeares,
 And friendly, by each other sits, each leaning on his shield;
 Their long and shining Lances pitcht fast by them in the fielde.
 Paris and Spartas King, alone must take up all the strife,
 And he that conquers, onely call faire Hellena his wife;
 Thus spake the thou, and colourd Dame, and to her minde commend
 The ioy to see her first espousde, her native Towers, and friends,
 Which stir'd a sweet desire in her; to serue the which she hid;
 Shadowed her graces, with white vailles; and (though she tooke a pride
 To set her thoughts at Gaze, and see in her cleare beauties floode
 What choyse of glorie, swumme to her yet tender womanhooe)
 Seasond, with teares, her ioyes; to see, More ioyes the more offence:
 And that perfection could not flowe from eirthly excellence.*

*Thus went she forth, and tooke with her her Women most of name;
 AEthra, Pitthæus loue birth; and Clymene; whom fame
 Hath, for her faire eyes, memori'de; they reacht the Scaan Towrs,
 Where Priam sat to see the fight with all his Counsailors;
 Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon;
 Thimæres, wise Antenor, and profound Vcalegon;
 All graue old men, and souldiers, they had beene; but for age,
 Now left the warres; yet Counsellors they were exceeding sage.
 And, as in well-growne woods, on Trees, cold spinie grasshoppers
 Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pearce our eares,
 For softness and their tender sounds: so (talking on the Towre)
 These Seniors of the ~~city~~ ^{city} sat; who, when they sawe the powre
 Of beautie, in the Queene ascend; euen those cold-spirited Peeres,
 Those wise, and almost withered men, found this heate in their yeares,
 That they were forc't (though whispering) to say, What man can blame
 The Greekes and Troians to endure, for so admire a Dame,
 So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet countenance shine
 The beames of Deitie; and yet (though neuer so diuine)
 Before we boste, vniustly still of her enforced prise,*

And iustly suffer for her sake with all our progenies,
 Labor, and ruine; let her goe: the profit of our Land,
 Must passe the beautie. Thus, though these could beare sofit a hand
 On their affections; yet when all their grauest powers were vsde;
 They could not choose but welcome her; And rather they accusde.
 The Gods, then beautie; For thus spake the most fam'd king of Troy;
 Come, loued daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy ioy
 Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neer allyed:
 And name me some of these braue Greekes so manly beautified.
 Come; do not thinke, I lay the warres indurde by vs, on thee;
 The Gods haue sent them, and the teares in which they swumme to me.
 Sit then; and name this goodly Greeke so tall, and brodely spred,
 Who then the rest, that stand by him is higher by the head;
 The brauest man, I euer sawe, and most maiesticall;
 His onely presence, makes me thinke him King amongst them all.

The fayrest of her sexe replied; Most reuerend father in lawe:
 Most lou'd, most feard, would some ill death had sea'd me when I saw
 The first meane why I wrongd you thus, that I had neuer lost,
 The sight of these my ancient friends; Of him that lou'd me most;
 Of my sole daughter; brothers both, with all those kindly mates,
 Of one soyle, one age borne with me; though vnder different Fates:
 But these boones, enuious starres denies the memorie of these,
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please;
 Nor satisfie they, your demand; To which, I thus repleie:
 That's Agamemnon, Atteus sonne: the great in Emperie;
 A King, whom double Royaltie doth crowne, being great and good;
 And one that was my brother in lawe, when I contain'd my blood,
 And was more worthy; If at all, I might be said to be;
 My Being being lost so soone in all that honourd me.

The good old King admirde, and sayd: O Atteus blessed sonne,
 Borne vnder ioyfull Destinies, that hast the Empire wun
 Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here;
 I once marcht into Phrigia, that manie vines doth beare,
 Where many Phrigians I beheld, well skild in vse of horse;
 That of the twomen like two Gods, were the commanded force,
 Ottraeus, and great Migdonus, who on Sangarius sands,
 Set downe their Tents, with whom my selfe (for my assistant Bands)
 Was numbred as a man in chiefe; The cause of warre was then,
 The Amazon Dames, that in their faets, affected to be men:
 In all; there was a mightie powre, which yet did neuer rise,

To equall these Achaian youtnes, that haue the sable eyes.
 Then (seeing Vlysses next) he said, Lou'd daughter what is he,
 That lower then great Atreus sonne, seemes by the head to me?
 Yet, in his shoulders, and bigge breast presents a broder shewe;
 His armor lyes vpon the earth: he vp and downe doth goe,
 To see his souldiers keepe their rankes, and ready haue their armes,
 If, in this truce, they should be tried, by any false alarms.
 Much like a wel-growne Belweather, or feltred Ram he shewes,
 That walkes before a wealthie Flocke of faire white-sleeced Ewes.

High loue, and Leda's fayrest seed, to Priam thus replies:
 This is the old Laertes sonne, Vlysses, cald the wise;
 Who, though in barraine Ithaca, he had his nursing seat,
 Yet know's he euerie sort of sleight: and is in counsailes great.

The wise Antenor answered her; T'is true, renowned Dame;
 For, some times past, wise Ithacus, to Troy a Legate came
 With Menelaus, for your cause: whom I, as royall Guests
 Receiue'd and welcomde to my house with honourable Feasts:
 I learnd the wisedomes of their soules, and humors of their blood;
 For when in Counsaile, both sides met, and they together stood:
 By height of his brode shoulders had Atreides eminence;
 Yet, set, Vlysses did excede, and bred more reuerence:
 But when their wisedomes in their words, they framed to the eare,
 Atreides did succinctly speake: and sharp his speeches were;
 But fewe, because much pride of tongue he much did misconceipt:
 And, though the younger man yet vsde no words, but words of weight;
 But when the prudent Ithacus, did to his Counsailes rise,
 He stood a little still, and fixt vpon the earth his eyes;
 His Scepter mooning neither way, but held it formally,
 Like one that vainely doth affect; of moodie qualitie,
 And frantique (rashly iudging him) you would haue said he was;
 But when he sent his bigge voice forth, and gaue his graue words passe
 (In white-ag'd wisedomes) that flew forth, like drifts of Winter snow;
 None thenceforth might contend with him, though nought admird for show.

The third man, aged Priam markt, was Ajax Telamon:
 Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, so large of limme and bone;
 So rayd in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheth none?
 To him the Goddesse of her sex, the large-vaild Hellen said,
 That Lord is Ajax Telamon, a Bulwarke, in their aide;
 On th' other side, stands Idomen, in Crete, of most command:
 And round about his royall sides, his Cretane Captaines stand;

Oft hath the war-like Spartan king, giuen hospitable due,
 To him within our Lacedaemone Court, and all his retinue;
 And now the other Achae Dukes, I generally discerne;
 All which I know; and all their names could make thee quickly learne:
 Two Princes of the people yet, I nowhere can behold;
 Castor, the skilfull knight on horse; and Pollux vncontroulde,
 For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred,
 My naturall brothers: either here they haue not followed
 From louely Sparta; Or (arriu'd within the sea-borne flecte
 (In feare of infamie for me) in brode field, shame to meete:
 Nor so; for holy Tellus wombe inc osde those worthy men
 In Sparta, their beloued soyle. The voicfull Herralds then,
 The firme agreements of the Gods through all the Cittie ring:
 Two Lambs, and spirit refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring
 Within a Goteskin Bottle close; Idæus also brought
 A massie glittering bowle, and cuppes that all of gould were wrought:
 Which bearing to the King they crie: Sonne of Laomedon,
 Rise; for the well-rode Peeres of Troy, and brasse armed Grekes in one,
 Send to thee, to descend to field, that they firme vowes may make;
 For, Paris and the Spartan King, must fight for Hellens sake,
 With long arm'd Lances; and the man that prooues victoriorous,
 The woman and the wealth she brought shall follow to his house,
 The rest knit friendshippe and firme leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;
 In Argos, and Achaia, they; that doth in Lames excell.
 He said; and Priams aged ioynts with chilled feare did shake;
 Yet instantly he bad his men his Chariot readie make.
 Which soone they did; and he ascends: he takes the reignes, and guide,
 Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to his royall side;
 And through the Scaaports, to fielde, the swift-foot horse they drine:
 And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrine;
 From horse, on Troyes well feeding soyle, twixt both the Hosts they goe;
 When straight vprose the King of men: vprose Vlisses to;
 The Herralds in their richest Cotes, repeate (as was the guise)
 The true vowes of the Gods, tearmd theirs, since made before their eyes:
 Then in a Cup of golde they mix the wine that each part brings;
 And next, powre water on the hands of both the Kings of Kings-
 Which done, Atreides drew his knife, that euermore he put
 Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut
 The wull from both Fronts of the Lambs, which (as a rite in vse
 Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted Truce)

The Heralds of both Hoasts did giue the Peeres of both; And then
 With hands and voice aduanc't to heauen, thus pray'd the king of Men:
 O loue, that Ida dost protect, Fount whence the Gods begun;
 Most gracious, most inuincible; And thou all-seeing Sunne;
 All-hearing, all-recomforting, Floods, Earth, and powers beneath,
 That all the periuries of men chastise euen after death;
 Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hartie vowes we make;
 If Alexander, shall the life of Menelaus take,
 He shall from henceforth, Hellena with all her wealth retaine;
 And we will to our household Gods, hoysse sayle, and home againe:
 If by my honourd brothers hand, be Alexander slaine,
 The Troians then shall his forc't Queene, with all her wealth restore,
 And pay conuenient fine to vs, and ours for euermore.
 If Priam, and his sonnes denie to pay this, thus agreed,
 When Alexander shall be slaine for that perfidious deed,
 And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repaye
 By death, and ruine the amends that falsehood keepes away;
 This sayd, the thraates of both the Lambes, cut with his royall knife,
 He layd them panting on the earth, till (quite depriu'd of life)
 The steele had robd them of their strength. Then golden Cuppes they crown'd
 With wine out of a Cisterne drawne: which powrd vpon the ground,
 They fell vpon their humble knees, to all the Deities;
 And thus pray'd one of both the Hoasts, that might do sacrifice;
 O Iupiter, most high, most great, and all the deathlesse powers;
 Who first shall dare to violate the late sworne oaths of ours,
 So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they shall produce,
 Flowe on the staine'd face of the earth, as now, this sacred Iuice:
 And let their wines with bastar'dise brand all their future Race:
 Thus pray'd they: but with wight effects, their prayers loue did not grace.
 And Priam said; Lords of both hoasts, I can no longer stay,
 To see my lou'd sonne trie his life, and so must take my way,
 To winde-exposed Ilion; loue and th'immortall Gods
 Knowe, onely which of these, to Fate must pay their periods;
 Thus putting in his Coach, the Lambs, he mounts, and reignes his horse,
 Antenor to him and to Troy, both take their speedie course:
 Then Hector (Priams Martiall sonne) stept forth, and met the ground,
 With wise Vlisses, where the blowes of Combat must resound:
 Which done into a Helme they put two lottes, that they might knowe;
 Which of the Combattants should first his brasse-pil'de laueline throwe;
 When all the people, standing by, with hands held vp to heauen,

Prayd

Prayd Ioue, that conquest might not be, by force or fortune giuen;
 But that the man, who was in right the author of most wrong,
 Might feele his iustice; and no more these tedious warres prolong;
 But sinking to the house of death, leaue them (as long before)
 Linkt fast in leagues of Amitie, that might dissolue no more;
 Then Hector shooke the Helme that held the equall doomes of chance;
 Look't backe and drew: And Paris first had lotte to hurle his Lance,
 The souldiers all sat downe enrank't, each by his Armes and Horse,
 That then lay downe, to coole their hooues; And now th'allotted course
 Bids fayre-hayrd Hellens husband arme: who first makes fast his greaues
 With siluer buckles to his legges: then on his Breast receiues
 The Curets that Lycaon wore, his brother: But made fitte
 For his fayre body: next his sword he takes, and hangerth it
 (All damask't) underneath his arme: his shield then, graue and great,
 His boulders wore: and on his head his glorious Helme he set
 Topt with a Plume of horses hayre, that horribly did dance,
 And seem'd to threaten, as he mou'd. At last he takes his Lance,
 Exceeding bigge, and full of weight, which he with ease could vse.
 In like sort, Spartas warlike king, himselfe with armes indues.
 Thus armed at either Armie both, they both stood brauely in,
 Possessing both Hoasts with amaze: they came so chin to chin;
 And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.
 A faire large field was made for them: where wraths, for hugenessse mute
 And mutuall, made them mutuall at either (hake their Darts
 Before they threw; Then Paris first, with his long Iaueline parts;
 It smote Atrides Orbye large: but ranne not through the brasse:
 For in it (arming well the shielde) the head reflected was;
 Then did the second Combatant applie him to his Speare:
 Whic here he threw; he thus besought Almightye Iupiter;
 O Ioue, Vouchsafe me now Reuenge, and that my enemie,
 (For doing wrong, so vnderu'd) may pay deseruedly,
 The paines he forfeited; and let these hands inflict those paines
 By conquering, I, by conquering, deade him on whome life complains:
 That any now, or any man of all the broode of men
 To liue hereafter, may with feare from all offence abstaine,
 (Much more from all such fowle offence) to him that was his Host,
 And entertained him, as the man whom he affected most.
 This sayd, He shooke, and threw his Lance, which strooke through Paris shield:
 And with the strength he gaue to it, it made the Curets yeeld,
 His Cote of Maile, his breast and all: and drave his entrailes in

In that low region, where the Guts in three small parts begin;
 Yet he, in boying of his breast, prevented fable death;
 His hand he follow'd, with his sword, drawne from a siluer sheath:
 Which lying low, he strooke his Helme, full where his plume did stand,
 On which yet peece-meale brake, and fell from his unhappie hand;
 'T which he fighting stood, and star'd upon the ample skie
 And said; O Ioue, there is no God, giuen more illiberally
 To those that serue thee, then thy selfe; why haue I prayd in vaine?
 I hop't, my hand should haue reueng'd the wrongs I still sustaine
 On him that aid them; and still dares their foule defence pursue;
 And now my Lance, hath mist his end, my sword in shiuers slewe,
 And he escapes all; with this, againe he rush't upon his guest,
 And caught him by the horse-haire plume, that dangl'd on his crest,
 With thought to dragge him to the Greekes; which he had surely done,
 And so besides the victorie, had wondrous glorie wonne
 (Because the needle-painted Lace, with which his Helme was tied,
 Encath his chin, and so about his daintie throat implied,
 Had strangl'd him); But that in time, the Cyprian seede of Ioue
 Did brake the string with which was linde that which the needle woue,
 And was the toughie thong of a Steere; and so the victor's palme
 Was (for so full a man at arms) onely an emptie Helme;
 Which then he swung about his head, and cast amongst his friends;
 Who scrambled, and took't up with shoutes. Againe then he intends,
 To force the life blood of his foe and ranne on him amaine
 With shaking laneline; when the Queene that louers loues againe
 Attended; and now rauisht him from that encounter quite,
 With ease, and wondrous soudainely, for she (a Goddesse) might;
 She hid him in a clowde of gould, and neuer made him knowne,
 Till in his Chamber, (fresh and sweet) she gently set him downe,
 And went for Hellen; whom shee found, in Scæas vtmost bight;
 To which, whole swarmes of Cittie Dames had climbd to see the sight.
 To giue her arrand good successe, She tooke on her the shape,
 Of beldame Cræa; who was brought by Hellen, in her rape
 From Lacedemon; and had trust in all her secrets still;
 Being olde; and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will,
 And spun for her, her finest wull; like her, loues Empress came,
 Puld Hellen, by the heauenly waile, and softly sayd; Madame,
 My Lord deals for you; you must needes make all your kind hast home,
 Hee's in your Chamber; staies, and longs sits by your bedde; pray come,
 'Tis richly made and sweet; but he more sweet, and lookes so cleere,

So fresh and mouningly attirde: that (seeing) you would sweare,
He came not from the dustie fight, but from a Courtly dance,
Or would to dancing; This she made a charme for daliance,
Whose vertue Heilen felt; and knew (by her so radiant eyes,
White necke, and most entiting breasts) the acified disguise.

At which amazde, she answered her; Unhappie Dettie,
Why lo'st thou still in these deceits, to wrap my phantasie?
Or whether yet, (of all the townes given to their lust beside,
In Phrigia, or Maonia) com'st thou to be my guide?
If there (of daiuers languag'd men) thou hast, as here in Troy)
Some other formde, to be my shame; since here, thy latest ioy,
By Menelaus now subdude, by him shall I be borne
Home to his Court, and end my life in triumphs of his skorne,
And to this end, would thy deceit: my wanton life allure,
Hence go thy selfe to Priamis sonne, and all the wayes aboure
Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dames; nor euer turne againe
Thy earth-affecting feet to heauen: but for his sake sustaine
Toyles heere; guard grace him endleslie, till here quite thy Grace
By giuing thee my place, with him: or take his seruants place;
If all dishonourable wayes your fauours seeke to serue
His neuer-pleasde incontinence: I better will deserue,
Then serue his dotage now; what shame were it for me to feede
This lust in him? all honourd Dames would hate me for the deede;
He leaues a woman's loue so sham'd, and shoves to base a minde,
To feele, nor my shame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kind
Wound me, then such as can admitte such kind delights so soone.

The Goddesse angrie, that (past shame) her meere will wa: not done,
Replied Incense me not, you wretch; least (once incens't) I leaue
Thy curst life to as strange a hate, as yet it may receiue
A lone from me: and least I spread through both Hosts: such despight,
For those plagues they haue felt for thee, that both aboure thee quite,
And (setting thee in midst of both) turne all their wraths on thee
And dart thee dead; that such a death may wreake thy wrong of me.
This strooke the faire Dame with such feare, it tooke her speech away;
And (shadowed in her snore v' dayle) she durst not but obey;
And yet (to shun the shame she feard) she vanisht, and scride
Of all the Trojan Ladies there, for Venus was her guide.

Arriu'd at home; her woemen both fell to their worke in hast;
When she that was, of all her sex, the most diuinely grac't,
Ascended to a higher roome, though much against her will,
Where louely Alexander was, being led by Venus still;

The laughter-loving dame discern'd her mou'd minde, by her grace:
 And (for her mirth sake) set a stoole full before Paris face;
 Where she would needs haue Hellen sit; who, though (he durst not chuse
 But sit, yet lookt away; for all the Goddesse powre could vse;
 And (for her tongue to; and to chide whom Venus sooth'd so much;
 And chid to, in this bitter kinde; And was thy cowardise such,
 (So conquered) to be seene aline? O, would to God thy life
 Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife.
 Before this, you would glorifie your valour, and your Lance;
 And past my first Loues, host them far; Go once more and aduance
 Your braues against his single power: this foyle might fal by chance?
 Poore conquered man, twas such a chance, as I would not aduise,
 Your valour, should prouoke againe: shunne him thou most vnwise;
 Least next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy bodie be his prise.

He answered; Pray thee woman, cease to chide and grieueme thus:
 Disgraces will not euer last; looke on their ende; on vs,
 Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
 As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our loue sinke beneath
 The hate of Fortune? In loues fire, let all hates vanish; Come,
 Loue neuer so inflamde my heart; no not, when (bringing home,
 Thy beautie so delicious prise) on Cranaes blest shore
 I long'd for, and enioyd thee first. With this, he went before,
 She after, to their odorous bed. While these, to pleasure yeeld,
 Perplext Atides, sauage-like ran vp and downe the fielde,
 And euery thickest troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aide,
 Searcht for his foe; who could not be by any eye betrayde;
 Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceale his sight;
 All hated him so, like their deaths, and ought him such despight.
 At last thus spake the king of men; Heare me, ye men of Troy,
 Ye Dardans and the rest whose powers you in their aides employ;
 The Conquest on my brothers part, ye all discern is clere;
 Do you then Argine Helena, with all her treasure here
 Restore to vs; and pay the Mulct, that by your vowes is due;
 Yeeld vs an honourd recompence: and all that should accrew,
 To our posterities, confirme; that when ye render it,
 Our acts here, may be memorisde. This all Greekes else, though fit.

The ende of the third Booke.



THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



THe Gods, in Counsaile, at the last decree,
That famous *Iliou*, shall expugned be.
And, that their owne continued faults may proue,
The reasons that haue so incensed *Ioue*;
Minerua seekes with more offences done,
Against the lately iniurde *Atreus* sonne
(A ground that clearest would make seene their sinne)
To haue the Lycian *Pandarus* begin;
He (gainst the Truce with sacred couenants bound)
Giues *Menelaus*, a dishonour'd wound;
Machaon heales him; *Agamemnon* then,
To mortall warre incenseth all his men;
The battailes ioyne, and in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless Night.

Another Argument.

In *Delta*, is the Gods Assise;
The Truce is broke; warres freshly rise.

Within the faire-pau'd Court of loue, he and the Gods conferd,
About the sad euents of Troy; Amongst whom ministred,
Blest *Hebe*, *Nectar*: as they sat and did Troyes Towns behould,
They dranke, and pledg'd each other round, in full cround Cuppes of gould,
The mirth, at whose Feast, was begun by great *Saturnides*,
In vrging a begun dislike amongst the Goddes;,
But chiefly in his solemne Queene: whose splene he was dispos'd
To tempt yet further; knowing well what anger it enclosde,

And

And how wines angers should be vsde. On which, (thus please) he plaide;
 Two Goddesses there are, that still giue Menelaus aide:
 And one that Paris loues. The two that sit from vs so farre,
 (Which Argiue Iuno is, and she that rules in deedes of warre)
 No doubt are please, to see how well the late scene fight did frame:
 And (yet upon the aduerse part) the laughter-louing Dame,
 Made her power good too for her friend. For though he were so neere,
 The stroke of death in th others hopes, Shee tooke him from them cleere,
 The Conquest yet is questionless, the martiall Spartan kings;
 We must consult then, what euent shall crowne these future things:
 If warres and combattles, we shall still with euen successes strike,
 Or (as impartial) friendship plant, on both parts. If ye like
 The last: and that it will as well delight, as meereely please
 Your happie Deities, still let stand olde Priams towne in peace,
 And let the Lacedamon King, againe his Queene enioy.

As Pallas and Heavens Queene sat close, complotting ill to Troy,
 With silent murmures they receiv'd this ill-lik't choice from Ioue;
 Gainst whom was Pallas much incens'd; because the Queene of Ioue,
 Could not without his leaue relieue, in that late point of death,
 The sonne of Priam; whom she loath'd; Her wrath yet fought beneath
 Her supream wisdom, and was curb'd: but Iuno needs must ease
 Her great Heart, with her readie tongue, and said: What words are these
 (Aultere, and too much Saturns sonne)? why wouldest thou render still
 My labors idle? and the sweat of my industrious will,
 In honor with so little power? my Chariot horse are tyrd,
 With posting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desire,
 To people-must'ring Priamus, and his perfidious sonnes:
 Yet thou protect'st, and ioynst with them, whom each iust Deitie shunnes.
 Go on; but euer goe resolv'd, all other Gods haue vow'd
 To crosse thy partiall course for Troy, in all that makes it proude:

At this, the clowd-compelling Ioue, a farre fetcht ~~si~~ flie,
 And said; Thou Furie, what offence of such impietie,
 Hath Priam, or his sonnes done thee, that with so high a hate
 Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to rase and ruinate,
 So well a builded Towne as Troy? I thinke (hadst thou the powre)
 Thou wouldest the Ports, and farre-stretcht walles flie ouer, and deuoure
 Old Priam, and his issue quick: and make all Troyans sure;
 And then thy angers weyward wound, I hope will close and cure;
 To which, runne on thy Chariot; that nought be found in me,
 Of iust cause to our future iarres: in this yet strengthen thee,

*And fix it in thy memorie fast; that, if I entertaine
As peremptorie a desire to leuell with the plaine,
Acittie, where thy loued line stand not betwixt my ire,
And what it aimes at; but giue way, when thou hast thy desire;
Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will;
For not beneath the ample Sunne, and Heauens starre-bearing hill,
There is a towne of earthly men, so honourd in my minde,
As sacred Troy; Nor of earths kings, as Priam and his kind;
Who neuer let my Altars lacke rich feast of offrings slaine,
And their sweet sauors; for which grace I honor them againe.*

*Drad Iuno, with the Cowes faire eyes replied; Three townes there are
Of great and eminent respect, both in my loue and care;
Mycena, with the brode high wayes, and Argos rich in horse;
And Sparta; all which three destroy when thou enui'st their force;
I will not aide them, nor maligne thy free and soueraigne will;
For if I should be enuious, and set against their ill,
I know my enuie were in vaine. since thou art mightier farre;
But we must giue each other leaue, and winke at eithers warre:
I likewise must haue powre to crowne my workes with wished end;
Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend
Whence thou thy selfe; and th' elder borne, wise Saturne was our Sire;
And thus there is a two-fould cause that pleades for my desire,
Being sister, and am cald thy wife: and more: since thy command
Rules all Gods else; I claime therein, a like superiour hand;
All wrath before, then now remit, and mutually combine
In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine;
So will the other gods agree; and we shall all be strong;
And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let Pallas goe among
The Troians; and some one of them entice to breake the Truce,
By offering in some trecherous wound the honoured Greekes abuse.*

*The Father both of men and Gods agreed, and Pallas sent,
With these wingd words, to both the Hoasts; Make all haste, and inuent
Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the Truce agreed,
May stirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deede:
Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did before in haste abound;
Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which steepe heauen is croud:
And as loue, brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)
Hurls out his curled head abroad, that from his brand exhalls
A thousand sparkes; To flectes at sea, and enerie mightie Hoast,
(Of all presages and ill happes, a signe mistrusted most)*

So Pallas fell twixt both the Camps, and soudainely was lost;
 When through the breasts of all that sawe, she strooke a strong amaze
 With viewing in her whole descent her bright and ominous blaze;
 When straight one to another turnd and said; Now thundring Ioue
 (Great Arbitrer of peace, and armes) will either stablsh Ioue,
 Amongst our Nations or renue such warre, as neuer was:
 Thus either armie did presage; when Pallas made her passe
 Amongst the multitude of Troy, who now put on the grace
 Of braue Laodocus; the floure of old Antenors race;
 And sought for Lycian Pandarus; a man, that being bred
 Out of a faultlesse familie, she thought was fit to shed
 The blood of any innocent, and breake the couenant sworne;
 He was Lycaons sonne whom Ioue into a wolfe did turne,
 For sacrificyng of a childe; and yet in armes renownd,
 As one that was inculpable; Him Pallas standing found:
 And round about him, his strong troopes, that bore the shadie shields;
 He brought them from AEsopus flood, let through the Lycian fields;
 Whom, standing neere, she whispred thus: Lycaons warlike sonne,
 Shall I despair at thy kind hands, to haue a fauour done?
 Nor dar'st thou let an arrow lye, upon the Spartan King?
 It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing
 That euerie man would giue his gift; But Alexanders hand
 Would load thee with them; if he could discouer, from his stand,
 His foes pride strook downe, with thy shaft; and he himselfe ascend
 The flaming heape of funerall; Come, shoot him (princely friend)
 But first inuoke the God of light, that in thy Land was borne,
 And is in Archers arte the best that euer shaft hath worne;
 To whom a hundred first ew'd Lambs, vowe thou in holy fire,
 When safe to sacred Zeliass Towers, thy Zealous steppes retire.
 With this the madde-gift-greedy man, Minerva did perswade;
 Who instantly drewe forth a Bowe, most admirablie made
 Of th' Antler of a iumping Goate, bred in a steepe up Land;
 Which Archerlike (as long before he tooke his hidden stand;
 The Euick, skipping from a Rocke) into the breast hee smote,
 And headlong selde him from the cliffe: the forehead of the Goate,
 Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that sixteene branches brought;
 Of all which (toynd an usefull Bowe, a skillful Bowyer wrought;
 Whch pickt and polisht; both the ends he hid with hornes of gould;
 And this bowe bent he close layde downe, and bade his souldiers hold
 Their shields before him, lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise

In tumults ere the Spartan king, could be his arrows prise;
 Meane space with all his care he chusde, and from his quiver drew
 An arrow, fettered best for sight; and yet that neuer flew;
 Strong headed, and most apt to merce; then took he vp his bowe,
 And nockt his shaft; the ground whence all their future griefe did growe;
 When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred,
 And King of Archers: promising that he the blood would shed
 Of full a hundred first fallen Lambs; all offered to his name;
 When to Zeleias sacred walls from rescude Troy, he came)
 He tooke his arrow by the necke; and to his bended breast,
 The Oxy sinew close he drew, euen till the pyle did rest,
 Vpon the bosome of the bowe: and as that saunge prise,
 His strength constrained into an Orb; as if the winde did rise)
 The comming of it, made a noyse; the sinew-forged string
 Did giue a mightie twang; and forth the eager shaft did sing,
 (Affecting speedinesse of sight) amongst the Achine throng;
 Nor were the blessed heauenly powers unmindefull of thy wrong,
 O Menelaus; but in chiefe, Iouus secde the Pillager,
 Stood close before, and slackt the force the arrow did confer;
 With as much care, and little hurt, as doth a mother vse
 And keepe off from her babe, when sleepe doth through his powers disuse
 His goulden humor; and th' assaults of rude and busie flies
 She still checkes with her carefull hand: for so the shaft she plies,
 That on the buttons made of gould, which made his girdle fast,
 And where his Cures double were, the fall of it she places
 And thus much prooffe she put it to; the buckle made of gould;
 The belt it fastned, brauely wrought; his Cures double fould;
 And then, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all;
 And gainst all Darts, and shafts bestowed, was to his life a wall;
 So (through all these) the upper skinn, the head did onely race,
 Yet forth the blood flow'd; which did much his martiall person grace;
 And shoude vpon his iuorie skinn, as doth a purple die,
 Layde by a Dame of Caera or louely Maony,
 On Iuorie; wrought in ornaments to decke the cheekes of horse;
 Which in her marriage roome must lye; whose beauties haue such force,
 That they are wisht of many knights; but are such pretious things,
 That they are kept for horse, that draw the Chariots of kings;
 Which horse (so deckt) the Chariotere esteemes a grace to him;
 Like these (in grace) the blood vpon thy solide thighes did swim,
 O Menelaus; downe thy Calues, and Ankle's to the ground;

For nothing deckes a souldier so, as doth an honoured wound;
 Yet (fearing he had farde much worse) the haire stood up on end
 On Agamemnon, when he say so much blacke blood descend.
 And bristl'd with the like dismaye, was Menelaus to:
 But (seeing th' arrowes stale without) and that the head did goe,
 No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe:
 Which Agamemnon marking not, (but thinking he was slaine)
 He grip't his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake:
 Which sighe the whole host tooke from him, who thus at last did speake;
 O dearest brother, ist for this? that thy death must be wrought,
 Wrought it this Truce? for this hast thou the single Combat fought
 For all the armie of the Greeks? for this, hath Ilion sworne,
 And trod all faith beneath their feet? yet all this hath not worne
 The right we challenge, out of force; this cannot render vaine
 Our stricken right hands, sacred wine, nor all our offerings slaine;
 For though Olympius be not quicke, in making good, our ill,
 He will be sure, as he is slowe, and sharpelier prone his will;
 Their owne heads shall be ministers of those plagues they despise;
 Which shall their wines, and Children reach, and all their progenies.
 For both in minde, and soule I know, that there shall come a day,
 When Ilion; Priam; all his powre shall quite be worne away;
 When heauen-inhabiting Ioue, shall shake his fierie shield at all,
 For this owne mischiefe. This I knowe the world cannot recall;
 But, be all this; all my grieffe still, for thee will be the same,
 Deare Brother. If thy life must here put out his royall flame;
 I shall to sandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face,
 And all the Greekes, will call for home: and Priam and his race
 Will flame in glory; Helena, vntouckt, be still their pray;
 And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed Fates shal lay,
 Thy Sepulchre be trodden downe, the pride of Troy desire,
 (Insulting on it) Thus, O thus let Agamemnons Ire,
 In all his Acts, be expiate; as now he carries home
 His idle Army, empty ships, and leaues here overcome
 Good Menelaus: when this Braue shall grace their proudest breath;
 Then, let the brode earth swallowe me, and take me quicke to death.
 Nor shall this euer chance (sayd he) and therefore, be of cheere,
 Lest all the Army (led by you) your passions put in feare;
 The arrow fell in no such place, as Death could enter at;
 My Girdle, cures doubled here, and my most trusted plate,
 Obiected all twixt me and Death, the shaft scarce piercing one.

Good brother (said the king) I wish it were no further gone;
 For then our best in medicines skild shall ope and search the wound,
 Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.
 This said; diuine Talthiouis he cald, and bad him haste
 Machaon, Aesculapius sonne (who most of men was grac't
 With Physicks soueraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand,
 To Menelaus; shot by one, well skild in the command
 Of bowe, and arrowes; or of Troy, or of the Lycian aide,
 Who much hath glorified our foe, and vs. as much dismaide.

He heard, and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about
 The thickest Squadrons of the Greeks, to finde Machaon out;
 He found him standing guarded well, with well-armed men of Thrace;
 With whome he quickly toynde and said; Man of Apollos race,
 Hast; for the King of men Commands, to see a wound imprest,
 In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed best,
 In th' Art of Archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
 That them with much renowne, adorns; vs, with dishonors brands.

Machaon, much was mou'd with this, who with the tierraid siewe,
 From Troope to Troope, along st the hoast, and soone they came in viewe
 Of hurt Attides, circled round, with All the Grecian Kings;
 Who all gaue way; and strait he drawes the shaft: which forth he brings
 Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, Curets, off he pluckes,
 And viewes the wound; when first from it the clotted blood he suckes;
 Then medicines wondrously composde, the skilfull leach applyed,
 Which louing Chyron taught his Syre, he from his Syre had tryed.

While these were thus employde to ease the Atrean martialist;
 The Troians armed, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greekes arme and resist.
 Then not asleepe, nor made with feare nor shifting off the blowes,
 You could behold the King of men; but with those royall throwes,
 Most readie to bring forth his fame; and he examples this,
 With toyling (like the worst) on foote: who therefore did dismisse
 His brasie-armed Charriot, and his Steedes, with Ptolomæus sonne,
 (Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymidon;
 Yet (said the king) attend with them, least wearinesse should sease
 My Limmes surcharg'd with ordering Troopes, so thicke and vast as these.
 Eurymidon, then reignd his horse, that trotte a neighing by,
 The king a foot-man, and so skowres the Squadrons orderly;
 Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit,
 Those he put on with cheerefull words, and bade them not remit
 The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Troians durst

Take these abhord advantages; but let them do their wurst:
 For they might be assur'd that loue, would patronise no lies;
 And that, who with the breach of Truce, would hurt their enemies,
 With vultures should be torne themselves, that they should race their Towne;
 Their wines and children, at their breasts, borne vassals to their owne:

But such as he beheld hang off from that encreasing fight,
 Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;
 Base Argives, blush ye not to stand, as made for buttres to darts?
 Why are ye thus discomfited, like Hindes that haue no harts?
 Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly embost,
 Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:
 And so stand you strooke with amaze, and dare not strike a stroke.
 Would ye the foe should neerer yet your dastard spleenes prouoke;
 Euen where on Neptunes somie shore, our fleete lyes in the sight,
 To see if loue will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?

Thus he (commanding) rang'd the hoast, and (passing many a band)
 He came to the Eretesian troopes, where all did armed stand,
 About the Martiall Idomen, who brauely marcht before,
 In Vauntguard of his Troopes, and matcht, for strength a sauage Bore;
 Meriones (his Charriotere) The rereguard bringing on:
 Which seene to Atreus sonne, to him it was a sight alone;
 And Idomens confirmed minde, with these kinde words he seekes;
 O Idomen, I euer lou'd thy selfe past all the Greekes,
 In warre, or any worke of peace, at table, euery where;
 For when the best of Greece besides, mix euer, at our cheere,
 My good olde ardent wine, with small, and our inferiour mates
 Drinke euen that mixt wine measur'd too, thou drink'st without those rates,
 Our ould wine, neat; and euermore, thy bowle stands full like mine;
 To drinke, still when, and what thou wilt: then rowse that hart of thine;
 And what soeuer heretofore, thou hast assum'd to bee,
 This day be greater. To the king in this sort, answered he;
 Atides, what I euer seem'd; the same, at euerie part,
 This day shall shoue me at the full; and I will fit thy hart;
 But thou shouldst rather cheere the rest, and tell them they in right
 Of all good warre, must offer blowes and should begin the fight;
 (Since Troy first brake the holy Truce) and not indure these braues
 To take wrang first, and then be dar'd to the reuenge it craves;
 Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must haue the worse, at last;
 Sirt. first, and gainst a Truce, they hurt where they should haue embrac't.
 This comfort, and aduice did fit Atides hart indeed,

Who still through new rais'd swarms of men, held his laborious speed
 And came where both th' Aiaces stood, whom like the last he found,
 Armd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behinde them, hid the ground,
 A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Gote heard spies,
 On some hills top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour rise,
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)
 Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings a tempest in his breast;
 Whereat, he frighted, drives his heards apace, into a denne:
 So (darkening earth, with darts and shields) shew'd these with al their men.
 This sight, with like ioy firde the king, who thus let forth the flame,
 In crying out to both the Dukes. O you of equall name,
 I must not cheere; nay, I disclaime all my command of you;
 Your selues command, with such free mindes, and make your souldiers shoue,
 As you, nor I led; but themselves. O would our father loue,
 Minerva, and the God of light, would all our bodies moue
 With such braue spirits, as breath in you: Then Priams lostie towne
 Should soone be taken, by our hands, for euer ouerthrowne.

Then held he on to other troopes, and Neltor, next beheld,
 (The subtle Pylan Orator) randge vp and downe: the fildes,
 Embattayling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes;
 Points euerie Legion out his Chiefe, and euerie Chiefe he shoues
 What his way is to wage the warre: yet his Commanders were
 All expert, and renowned men: great Pelagon was there,
 Alastor, manly Chromius, and Hemion, worth a Throne,
 And Byas, that could armies lead; with these he first put on,
 His horse troopes, with their Charriots: his foot (of which he chuse
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which he euer vsde,
 As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere disposde;
 The slouthfull, and the least of spirit, he in the midst inclosde;
 That such as wanted noble wills, base need might force to stand;
 His horse troopes (that the Vantguard had) he strictly did command
 To ride their horses temperately, to keepe their rankes and shun
 Confusion; least their horsemanship and courage made them run,
 (Too much presume on) much too farre: and (charging so, alone)
 Engage themselves, in th' enemies strength, where many fight with one;
 W to his owne Charriot leaues to range, let him not freely goe;
 But strait unhorse him with a lance: for tis much better so;
 And with this discipline (said he) this forme, these mindes, this trust,
 Our Auncetors haue, walles and townes, laid leuell with the dust;
 Thus prompt, and long inurde to armes, this old man did exhort;

And

And this Atreides likewise tooke, in wondrous cheerefull sort,
 And said; O Father, would to heauen, that as thy minde remains
 In wonted vigor: so thy knees could vndergoe our paines;
 But, age, that all men ouercomes, hath made his prise on thee;
 Yet still I wish, that some young man growne old in minde might bee
 Put in proportion with thy yeares, and thy minde, young in age,
 Be fitly answerd with his youth, that still where conflicts rage,
 And yong men, vsde to thrust for fame, thy braue exempling hand,
 Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole Command.

The old knight answered; I my selfe could wish (O Atreus sonne)
 I were as yong, as when I slewe braue Eueuthalion;
 But Gods, at all times, giue not all their gifts to mortall men;
 If then I had the strength of youth, I must the Counsailes then,
 That yeares now giue me; and now yeares want that maine strength of youth,
 Yet still my minde retaines her strength (as, you, now, sayd the sooth)
 And would be, where that strength is vsde, affording counsailes sage,
 To stirre youths mindes vp; tis the grace and office of our age;
 Let younger sinewes, men sprung vp whole ages after me,
 And such, shauē strength, vse it, and as strong in honour be.

The King (all this while comforted) arriued next, where he found,
 Well rode Menestheus, Peteus sonne, stand still inuironed round,
 With his well-iraind Athenian troopes; And next to him he spide
 The wise Vlysses, deedlesse to, and all his bands beside,
 Of stronge Cephalians; for as yet the alarme had not been heard
 In all their quarters; Greece and Troy, where then so newly stir'd,
 And then first mou'd (as they conceiv'd) and they so lookt about
 To see both hostes giue prooffe of that, they yet had cause to doubt.

Atreides (seeing them stand so still) and spend their eyes at gaze,
 Began to chide; and why (said he) dissolu'd thus, in amaze,
 Thou sonne of Peteus, loue-nurst king, and thou in wicked sleight,
 A cunning souldaier; stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight
 Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formost band
 Should shoue, you, there; you first should front, who first lifts vp his hand.
 First you can heare, when I inuite the Princes to a Feast,
 When first, most friendly, and at will ye eate and drinke the best;
 Yet in the fight, most willingly ten troopes, ye can behould,
 Take place before ye; Ithacus, at this, his browes did foulde,
 And said; How hath thy violent tongue broke through thy set of teeth?
 To say that we are slacke in fight, and to the field of death
 Looke others should enforce our way, when we were busied then,

(Euen when thou spak'st) against the foe to cheere and lead our men;
 But thy eyes shall be witnesses (if it content thy will;
 And that as thou pretend'st, these cares do so affect thee still)
 The Father of Telemachus (whom I esteeme so deare,
 And to whom, as a Legacie, He leaue my deedes done here)
 Euen with the foremost hand of Troy, hath his encounter darde;
 And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had beene better sparde.

He smiling, since he saw him mou'd, recald his words, and said;
 Most generous Lactes sonne, the wisest of our aide,
 Incither do accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold
 Fit; (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controulde)
 Nor take I on me thy Command: for well I know, thy minde
 Knowes how sweet gentle counsailes are, and that thou standst enclinde,
 As I my selfe, for all our good; On then: if now we spake
 What hath displeasde; another time, we full amenus will make;
 And Gods grant that thy vertues here may prooue so free, and braue,
 That my reproofes may still be vaine and thy deservings graue.

Thus parted they; and forth he went; when he did leaning finde,
 Against his Charriot, neere it is horse, him with the mightie minde,
 Great Diomedes, Tydeus sonne, and Sthenecius the seede
 Of Capaneius: whom the King seeing likewise out of deedes;
 Thus cried he out on Diomed; Come in what a feare
 The wise great warriour, Tydeus sonne, standes gazing cuerie where,
 For others to begin the fight: it was not Tydeus wfe
 To be so danted; whome his spirit would euer more produce,
 Before the foremost of his friends, in these affaires of fright;
 As they report that haue beheld him labour in a fight;
 For me, I neuer knew the man, nor in his presence came;
 But excellent aboue the rest, he was in generall fame;
 And one renown'd exploite of his, I am assurde is true;
 He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes; and did sue,
 At Goolike Polynices hands, to haue some worthy ayde,
 To their designs, that gainst the walles of sacred Thebes were laid;
 He was great Polynices guest, and nobly entertainde,
 And of the kinde Mycenian state, what he requested gainde,
 In meere consent: but when they should the same in act approue,
 By some sinister prodigies held out to them, by loue,
 They were discourag'd, thence he went, and safely had his passe
 Backe to Asopus floode, renown'd for Bulrushes, and grasse;
 Yet, once more, their Ambassadour, the Grecian Peeres addresse,

Lord Tydeus, to Eteocles; To whom being giuen acceſſe,
 He found him feaſting with a crewe of Cadmians in his hall;
 Amongſt whom though anemie, and onely one to all;
 To all yet, he his challenge made, at euerie Martiall feate,
 And eaſely foild all; ſince with him Minerua was ſo great.
 The ranke-rode Cadmians, much incenſt with their ſo ſoule diſgrace,
 Lodg'd Ambuſcados for their foe in ſome well choſen place
 By which he was to make returne, twice five and twentieth men;
 And two of them, great Captaines to the Ambuſh did containe;
 The names of thoſe two men, of rule, were Mæon, Hæmons ſonne,
 And Lycophontes, Keepe-field calde, the heire of Autophon;
 By all men honoured like the Gods: yet theſe and all their friends,
 Were ſent to hell by Tydeus hand, and had vntimely endes;
 He truſting to the aide of Gods, reueald by Auguries;
 Obaying which, he one reſeru'd, and his ſau'd, life applies,
 To be the heauie meſſenger of all the others deaths;
 And that ſad meſſage (with his life) to Mæon he bequeaths;
 So braue a knight was Tydeus: of whom a ſonne is ſprung,
 Inferiour farre, in martiall deedes, though higher in his tongue.

All this, Tydides ſilent heard, aw'd by the reuerend King;
 Which ſtung hote Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his ſting.
 Atides, when thou know'ſt the truth, ſpeake what thy knowledge is,
 And do not lye ſo; For I know, and I will bragge in this;
 That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were;
 We tooke the ſeuen-folded ported Thebes, when yet we had not there,
 So great helpe as our Fathers had; and fought beneath a wall,
 Sacred to Mars; by helpe of loue, and truſting to the fall
 Of happie ſignes from other Gods, by whom we ſtrooke the Towne
 Vntoucht; our Fathers periſhing there, by follies of their owne:
 And therefore neuer more compare our Fathers worth with ours.

Tydides frownd at this, and ſayd, Suppreſſe thy angers powrs,
 (Good friend) and heare why I refraind; thou ſeeſt I am not mou'd
 Againſt our Generall; ſince he did but what his place behou'd,
 Admoniſhing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy be our priſe,
 The honour and the ioy is his. If here our ruine lies,
 Then ſhame, and grieve, as much to them, his general being binds.
 As he then, his charge; weigh we ours: which is our dantle's mindes;
 Thus from his Charriot amply arm'd, he iumpt downe to the ground:
 The armor of the angry King ſo horribly did ſound,
 It might haue made his braueſt foe, let feare take downe his braues.

And as when with the west-windes flaves, the sea thrusts up her waues
 One after other, thicke and high upon the groning shores;
 First, in her selfe, lowde, (but opposde with banks and Rockes) she rores,
 And (all her backe in bristles set) spits euerie way her some;
 So (after Diomed) instantly the field was ouercome,
 With thicke impressions of the Greekes, and all the noyse that grewe
 (Ordring and cheering up their men) from onely leaders flew.
 The rest went silently away, you could could not heare a voice,
 Nor would haue thought, in all their breasts, they had one in their choise;
 Their silence uttering their awe of them, that them controulde;
 Which made each man keep bright his arms, march, fight, still where he should.
 The Troians (like a sort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans fold,
 Close at his dore, till all be milkt, and neuer baaing hold,
 Hearing the bleating of their Lambs) aid all their wize Hoast fill,
 With howls, and clamors; nor obseru'd one voice, one baaing still;
 But show'd mixt tongues from many a Land, of men, call'd to their ayde:
 Rude Mars, had th' ording of their spirits; of Greeks the learned Mayd:
 But terror follow'd both the hoasts and slight, and furions Strife,
 The sister, and the mate of Mars, that spoyle of humane life;
 And neuer is her rage at rest; at first she is but small;
 Yet after, (but a little fed she growes so vast, and tall,
 That while her feete moue here in earth her forhead is in heauen;
 And this was she, that made euen then both hoasts so deadly giuen;
 Through euerie Troope she stalkt, and stir'd rough sighes up as she went:
 But when in one field, both the foes her furie did conuent;
 And both came vnder reach of darts, then darts, and shields opposde
 To darts & shields; strength answerd strength, then swords & targets close
 With swordes and targets, host with Pikes; and then did tumult rise
 Up to her height; then Conquerors hostes, mixt with the conquerds cries;
 Earth, flow'd with bloud. And as from hills raine waters headlong fall,
 That all waies eate huge Ruts; which, met in one bed fill a Vall
 With such a confluence of streames, that on the mountaine grounds
 Farre of, in frighted shepheards eares, the busling noyse rebounds:
 So grew their conflicts; and so show'd their scafflings to the eare;
 With slight, and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare;
 And first Antilochus of Troy slew (fighting in the face
 Of all Achaias formost bands, with an vndanted grace)
 Echepolus Thalyiades; he was an armed man;
 Whom, on his hayre-plum'd helmets crest, the dart first smote; Then ran
 Into his fore-head, and there stucke; the steele pile making way

Quite

Quite through his skull; a hastie night shut vp his latest day;
 His fall was like a fight-rac't Towre; like which lying their disprede,
 King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led
 The valiant Abantis) couetous that he might first possesse
 His armes; layd hands vpon his feet, and hal'd him from the prease
 Of darts, and lauelines hurld at him. The action of the King
 When (great in heart) Agenor sawe, he made his laueline sing
 To th' others labor; and along, as he the trunk did wrest,
 His side (at which he bore his shield in bowing of his breast)
 Lay naked, and receiu'd the Lance, that made him lose his holde,
 And life together; which in hope of that he lost, he sould.
 But for his sake, the fight griev'd fierce; the Troians and their foes,
 Like wolues, on one another rusht, and man, for man it goes.
 The next of name, that seru'd his fate, great Ajax Telamon,
 Perferd so sadly; He was heyre, to olde Anticemion,
 And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which, yet sled
 Before the honourd nuptiall Torch could light him to his bed;
 His name was Symoisius; For, some few yeares before,
 His mother walking downe the hill of Ida, by the shore,
 Of siluer Symois, to see her parents flockes; with them,
 She (feeling soudainely the paines of Childe-birth) by the streame
 Of that bright riuer, brought him forth; and so, (of Simois)
 They cald him Simoisius; sweet was that birth of his,
 To his kind parents; and his growth did all their care employ;
 And yet, those rites of pietie, that should haue beene his ioy,
 To pay their honored yeares againe, in as affectionate sort,
 He could not grationously performe, his sweete life was so short;
 Cut off, with mightie Ajax Lance: For, as his spirit put on,
 He strooke him, at his breasts right pappe quite through his shoulder bone;
 And, in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull hope,
 Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle.
 And as a poplare, shot aloft, set by a Riuer side,
 In moyst edge of a mightie Fenne, his head, in Curles implied,
 But all his bodie plaine, and smooth; to which a wheele-wright puts
 The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts,
 From his innatiue root, in hope to hew out of his bole
 The Fell'ss, or out-parts of a wheele, that compasse in the whole,
 To serue some goodly Charriot; but being bigge and sad,
 And to be hal'd home through the bogges, the usefull hope he had
 Sticks there; and there the goodly plant lies withering out his grace:

*So lay, by Ioue-bred Ajax hand, Anthemions forward race;
 Nor could through that wast Fenne of toyles, be drawne to serue the end
 intended of his bodies powrs, nor cheere his aged friends.
 But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a sonne of Priam) threw
 His Lance at Ajax through the prease; which went by him and slewe
 On Leucus, wise Vlysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine
 He would haue drawne into his spoile, the Carcasse of the slaine;
 By which he fell; and that by him, it vext Vlysses heart;
 Who thrust into the face of sight, well arm'd at euerie part,
 Came close, and lookt about to finde an object worth his Lance;
 Which, when the Troians sawe him shake, and he so neere aduance;
 All shrunke; he threw, and forth it shinde: nor fell, but where it feld:
 His friends grieve, gaue it angrie powre, and deadly way it held
 Vpon Democoon; who was sprung of Priams wanton force;
 Came from Abydus, and was made the maister of his horse;
 Through both his temples, strooke the Dart, the wood of one side shew'd,
 The pyle out of the other look't, and so the earth he strowde;
 With much sound of his weightie armes: then back the formost went;
 Euen Hector yeelded; then the Greekes gaue worthy clamors went,
 Effecting, then, their first dumb powers; some drew the dead and spoild;
 Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foilde.
 Apollo, (angrie at the sight) from top of Ilion cried,
 Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feede not the Grecians pride;
 They are not charm'd against your points, of Steele, or Iron framde;
 Nor fights the faire-hair'd Thetis sonne, but sits at fleete, inflam'd.
 So spake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, Ioues noblest seede,
 Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need,
 She gaue it; marching in the midst; Then slewe the fatall houre,
 Backe on Diore; in returne of Ilions sun-burnd powre;
 Diore Anarincides; whose right legges ankle bone,
 And both the sinewes, with a sharpe and hand-full charging stone,
 Pirus Imbrasides did breake; that led the Thracian bands;
 And came from AEnos; downe he fell, and vp he held his hands
 To his lou'd friends; his spirit wingd to flie out of his breast;
 With which, not satisfied, againe Imbrasides addrest
 His Iaueline at him, and so ript his Nauill, that the wound,
 (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (opened) on the ground,
 It pour'd his entrailes; As his foe went, then suffisde away,
 Thoas AEtolus threw a Dart, that did his pile conuaye
 About his Nipple, through his Lungs, when (quitting his sterne part)*

*He clos'd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart,
 His sword flew in; and by the midst it trip't his bellie out;
 So, tooke he life; but left his armes, his friends so stockt about,
 And thrust forth Lances of such length before their slaughtered king;
 Which, though their foe were bigge and strong, and often brake the Ring,
 Forg'd of their Lances; yet (enforc't) he left th' affected prise;
 The Thracian, and Epeian Dukes, layd close with closed eyes,
 By either other; dround in dust; and round about, the plaine
 All hidde with slaughtred Carcases; yet still did hotely raigne
 The Martiall planet; whose effects had any eye beheld,
 Free, and unwounded (and were led by Pallas through the field
 To keepe of Iauelines, and suggest the least fault could be found)
 He could not reprehnd the fight, so many strowd the ground.*

The ende of the fourth Booke.





THE FIFT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



KIng Diomed (by Pallas spirit inspirde,
With will, and powre) is for his Acts admirde:
Meere men, and men deriu'd from Deities,
And Deities themselues he terrifies;
Addes wounds, to terrors: his inflamed Lance
Drawes blood from Mars, and Venus in a Trance,
He casts Aeneas, with a weightie stone;
Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone:
Mars is recur'd by Paon; but by Ioue
Rebuk't, for Authoring breach of humane loue.

Another Argument.

In Epsilon, heauens blood is shed,
By sacred rage of Diomed.

THen Pallas breath'd in Tydeus sonne: to render whom supream
To all the Greekes, at all his parts; she cast a hotter beame,
On his high minde; his body filld with much superiour might,
And made his compleate armour cast a farre more compleat light:
From his bright Helme, and shield, did burne a most vnwearied fire:
Like rich Autumnus goulden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other Hoast of starres, when, with his cheerefull face,
Fresh washt in lefte Ocean waues, he doth the skies enchase;
To let whose glorie lose no sight, still Pallas made him turne,
Wher tumult most exprest his powre, and where the fight did burne.

An

*An honest, and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy;
 Dares the Priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enioy,
 Idæus, and bould Phegeus, wel seene in euery fight:
 These (singl'd from their Troopes, and horst) assailde Mineruas knight,
 Who rang'd from fight, to fight, on foote; All hasting mutuall charge,
 (And now drawne neere) first, Phegeus threwe a laneline swift and large:
 Whose head, the kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:
 Then rusht he out a Lance at him, that had no idle fall;
 But in his breast stucke, twixt his pappes, and strooke him from his horse.
 Which sterne sight, when Idæus saw (distrustfull of his force
 To saue his slaughtered brothers spoyle) it made him headlong leape
 From his faire Chariot, and leaue all: yet had not scap't the heape
 Of heaueie funerall; If the God, great president of fire,
 Had not (in soudaine cloudes of smoke, and pittie of his Syre,
 To leaue him vtterly vnheryd) giuen safe passe to his feete.
 He gone; Tydides sent the horse and Chariot to the flete.
 The Troians, seeing Dares fornes, one slaine, the other fled;
 Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyde maide (to grace her Diomed
 In giuing free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact,
 Asit aduantage to remooue the warre-God out of Act,
 Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she grip't his hand, and said;
 Mars, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laide
 So many Citties, and with bloud thy Godhead dost distaine;
 Now shall we cease to shoue our breasts, as passionate as men,
 And leaue this mixture of our hands? resigning Ioue his right
 (As rect'or of the Gods) to giue the glorie of the fight,
 Where he affecteth? least he force what we should freely yeeld?
 He held it fit; and went with her from the tumultuous field;
 Who set him in an herby seat, on brode Scamanders shore.
 He gone; All Troy, was gone with him, the Greekes draue all before;
 And euerie leader slewe a man; but first the King of men
 Deseru'd the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,
 And slewe a leader; one more huge, then any man he led;
 Great Odius, Duke of Halizons, quite from his Charriots head,
 He strooke him with a Lance to earth, as first he slight addrest;
 it tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast;
 His huge Trunke sounded; and his arms did echo the resound.
 Idomeneus, to the death, did noble Phæstus wound,
 The sonne of Mæon Borus, that from cloddie Terna came;
 Who (taking Chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the same,*

From his attempted seat; the Lance through his right shoulder strooke,
 And horrid darkenesse strooke through him: the spoyle, his souldiers tooke.
 Attrides-Menelaus slewe (as he before him fled)
 Scamandrius, sonne of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
 A skilfull huntsman; for his skill Dianas selfe did teach;
 And made him able with his Dart, infallible to reach
 All sorts of subtlest sauaiges, which many a woddie hill
 Bred for him; and he much preseru'd, and all to shoue his skill.
 Yet, not the Dart-delighting Queen, taught him to shun this Dart;
 Nor all his hitting so farre off, (the masteie of his arte):
 His backe receiu'd it, and he fell vpon his breast withall:
 His bodie's ruine, and his armes so sounded in his fall,
 That his affrighted horse slewe off, and left him, like his life;
 Meriones slewe Phereclus; whom she that nere was wife,
 Yet Goddesse of good Huswines, held in excellent respect,
 For knowing all the wittie things that grace an architect;
 And hauing power to giue it all the cunning vse of hand;
 Harmonides, his Sire built shippes, and made him vnderstand;
 (With all the practise it requirde) the frame of all that skill;
 He built all Alexanders shippes, that anchor'd all the ill
 Of all the Troians, and his owne; because he did not knowe
 The Oracles, aduising Troy (for feare of ouerthrowe)
 To meddle with no sea affaire, but liue by tilling Land;
 This man Meriones surprisde, and auaue his deadly hand,
 Through his right hippe; the Lances head ran through the region
 About the bladder, vnderneath th in-muscles, and the bone;
 He (fighing) bow'd his knees to death; and sacrificde to earth.
 Phylides staid Pedarus flight; Antenois bastard birth:
 Whom vertuous Theano his wife (to please her husband) kept,
 As tenderly as those she lou'd. Phylides neer him slept:
 And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his feruent Lance,
 At his heads backe-part; and so farre the sharpe head, did aduance,
 It cleft the Organe of his speech; and th' iron colde as death
 He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gaue the ayre his breath.
 Eutypilus, the much renown'd and great Euemons sonne,
 Diuine Hyphenor slewe, begot by stout Dolopion;
 And consecrate Scamanders Priest, he had a Gods regard,
 Amongst the people; his hard fight, the Grecian followed hard;
 Rust in, so close; that with his sword, he on his shoulder layde
 A blowe, that his armes brayne cut off, nor there his vigor staid;

But draue downe; and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
 That gusht out blood, and down it dropt vpon the blushing sand;
 Death, with his purple finger shent and violent fate, his eyes.
 Thus fought these, but distinguisht well, Tydides so implyes
 His furie; that you could not know, whose side had interest,
 In his free labours; Greece or Troy. But as a flood encrease,
 By violent, and soudaine showers, let downe from hills, like hills
 Melted in furie; swelles, and fomes, and so he ouer-filles
 His naturall Channell, that, besides, both hedge, and bridge resignes
 To his rough confluence; farre spread, and lustie flourishing vines:
 Dround in his outrage, Tydeus sonne so ouer-ran the fiede,
 Strow'd such as floorisht, in his way: and made whole squadrons yeeld.

When Pandarus, Lycaons sonne, beheld his ruining hand,
 With such resistless insolence, make lanes through euerie band;
 He bent his gould-tipt bowe of horne, and shot him rushing in,
 At his right shoulder; where his armes were hollow; forth did spin
 The blood, and downe his Curets ranne; then Pandarus cryed out,
 Ranke riding Troians, Now rush in: Now now, I make no doubt,
 Our brauest foe is markt for death, he cannot long sustaine
 My violent shaft; if loues bright sonne, did worthily constrain
 My foot from Lycia: thus he brau'd; and yet his violent shaft
 Strooke short, with all his violence, Tydeus life was fast;
 Who yet with-drew himselfe, behind his Charriot, and Steedes,
 And cald to Sthenelus; Come friend, my wounded shoulder needes
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft. He hasted from his seate,
 Before the Coach, and drew the shaft: the purple wound did sweat,
 And drowne his shirt of male in blood: and as it bled he prayde.

Hear me; of loue, AEgiochus, thou most vnconquerd maide,
 If euer in the cruell field thou hast assistfull stooode,
 Or to my Father, or my selfe, now loue, and do me good;
 Giue him into my Lances reach, that thus hath giuen a wound,
 To him thou guardst; preuenting me, and bragges that neuer more,
 I shall behold the cheerefull Sunne: thus did the king implore.
 The Goddesse heard; came neere, and tooke the wearinesse of fight,
 From all his neruys, and lincaments, and made them fresh, and light,
 And said; Be bold, O Diomed, in euerie combat shine,
 The great shield-shaker Tydeus strength (that knight; that Syre of thine)
 By my infusion breaths in thee. And from thy knowing minde,
 I haue remou'd those erring mists, that made it lately blinde;
 That thou maist difference Gods from men: and therefore vse thy skill,

Against

Against the tempting of the Deities, if any haue a will
 To trie if thou presum'st of that, as thine, that flowes from them;
 And so assum'st about thy right; where thou discern'st a beame
 Of any other heavenly power, then he that rules in loue,
 That calles thee to the change of blowes, resist not, but remoue;
 But if that Goddesse be so bould (since she first stirde this warre;
 Assault and marke her from the rest, with some infamous scarre.
 The blew-eyde Goddesse vanished, and he was seene againe,
 Amongst the foremost; who before though he were prompt and faine
 To fight against the Trojan powers; now, on his spirits were cald,
 With thrice the vigor; Lion-like, that hath been lately gald,
 By some bould shepheard in a field, where his curld flockes were laid;
 Who tooke him as he leapt the floud, not slaine yet, but appaide,
 With greater spirit; comes againe, and then the shepheard hides,
 (The rather for the desolate place) and in his Coate abides,
 His flockes left guardlesse; which amaz'd, shake and shrinke vp in heapes;
 He (ruthless) freely takes his prey, and out againe he leapes:
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great Heroe slewe,
 Vpon the Troians; and at once, He two Commanders slewe;
 Hypenor, and Astynous; in one his Lance he fixt,
 Full at the nipple of his breast: the other smote betwixt
 The necke and shoulder, with his sword; which was so well layd on,
 It swept his arme, and shoulder off: these left, he rusht vpon
 Abbas, and Polycidus, of olde Eurydamas
 The hapless sonnes, who could by dreames tell what would come to passe:
 Yet, when his sonnes set forth to Troy, the old man could not read
 By their dreames, what would chance to them; for both were stricken dead
 By great Tydides; after these he takes into his rage,
 Xanthus, and Thoon, Phenops sonnes, borne to him in his age;
 The good old man, euen pinde with yeares, and had not one sonne more,
 To heyre his goods: yet Diomed tooke both and left him store
 Of teares, and sorrowes in their steads, since he could neuer see
 His sonnes leaue those hote warres aliue; so, this the end must be
 Of all his labors; what he heapt to make his issue great,
 Authoritie heyrde; and with her seede fild his forgotten seat;
 Then snatcht he vp, two Priamists, that in one Charriot stood,
 Echemon, and faire Chromius; as feeding in a wood,
 Oxen, or steeres are; One of which, a Lyon leapes vpon,
 Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: so sternely Tydeus sonne
 Threw from their Chariot both these hopes of olde Dardanides;

Then

Then tooke their Armes; and sent their horse to those that ride the seas:
 Aeneas (seeing the Troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight,
 And all the whizzing of the Darts, to finde the Lycian knight,
 Lycaons sonne; whom hauing found, he thus bespake the peere;
 O Pandarus, where's now thy Bowe, thy deathfull arrowes where?
 in which no one in all our Hoast, but giues the palme to thee;
 Nor in the Sunne-lou'd Lycian greenes that breed our Archerie,
 Lues any that exceeds thy selfe. Come lift thy hands to loue,
 And send an arrow at this man (if but a man he proue,
 That winnes such God-like victories; and now affects our hoast,
 With so much sorrow: since so much of our best bloud is lost,
 By his high valour;) I haue feare some God in him doth threat,
 incense for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.

Lycaons famous sonne replied, Great Counsaillor of Troy;
 This man so excellent in armes, I thinke is Tydeus son;
 I know him by his fierie shield, by his bright three-plum'd Caske,
 And by his horse; nor can I say, if or some God doth maske
 In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) Tydeus sonne;
 But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;
 Some great Immortall, that conuayes his shoulders in a clowde,
 Goes by, and puts by euery Dart, at his bould breast bestowd;
 Or lets it take, with little hurt; for I my selfe let flie
 A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good gone by;
 Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd, had driuen him downe to hell,
 Some God is angrie, and with me; for faire hence, where I dwell,
 My horse and Charriots idle stand, with which some other way
 I might repaire this shamefull misse: eleuen faire Charriots stay
 In old Lycaons Court; new made, new trimd, to haue beene gone;
 Curtain'd, and Arrast vnder-foote, two horse to euery one,
 That eat white Barley and blacke Otes and do no good at all;
 And these Lycaon, (that well knew how these affaires would fall)
 Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I should command with here;
 And gaue me many lessons more all which much better were
 Then any I tooke soorth my selfe: the reason I layde downe,
 Was but the sparing of my horse, since in a sieged towne,
 I thought our horse-meat would be scant, when they were vs'd to haue
 their Mangers full; so I left them, and like a lackey slaue,
 I came to Ilion, confident in nothing but my Bowe,
 But nothing profits me; two shafts I vainely did bestow.
 At two great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither slew,

Nor this, nor Atreus younger sonne: a little bloud I drew,
 That seru'd but to incense them more: in an unhappy starre,
 I therefore from my Armoury, haue arawne these tooles of warre,
 That day, when for great Hectors sake, to amiable Troy,
 I came to leade the Troian bands. But if I euer ioy,
 (In safe returne) my Countries sight, my wines, my lofty Towres;
 Let any stranger take this head; if to the fiery powres,
 This Bowe, these shafts, in peeces burst (by these banes) be not throwne
 Idle companions that they are, to me and my renoune.

Aeneas sayd, Vse no such words: for any other way,
 Then this, they shall not now be vsde: we first will both assay
 This man, with Horse, and Chariot. Come then, ascend to me,
 That thou maist trie our Troian horse, how skild in field they be,
 And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursued,
 How excellent they are of foote: and these (if Ioue conclude
 The scape of Tydeus againe, and grace him with our flight)
 Shall serue to bring vs safely off: Come, Ile be first shall fight:
 Take thou these faire reignes, and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou,
 And leaue the horses care to me. He answered; Will now
 Descend to fight; keep thou the Reignes, and guide thy selfe thy horse,
 Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force
 Of the impulsue Chariot, if we be driuen to flie,
 Then with a stranger; under whom they will be much more shy
 And (fearing my voice, wishing thine) growe restie, nor goe on,
 To beare vs off; but leaue engag'd, for mighty Tydeus sonne,
 Them-selues, and vs; then be thy part, thy one hou'd horses guide;
 Ile make the fight; and with a Dart, receiue his vtmost wide.

With this the gorgeous Chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend,
 And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend,
 Mine owne most loued Minde, sayd he, two mighty men of warre
 I see come with a purpos'd charge; one's he that hits so farre,
 With Bowe and shaft; Lycaons sonne: the other fames th. brood
 Of great Anchises, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood,
 Aeneas, excellent in armes; come vp, and vse your steeds,
 And looke not warre so in the face; least that desire that feeds
 Thy great minde, be the bane of it. This did with anger sling
 The bloud of Diomed, to see his friend that chid the King,
 Before the fight, and then preferd his ableffe, and his minde,
 To all his Ancestors in fight, now come so farre behinde:
 Whom thus he answerd; Vrge no flight: you cannot please me so;

Nor is it honest, in my minde, to feare a comming foe;
 Or make a slight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire,
 And scorne the help-tyre of a horse; I will not blowe the fire
 Of their hot valours with my slight; but cast vpon the blaze
 This body, borne vpon my knees: I entertaine Amaze?
 Minerva will not see that shame: and since they haue begun,
 They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes, shall runne;
 Or stay, and take the others fate: and this I leaue for thee;
 If amply wise, Athenia, giue both their liues to me,
 Reigne our horse to their Chariot hard, and haue a speciall heed
 To sease vpon Eneas Steeds, that we may change their breed,
 And make a Grecian race of them, that haue been long of Troy;
 For, these are bred of those braue beasts, which for the lovely Boy,
 That waits now on the Cuppe of loue, lone, that farre seeing God,
 Gave Tros the King, in recompence; the best that euer trod
 The sounding Center, vnderneath, the Morning and the Sunne.
 Anchises stole the breed of them, for where their Syres did runne;
 He closely put his Mares to them, and neuer made it knowne,
 To him that beyrd them, who was then the King Laomedon.
 Six horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept foure,
 And gaue the other two his sonne; and these are they that scoure
 The field so brauely towards vs, expert in charge and flight;
 If these we haue the power to take, our prise is exquisite,
 And our renowne will farre exceed. While these were talking thus,
 The sixt horse brought th' assailants neere: and thus spake Pandarus;
 Most suffering-minded Tideus sonne, that hast of warre the Art;
 My shaft that strook thee, slew thee not, I now will proue a dart:
 Thus sayd, he shooke, and then he threw, a Lance, aloft and large,
 That in Tydides Currets stuck, quite driuing through his Targe;
 Then braid he out so wilde a voyce, that all the field might heare;
 Now haue I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall beare
 Our prayes chiefe prize from the field: Tydides, vndismaide,
 Replyde, Thou err'st: I am not toucht: but more charge will be laide,
 To both your liues before you part: at least the life of one
 Shall satiate the throate of Mars; this sayd, his lance was gone:
 Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye ranne in,
 And as he sloop, strook through his iawes, his tongues roote, and his chinne.
 Downe from the Chariot he fell, his gaye armes shinde and rung,
 The swift horse trembl'd, and his soule for euer charmd his tongue.
 Eneas with his Shield and Lance, leapt swiftly to his friend,

Affraid the Greekes would force his trunke; and that he did defend,
 Bould as a Lyon of his strength. he hid him with his shield,
 hooke round his Lance, and horribly did threaten all the field
 With death, if any durst make in; Tydides rayd a stone,
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powrd it mainly on
 The hip of Anchisiades, where in the ioynt doth moue
 The thigh; 'tis cald the huckle bone, which, all in shreds, it droue;
 Brake both the Nerues; and with the edge, cut all the flesh away:
 It staggerd him, vpon his knees, and made th' Heroe stay
 His strooke-blind temples, on his hand, his elbow on the earth;
 And there this Prince of men had died; if she that gaue him birth,
 (Kist by Anchises on the greene, where his faire Oxen fed,
 Ioues louing daughter) instantly, had not about him spred
 Her soft embraces, and conuaide, within her heavenly vaile,
 (Vsde as a rampier gainst the Darts, that did so hote assaile)
 Her deare-lou'd Issue from the field: Then Sthenelus in hast,
 (Remembring what his friend aduis'd) from forth the prease made fast
 His owne horse to their Charriot, and presently laide hand,
 Vpon the louely-coated horse, AEneas did command;
 Which (bringing to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend,
 To his belou'd Deiphylus; who was his inward friend,
 And (of his equals) one to whom he had most honor showne;
 That he mighe see them safe at fleet: then slept he to his owne,
 With which he cheerefully made in to Tydeus mightier race;
 He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in desperate chase
 Of her that made it; with his Lance aride, lesse with Steele then spight)
 Well knowing her, no Deitie, that had to doe in fight,
 Minerua, his great Patroneesse; nor she that raceth Townes,
 Bellona; but a Goddesse, weake, and foe to mens renownes;
 Her (through a world of fight) pursude, at last he ouer-tooke,
 And (thrusting vp his ruthlesse Lance) her heavenly vaile hee strooke,
 (That euen the graces wrought themselues, at her diuine command)
 Quite through, and hurt the tender backe of her delicious hand:
 The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th' immortall blood,
 (Blood, such as flowes in blessed Gods, that eate no humane food,
 Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodlesse are,
 And cald Immortals): out she cryed, and could no longer beare
 Her lou'd sonne, whom she cast from her; and in a sable clowde,
 Phoebeus (receiuing) hid him close, from all the Grecian crowd;
 Least some of them should take his life. Away flew Venus then,

And

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And after her, cried Diomed; Away, thou spoile of men;
 Though sprung from all-preseruing loue, These hote encounters leane
 is't not enough, that silly Dames, thy sorceries should d-ceine,
 Inlesse thou thrust into the warre and robbe a Souldiers right?
 I thinke, a few of these assaults will make thee feare the fight,
 Where euer thou shalt heare it nam'd: She sighing, went her way,
 Extreamely grien'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay;
 And black her luory body grew. Then from a dewy mist,
 Brake swift-foote Iris to her ayde, from all the Darts that hist,
 At her quick rapture; and to Mars, they tooke their plaintife course,
 And found him on the fights left hand; by him his speedy horse,
 And iuge Lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire,
 Her loued brother on her knees, besought, with instant prayer,
 His golden-ribband-bound-man'de horse, to lend her up to heauen;
 For she was much grien'd with a wound, a mortall man had giuen;
 Tydides: that gainst Ioue himselfe, durst now aduance his arme.

He granted; and his Charriot (perplext with her late harme)
 She mounted; and her Waggonesse, was she that paints the ayre;
 The horse she reignd, and with a scourge, importun'd their repayre,
 That of themselues out-flew the winde, and quickly they ascend
 Olympus, high seat of the Gods; th' horse knew their iourneyes end,
 Stood still; and from their Charriot, the windie footed Dame
 Dissolu'd and gaue them heauenly food; and to Dione came
 Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; (she kindly bad her stand,
 With sweet embraces helpt her up, strok't her with her soft hand,
 And cald her by her name; and askt, what God hath beene so rude,
 (Sweet Daughter) to chastise thee thus? as if thou were pursude,
 Euen to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended se;
 For otherwise each close escape, is in the Great let go.

She answerd; Haughty Tydeus sonne hath beene so insolent;
 Since he whom most my heart esteemes of all my lou'd descent
 I rescude from his bloodie hand: now battaile is not giuen,
 To any Troians by the Greekes, but by the Greeks to heauen.

She answerd; Daughter, think not much, though much it greene thee: use
 The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce,
 In many bitter ills receiu'd, as well that men sustaine,
 By their inflictions; as by men repaid to them againe.

Mais sufferd much more then thy selfe by Ephialtes powre,
 And Otus, Aloecus sonnes; who in a brazen towre,
 (And in inextricable Chaines) cast that warre-greedy God;

Where twice sixe months and one he liu'd; and there the period
 Of his sad life perhaps had clos'd, if his kind step-dames eye,
 Faire Eiebaea had not scene, who told it Mercurie;
 And he by stealth enfranchis'd him, though he could scarce enioy
 The benefit of franchisement, the Chaines did so destroy
 His vitall forces with their weight; so Iuno suffer'd more,
 When with a three-forkt arrowes head, Amphytrios sonne did gore
 Her right breast, past all hope of cure: Pluto sustain'd no lesse,
 By that selfe man; and by a shaft of equall bitternesse,
 Shot through his shoulder, at hell gates; and there (amongst the dead,
 Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but vp to heauen he fled
 (Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which instantly he won,
 At Paxons hand, with soueraigne Balme; and this did Ioues great sonne,
 Vnblest, great-high-deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
 That with his bowe durst wound the Gods; but by Minercuas will,
 Thy wound, the foolish Diomed was so prophane to giue;
 Not knowing he that fights with heauen, hath neuer long to liue;
 And for this deed, he neuer shall haue childe about his knee,
 To call him Father comming home; besides, here this from me,
 (Strength-trusting man) though thou be strong, and art in strength a Toiure;
 Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
 Containes not that superiour strength; and least that woman be,
 Adrastus daughter and thy wife, the wise Ægiale;
 When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, euen sighing with desire
 To kindle our reuenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
 In choos'ng her some fresh young friend; and so drowne all thy fame,
 Wonne here in warre; in her Court-peace, and in an opener shame.

This said, with both her hands she cleas'd the tender backe and palme,
 Of all the sacred blood they lost; and neuer vsing Balme,
 The paines ceast, and the wound was cur'd, of this kinde Quene of Loue.

Iuno and Pallas, seeing this, assaide to anger Ioue,
 And quit his late made mirth with them, about the louing Dame,
 With some shirpe test in like sort built, vpon her present shame.
 Grey-eyd Athenia began, and askt the Thunderer,
 If (nothing mouing him to wrath) she boldly might preferre
 What she conceiu'd, to his concept: and (staying no reply)
 She bade him view the Cyprian fruite, he low'd so tenderly,
 Whom she though hurt, and by this meanes; Intending to suborne
 Some other Lady of the Greeks (whom lonely pailles adorne)
 To gratifie some other friend of her much-loued Troy,

*As she embrac't and stirr'd her blood, to the Venerable ioy,
The golden clasp, those Grecian Dames upon their gyrdles weare,
Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it; she had feare.*

*The thunderer smil'd, and call'd to him, Ioues golden Arbitresse,
And told her, those rough workes of warre, were not for her accesse:
She should be making marriages, embraces, kisses, charmes;
Sterne Mars, and Pallas had the charge of those affaires in armes.*

*While these thus talkt, Tydides rage still thirsted to atchieue
His prise upon Anchiles sonne, though well he did perceiue
The Sunne himselfe protected him: but his desires (inflam'd
With that great Trojan Princes blood, and armes so highly fam'd)
Not that great God did reuerence. Thrice rusht he rudely on;
And thrice betwixt his darts, and death, the Sunnes bright target shone:
But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,
The far-off-working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,
And askt him; What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equalls learn'd to know:
The race of Gods is farre aboue men creeping here below.*

*This draue him to some small retreat, he would not tempt more neere
The wrath of him, that strooke so farre; whose powre had now set cleere
Æneas from the stormy field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope of his so soueraigne grace
A goodly Temple was aduanc't; in whose large inmost part,
He left him; and to his supply, enclin'd his Mothers heart
(Latona) and the Dart-pleasde Queene, who cur'd, and made him strong.*

*The silver-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,
An image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create
Like Venus sonne; for which, the Greekes and Troians made debate,
Layd lowd brookes on their Ox-hide shields, and bucklers easely borne:
Which error Phœbus pleasde to vrge, on Mars himselfe in skorne;*

*Mars, Mars, (sayd he) thou plague of men, smear'd with the dust and blood
Of humanes, and their ruin'd walls; yet thinks thy God-head good
To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with Ioue.
First, in a bold approche he hurt the moist palme of thy Loue:
And next (as if he did affect, to haue a Deities powre)
He held out his assault on me. This said, the loftie Towre
Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite
The Trojan forces, in the forme of him that led to fight
The Thracian troopes, swift Acamas. O Priams sonnes (said he)
How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?
Euen till they braue yee at your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe*

Æneas,

Aeneas great Anchises sonne; whose prowesse we renowne
 As much as Hector: fetch him off, from this contentious prease.
 With this; the strength and spirits of all, his courage did increase;
 And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt
 Of noble Hector; Hector? where is thy unthankfull vaunt,
 And that huge strength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,
 With all thy brothers (without aide of us or our supplies,
 And troubling not a Citizen) the Cittie safe would hold;
 In all which, friend, and brothers helps I see not, nor am told
 Of any one of their exploit; but (all held in dismay
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogges, that at a Lion baye,
 And entertaine no spirit to pinch) we (your assistants here)
 Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I, (an aiding Peere,
 No Citizen, euen out of care, that doth become a man,
 For men and childrens liberties) adde all the ayde I can:
 Not out of my particular cause; far thence my profit growes:
 For far hence, Asian I ycia lies, where gulfy Xanthus flows:
 And where my lou'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing skant,
 I left behinde me, which I see those men would haue that want:
 And therefore they that haue, would keep, yet I (as I would lose
 Their sure fruition) cleere my troupes, and with their lues propose
 Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope,
 With this great sculdier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope
 To haue such ettings as the Greekes nor feare to lose like Troy,
 Yet thou (euen Hector) deedelesse standst, and car'st not to employ
 Thy towne-borne frinds; to bid them stand to fight and saue their wiues;
 Least as a Fowler casts his nets, vpon the silue lues
 Of Birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses haies,
 (One with another) on all heads; or such as scape their falls,
 Be made the prey and prise of them, (as willing ouerthrowne)
 That hope not for you, with their force, and so this braue-built towne
 Will proue a Chaos; that deserves in thee so hote a care
 As should consume thy daies, and nights, to harten and prepare
 Thy assistant Princes: pray their mindes, to beare their far-brought toyles;
 To giue them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and foiles
 Still to be equall; and thy selfe (exempling them in all)
 Neede no reproofes nor spurs: all this, in thy free choice should fall.
 This stung great Hector's heart: and yet, as euery generous minde,
 Should silent beare a iust reproofe, and show what good they finde
 In worthy Counsailes, by their ends put into present deedes;

Not stomach, nor be vainely sham'd; so Hector's spirit proceeds;
 And from his Charriot (wholly arm'd) he iumpt upon the sand;
 On foote, so toyling through the hoist, a dart in either hand;
 And all hands turn'd, against the Greeks; the Greeks despise their worst,
 And (thickening their instructed powres) expected all they durst:
 Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise.
 And as in sacred floores of Barnes, upon Corne-Winowers flies
 The chaffe, driuen with an opposite winde, when yellow Ceres dices;
 Which all the Dicers feete, legges, armes, their heads, and shoulders whites:
 So look't the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heauen,
 Rayde from returning Charriots, and troopes together driuen:
 Each side, flood to their labours firme, fierce Mars flew through the ayre,
 And gatherd darkeness from the fight, and with his best affaire,
 Obey'd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the goulden sword;
 Who bad him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas ceast to afford
 Her helping office, to the Greeks; and then, his owne hands wrought;
 Which from his Phæbe's rich Chancell (curde) the true Aeneas brought,
 And plac'd him by his Peeres in field, who did (with ioy) admire,
 To see him both aliue, and safe, and all his powers entire:
 Yet stood not sifting, how it chanc't; another sort of taske,
 Then stirring th' idle sine of newes, did all their forces aske:
 Inflam'd by Phœbus, harmefull Mars, and Eris, eager farre:
 The Greekes had none to hearten them, their hearts rose, like the warre;
 But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Aiaces vs'd
 Styrring examples and good words: their owne fames had infus'd
 Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare
 The Troians force, nor what they forc't, but still expecting were
 When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still made good,
 And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still cloudes they stood,
 With which, loue crownes the tops of hills in any quiet day,
 When Boreas and the ruder windes (that vse to drine away
 Ayres duskie vapors (being loose) in many a whistling gale)
 Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;
 So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled for all the lions ayde.

Atides yet coasts through the troups, confirming men so stayde:
 O friends (sayd he) hold up your mindes, strength is but strength of wills,
 Reuerence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:
 Where souldiers show an honest shame, and loue of honor liues,
 That ranks men with the first in fight; death fewer lineries giues
 Then like, or than where Fames neglect makes cow-herds fight at length:

M

Flight,

*Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor shoves the minde hath strength:
 He sayd; and swiftly through the troopes, a mortall Lance did send,
 That rest a standerd-bearers life, renown'd Æneas friend;
 Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Troyans lou'd,
 As he were one of Priams sonnes; his minde was so approu'd
 In alwaies fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,
 Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerely strooke,
 And in his bellies rimme was sheath'd beneath his girdle steade:
 He sounded falling, and his armes, with him, resounded, dead.*

*Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great Æneas ire,
 Diocleus sonnes, Orsilochus, and Creithon, whose kind Sire
 In brauely-builde Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred blood;
 He was descended lyneally, from great Alphæus flood,
 That brodeley flows through Pylos fields: Alphæus did beget
 Orsilochus; who in the rule of many men was set:
 And that Orsilochus begat the rich Diocleus;
 Diocleus sirt to Creithron was, and this Orsilochus:
 Both these, arriu'd at mans estate, with both th' Attrides went,
 To honor them in th' Ilion warres, and both were one way sent;
 To death as well as Troy; for death hid both in one blacke houre.
 As two young Lions (with their damme, sustainde but to deuoure)
 Bred on the toppes of some steepe hill, and in the gloomy deepe
 Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,
 Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens stals, so long that they come short,
 And by the Owners Steele are slaine: in such unhappie sort,
 Fell these beneath Æneas powre. When Menelaus view'd
 (Like two tall fir-trees) these two fall; their timelesse falls he rewde;
 And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull course he tooke;
 His armes beat backe the sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he shooke;
 Mars put the furie in his minde, that by Æneas hands,
 (Who was to make the slaughter good) he might haue strowde the sands.
 Antilochus, (olde Nestors sonne) observing he was bent
 To urge a combat of such ods, and knowing the euent
 Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustainde for him)
 Err'd from their end; made after hard, and tooke them in the trimme
 Of an encounter; both, their hands and darts aduanc't, and shooke,
 And both pitcht in full stand of charge; when sodainely, the looke
 Of Anchisiades tooke note of Nestors valiant sonne,
 In full charge too; which two to one, made Venus issue shunne
 The hote aduventure, though he were, a souldier well approu'd.*

Then

Then drew they off their slaughter'd friends; who given to their belou'd,
 They turn'd where fight shou'd deadliest hate; and there mixt with the dead
 Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led;
 A man like Mars; and with him fell good Mydon that did guide
 His Charriot; Atymnus sonne; the Prince Pylemen died
 By Menelaus. Nestors ioy, flew Mydon; one before,
 The other in the Charriot: Atides Lance did gore
 Pylemens shoulder, in the blade; Antilochus did force
 A mightie stone up from the earth, and (as he turn'd his horse)
 Strooke Mydons elbow in the midst: the reigns of luoric
 Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let flie,
 His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly layd
 Vpon his temples, that he gronde, tumbld to earth and stayde
 A mightie while preposterously (because the dust was deepe)
 Vpon his necke and shoulders there, euen till his foe tooke keepe
 Of his prisde horse, and made them stirre, and then he prostrate fell:
 His horse Antilochus tooke home. When Hector had heard tell,
 (Amongst the vprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
 And ran vpon the Greeks; behind came many men of choice;
 Before him marcht great Mars himselfe, matcht with his semall mate,
 The drad Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
 A tumult that was wilde, and madde: he booke a horrid Lance,
 And, now, led Hector; and anon, behind would make the chance.

This fight, when great Tydides saw, his hayre stood up on end:
 And him, whom all the skill and powre of armes did late attend,
 Now like a man in counsaile poore, that (trauailing) goes amisse,
 And (hauing past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,
 Comes on the sodaine, where he sees a riuer rough, and raues
 With his owne billowes rauished into the King of waues,
 Murmurs with some, and frights him backe: so he, amaze, retirde,
 And thus would make good his amaze; O Friends, we all admire
 Great Hector as one of himselfe, well-darting, bould in warre;
 When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre;
 Now Mars himselfe, forme like a man, is present in his rage:
 And therefore, what soeuer cause importunes you to wage
 Warre with these Troians, neuer striue, but gently take your rod;
 Least in your bosomes, for a man, yee euer finde a God.

As Greece retirde, the powre of Troy did much more forward prease;
 And Hector, in obraue men of warre, sent to the fields of peace;
 Menesthes, and Anchialus; one Charriot bare them both:

Their falls made Ajax Telamon, ruthfull of heart, and wroth;
 Who lightned out a Lance, that smote Amphius Selages;
 That dwelt in Pedos; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse:
 But Fate, to Priam and his sonnes, conductea his supply:
 The Ianeline on his girde strooke, and pierced mortally
 His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes so trim,
 That Ajax needs would proue their spoyle; the Troians poure on him
 Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number sticke
 In his tough shield; yet from the slaine, he did his Ianeline pluck:
 But could not from his shoulders force the armes he did affect;
 The Troians, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect;
 And wisely Telamonijs fear d their valourous defence;
 So many, and so stronge of hand, stood in, with such expence,
 Of deadly Prowesse; who repell'd (though big, strong, hould he were)
 The famous Ajax, and their friend did from his rapture beare.
 Thus this place, fill'd with strength of fight, in th'armies other prease,
 Tlepolemus, a tall bigge man, the sonne of Hercules,
 A cruell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to proue
 Encounter with Sarpedons strength, the sonne of Clewdy Ioue;
 Who, comming on to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe:
 Thus Ioues great Nephew, and his sonne, 'gainst one another goe;
 Tlepolemus (to make his end more worth the will of Fate)
 Began, as if he had her powre, and show'd the mortall state
 Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous Braue;
 Sarpedon, what necessitie, or needlesse humor draue
 Thy forme, to these warres? which in heart I know thou dost abhorre;
 A man not seene in deedes of armes, a Lycian Counsailor;
 They lie, that call thee sonne to Ioue, since Ioue bred none so late;
 The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat;
 Such men, as had Herculean force; my Father Hercules
 Was Ioues true issue, he was hould, his deedes did well expresse
 They sprung out of a Lyons heart; he whylome came to Troy,
 (For horse that Iupiter gaue Tros for Ganymed his boy)
 With sixe shippes onely and few men and tore the Cittie downe,
 Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his owne:
 For thee; thy minde is ill disposde, thy bodys powers are poore,
 And therefore are thy troopes so weake: the soulaier euermore
 Followes the temper of his chiefe, and thou pull'st downe a side:
 But say thou art the sonne of Ioue, and hast thy meanes supplied,
 With forces fitting his descent; the powers, that I compell,

shall

Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head run ope the gates of hell.

Ioues Lycian issue answer'd him, Tlepolemus, tis true;

Thy father, holy Ilion, in that sort ouer-threw;

Th' iniustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had
Vfde good desertings to his state, he quitted him with bad.

Helyone, the ioy and grace of king Laomedon,

Thy father rescu'd from a whale, and gaue to Telamon

In honourd Nupt alls Telamon, from whom your strongest Greeke

Boasts to haue issue; and this grace might well expect the like:

Yet he gaue taunts for thanks, and kept against his oath, his horse;

And therefore both thy fathers strength, and Iustice might enforce

The wreake hee tooke on Troy: but this and thy cause differ farre;

Sonnes seldome heire their fathers worths, thou canst not make his warre;

What thou assum'st from me, is mine, to be on thee impos'd;

With this, he threw an ashen dart, and then Tlepolemus los'de

Another from his glorious hand, both at one instant flew;

Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, Sarpedons laueline drew

The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the midst it fell;

And what he threatned; th' other gaue, that darkenes, and that hell;

Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance, it pierst the solide bone;

And with his raging head, ranne through; but Ioue preserv'd his sonne:

The dart yet vext him bitterly which should haue beene pul'd out;

But none considerd then so much, so thicke came on the rowte,

And flde each hand so full of cause to ply his owne defence;

Was held enough (both false, that both were nobly carried thence.

Vlisses knew the euent of both and tooke it much to hart,

That his friends enemy should scape; and in a twofould part

His thoughts contended; if he should pursue Sarpedons life,

Or take his friends wreak on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;

By whom twas otherwise decreede, then that Vlysses steale

Should end Sarpedon: in this doubt, Minerva tooke the wheele,

From sickle Chance; and made his minde resolute to right his friend

With that blood he could surest drawe. Then did reuenge extend

Her full powre on the multitude; Then did he neuer misse;

Alator, Halios Chromios Nocion, Prytanis,

Alcander, and a number more, he slew and more had slaine,

If Hector had not understoode; whose powre made in a maine,

And strooke feare through the Grecian troopes, but to Sarpedon gaue

Hope of full rescue; who thus cryed, O Hector help and saue

My body from the spoyle of Greece; that to your loued Towne,

*My friends may see me borne; and then let earth possesse her owne,
In this soyle, for whose sake I left my Countries; for no day
Shall euer shewe me that againe; nor to my wife display
(And young hope of my Name) the ioy of my much thirsted sight;
All which, I left for Troy; for them let Troy then do th's right.*

*To all this, Hector giues no word: but greedily he strives,
With all speede to repell the Greekes, and shed in floods their liues,
And left Sarpedon: but what face soeuer he put on
Of following the common cause, he left this Prince alone
For his particular grudge; because so late, he was so plaine
In his reproofe before the host; and that did he retaine;
Howeuer, for example sake, he would not show it then;
And for his shame to; since twas iust. But good Sarpedons men
Ventur'd themselves, and forc't him off and set him underneath
The goodly Beeche of Iupiter, where now they did vnbeath
The Aspen Lance; strong Pelagon, his friend, most lou'd, most true
Enforc't it from his maimed thigh: with which, his spirit flew;
And darkenes ouer flewe his eies; yet, with a gentle gale
That round about the dying Prince, coole Boreas did exhale,
He was reuiu'd, recomforted; that else had grieu'd and dyed.*

*All this time, flight drave, to the fleete, the Argiues, who applyed
No weapon gainst the proud pursuite, nor euer turn'd a head;
They knew so well that Mars pursude, and dreadfull Hector led.
Then who was first, who last, whose liues the Iron Mars did sease,
And Priams Hector? Helenus, surnam'd Oenopides,
Good Teuthras, and Orestes, skild in manadging of horse;
Bould Oenomaus; and a man renown'd for Martiall force,
Trechus, the Great Etolian Chiefe; Oresbius, that did weare
The gawdy Myter, studied wealth extremely, and dwelt nere
Th' Atlantique lake, Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seate,
The good men of Baotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great,
It flew to heauen; Saturnia discern'd it; and cryed out
To Pallas; O unworthy sight, to see a fild so fought,
And breake our words to Sparta king, that Ilion should be rac't,
And he returne reueng'd? when thus we see his Greekes disgrac't
And beare the hermesfull rage of Mars? Come, let vs vse our care
That we dishonor not our powres; Minerua was as yare
As she, at the despiht of Troy. Her goulden-brid'd steeds,
Then Saturns Daughter brought abroad, and Hebe she proceeds
To addresse her Charriot; instantly, she giues it either wheele,*

Beam'd

Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse; the Axel-tree was Steele;
 The Felsses, incorruptible gould; their vpper bands of brasse;
 Their matter most vnallewdst their worke of wondrous grace;
 The Naues, in which the spokes were driuen, were all with siluer bound;
 The Charriots seate, two hoopes of gould and siluer strengthened round;
 Edged with gould, and siluer frindge; the beame that lookt before,
 Was massie siluer; On whose top, Geres all of gould it wore,
 And goulden Poitrils; Iuno mounts, and her hot horses reign'd;
 That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complainde;
 Minerua wrapt her in the Robe, that curiously she woue
 With glorious colours, as she sat on th' Azure floore of Ioue;
 And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field;
 About her brode-spredd shoulders hung, his huge and horrid shield,
 Frindg'd round with euer-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life
 The miseries, and deaths of fight; in it fround bloodie strife;
 In it shinde sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;
 In it, the monster Gorgons head, in which (held out to view)
 Were all the dire ostents of Ioue; on her big head she plac't
 His foure-plum'd glittering Cask of gould; so admirably vast,
 It would a hundred Guarisons of souldiers comprehend.
 Then to her shining Charriot her vigorous feete ascend;
 And in her violent hand she takes his graue, huge, solid Lance,
 With which the conquests of her wrath, she vseth to aduance,
 And ouerturne whole fields of men, to shoue (she was the seede
 Of him that thunders. Then heauens Queene (to vrge her horses speede)
 Takes vp the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heauen
 Rung, and flew open of themselues; the charge whereof is giuen
 (With all Olympus, and the skie) to the distinguish'd Howres,
 That cleere, or hide it all in clouds, or poure it downe in Showres.
 This way their scourge-obeying horse made hast, and soone they won
 The top of all the toppesfull heauens; where aged Saturns sonne
 Sat seuerd from the other Gods; then stayd the white-arm'd Queene
 Her Steedes, and askt of Ioue, if Mars did not incense his spleene
 With his foule deedes, in ruining so many, and so great
 In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heate.
 At which (she said) Apollolaught, and Venus; who still sue
 To that madde God for violence, that neuer iustice knew;
 For whose impietie she askt, if with his wished loue
 Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather moue
 Athenia to the charge she sought, who vsde of olde to be

The

The bane of Mars, and had as well the gift of spoyle as he.

*This grace she slackt not; but her horse scourg'd, that in nature flew
Betwixt the Cope of starres and earth: and how farre at a veine
A man into the purple sea, may from a hill descrie;*

So farre a high neighing horse of heauen, at euerie steppe would flie.

*Arriu'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two-floods mix their force,
(Scamander, and bright Simois) Saturnia staid her horse;*

*Tooke them from Charriot, and a Clowde of mightie depth diffused
About them; and the verdant bankes of Symois produc'd*

(in nature) what they eate in heauen; then, both the Goddeses

Marcht like a paire of timorous Doves, in hastning their accesse,

*To th' Argiue succour: being arriu'd, where both the most and best
Were heapt together, showing all, like Lyons at a feast*

Of new slaine Carcasses, or Bores beyond encounter strong,

There found they Diomed; and there, midst all th' admiring throng,

Saturnia put on Stentors shape, that had a brazen voice,

And spake as lowde as fiftie men; like whom she made a noyse,

And chid the Argiues; O ye Greeks; in name, and appetite,

But Princes onely; not in arte; what scandall, what despight

Use ye to honor? all the time the great Æacides

Was conuersant in armes, your foes durst not a foot addresse,

Without their Ports; so much they fear'd his Lance that all contrould,

And now they outray to your flecte. This did with shame make bould

*The generall spirit, and powre of Greece; when (with particular note
Of their disgrace) Athenia, made Tydeus issue hote*

She found him at his Charriot, refreshing of his wound

Inflicted by slaine Pandarus; his sweat did so abound,

It much annoyd him, underneath the brode belt of his Shield;

With which, and tyred with his toyle, his soule could hardly yeeld

His bodymotion; with his hand, he lifted up the Belt,

And wip't away that clottred blood, the feruent wound did melt:

Minervaleand against his horse, and neere theyr withers laid

Her sacred hand; then spake to him, Beleeue me Diomed,

Tydeus exampl'd not himselfe in thee his sonne; not Great,

But yet he was a souldier; a man of so much heate,

That in his Ambassie for Thebes; when I forbade his minde

To be too ventrous; and when Feasts his hart might haue declinde

(With which they welcom'd him) he made a Challenge to the best,

And foild the best; I gaue him aide, because the rust of rest

(That would haue seas'd another minde) he sufferd not; but vsde

The triall I made like a man, and their soft feasts refus'de;
 Yet when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort,
 That (I betting thee) thou should'st be to the Greekes a Fort,
 And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obey'st in nought;
 Affraide, or slouthfull, or else both: henceforth, renounce all thought
 That euer thou wert Tydeus sonne. He answerd her; I know
 Thou art Ioues daughter; and for that, in all iust duetie owe
 Thy speeces reuerence; yet affirme, ingenuosly, that feare
 Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor slouth; I onely beare
 Thy charge in Zealous memorie, that I should neuer warre
 With any blessed Deitie, vnlesse exceeding farre

The limits of her rule; the Queene that gouernes Chamber sport
 Should prease to fildes; and her, thy willenioynd my Lance to hurt;
 But he whose powre hath right in armes. I knew in person here
 (Besides the Cyprian Deitie) and therefore did forbear;
 And here haue gatherd, in retreat, these other Greeks you see
 With note and reuerence of your charge. My dearest mind (sayd she)
 What then was fit is chang'd; 'Tis true, Mars hath iust rule in warre,
 But iust warre; otherwise he raues not fights; he's alterd farre;
 He vow'd to Iuno, and my selfe, that his aide should be vs'de
 Against the Troians, whom it guards; and therein he abus'de
 His rule in armes; infring'd his word, and made his warre vniust;
 He is inconstant, impious, mad; Resolue then, firmly trust
 My ayde of thee against his worst, or any Deitie;
 Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.

This sayd; as that braue king, her knight, with his horse-guiding friend,
 Were set before the Charriot (for signe he should descend
 That she might serue for waggonesse) She pluckt the waggoner back,
 And vp into his seat she mounts; The Beechen tree did cracke
 Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so huge a thing;
 A Goddesse so replete with powre, and such a puissant king.

She snatcht the scourge vp and the reignes, and shut her heauenly looke
 In hels vast helme, from Mars his eyes, and full carier she tooke
 At him; who then had newly slaine the mighty Periphas,
 Renown'd sonne to Ocheus; and farre the strongest was
 Of all th' Aetolians; to whose spoyle the bloodie God was run:
 But when this man-plague saw th' approche of God-like Tideus sonne,
 He let his mightie Periphas lye, and in full charge he ran
 At Diomed; and he, at him; both neer, the God began,
 and (thirstie of his blood) he throwes a brazen Lance, that beares

Full on the breast of Diomed, about the reigns and geres;
 But Pallas tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager Lance
 Beneath the Charriot: then the knight of Pallas doth aduance,
 And cast a laueline off, at Mars; Minerva sent it on;
 That (where his arming girdle girt) his bellie gras'd vpon,
 Iust at the rim, and rancht the flesh: the Lance againe he got;
 But left the wound, that stung him so, he layd out such a throat,
 As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd out all their breaths
 In one confusion; hauing felt as many souldaine deaths:
 The rore made both the hoasts amaze. Vp flew the God to heauen;
 And with him, was through all the ayre, as blacke a tincture driven
 (To Diomedes eyes) as when the earth halfe chok't with smoking heat
 Of gloomie Clouds, that stifle men, and a pitchy tempests threat,
 Vsher'd with horrid gusts of winde: with such black vapors plumde
 Mars flew t' Olympus, and broade heauen; and there his place resumde;
 Sadly he went, and sat by Ioue; shewde his immortall blood,
 That from a mortall-man-made wound, pourd such an impious flood;
 And (weeping) pourd out these complaints; O Father, stormst thou not
 To see vs take these wrongs from men? extreame griefes we haue got
 Euen by our owne deepe counsayls held, for gratifying them;
 And thou (our Counsayles President) conclud'st in this extreame
 Of fighting euer; being rulde, by one that thou hast bred;
 One neuer well, but doing ill; a Gyrl so full of head,
 That, though all other Gods obey, her madde moodes must command,
 By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand
 Conforming her; thy reason is she is a spark of thee, (
 And therefore she may kindele rage in men, gainst Gods; and shee
 May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods that are, besides, thy seed;
 First in the palms height, Cyprides, then runs the impious deede
 On my hurt person: and could life giue way to death in me;
 Or had my feet not fetcht me off, heaps of mortalitie
 Had kept me consort. Iupiter, with a contracted browe,
 Thus answerd Mars; Thou many minds, inconstant changelling thou,
 Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods
 (Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate; No periods
 Being set to thy contentions, brawles fights, and pitching fields;
 Iust of thy mother Iunos moodes, stiff-neckt, and neuer yeelds,
 Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbear offence,
 Though to her sonne; this wound, I knowe, tastes of her insolence;
 But I will proue more naturall, thou shalt be curde, because

Thou

*Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou beene so crosse to sacred lawes,
Being borne to any other God, thou hadst beene throwne from heauen
Long since, as lowe as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driuen.*

*This said; he gaue his wound in charge to Pæon; who applyed
Such soveraigne medicines; that as soone the paine was qualifed,
And he recurde; as nourishing milke, when runnet is put in,
Runnes all in heapes of tough, thicke Curd, though in his nature thin:
Euen so soone, his wounds parted sides ran close in his recure;
For he (all deathle(s) could not long the parts of death endure.
Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate,
Exulting by his Syre againe, in top of all his state;
Do (hauing from the spoyles of men, made his desire remoue)
Iuno, and Pallas reascend the starrie Court of Ioue.*

The end of the fift Booke.





THE SIXT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES



THe Gods now leauing an indifferent field,
The Greeks preuaile, the slaughtered Troians yeeld;
Hector (by *Hellenus* aduice) retires
In haste to *Troy*; and *Hecuba*, desires
To pray *Minerva*, to remoue from fight
The sonne of *Tydeus*, her affected knight;
And vow to her (for fauour of such price)
Twelue Oxen should be slaine in sacrifice.
In meane space, *Glancus* and *Tydides* meete;
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of ould loue twixt their Fathers; which enclines
Their harts to friendship; who change Armes for signes
Of a continu'd loue for eithers life.
Hector, in his returne, meetes with his wifes
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,
He prophesies the fall of *Iliou*.

Another Argument.

In Zeta, *Hector* prophesies;
Prayes for his sonne; wills sacrifice.

THe sterne fight freed of all the Gods; Conquest, with doubtfull wings,
Flew on their Lances; euerie way the restless field she slings,
Betwixt the floods of *Symois*, and *Xanthus*; that confinde
All their affaires at *Iliou*, and round about them shinde.
The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side,
Was *Ajax*, sonne of *Telamon*: who like a Bullwarke plyde
The Greeks protection; and of *Troy* the knottie orders brake;
Held out a light to all the rest, and show'd them how to make

Way

Way to their conquest; he did wound the strongest man of Thrace,
 The tallest, and the biggest set; (Eufforion Acamas):
 His Lence fell on his Caskes plum'd top in stooping; the fell head
 Druue through his forehead to his Jawes, his eyes it darkned dead;
 Tydides slew Teuthranides Axilus, that did dwell
 In faire Arisbas well-built Towns; he had of wealth a Well;
 And yet was kind and bountifull; he would a trauailer pray
 To be his guest; his friendly house stode in the brode high way;
 In which, he all sorts nobly vs'd: yet none of them would stand,
 Twixt him and death; but both himselfe, and he that had command
 Of his faire horse, Califius, fell liueless on the ground.
 Euryalus, Opheltius and Drefus dead did wound;
 Nor ended there his fierie courses; which he againe begins,
 And ran it too successfullly vpon a paire of Twins,
 E'opus, and bold Pedasus; whom good Bucolion,
 (That first calde father, though base borne, renown'd Laomedon)
 On Nais Abarbarza got; a Nympe that (as she fed
 Her curled flock) Bucolion woo'd, and mixt in loue and bed;
 Both these were spoild of armes, and life, by Mecistiades;
 Then Polypætes, for sterne death, Astialus did sease;
 Vlysses slawe Percosius; Teucer, Areraon;
 Antiochus (olde Nestors ioy) Ablerus; the great sonne
 Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose abode
 He held at vpper Pe-lasus, where Satinnus riuer flow'd;
 The great Heroe Leitus slayde Philacus in flight,
 From further life; Eurypilus, Melanthius, rest of life;
 The brother to the king of men, Adrestus tooke aliue;
 Whose horse, (affrighted with the flight) their driuer now did driue,
 Amongst the low-growne Tamricke Trees, and at an arme of one,
 The Charriot in the Draught-tree brake; the horse brake loose and ron
 The same way other flyers fled, contending all to towne;
 Himselfe close at the Charriot wheele, vpon his face was throwne,
 And there lay flat, roul'd up in dust; Atreides inwards draue;
 And (houlding at his breast his Lance) Adrestus sought to saue
 His head by losing of his feete, and trusting to his knees;
 On which, the same parts of the king, he hugges, and offers fees
 Of worthie vauew for his life; and thus pleades their receipt;
 Take me aliue, O Atreus sonne, and take a worthy weight
 Of brasse, elaborate Iron, and gould: a heape of precious things
 Are in my Fathers riches hid; which when your seruant brings

*News of my safetie to his eares) he largely will diuide
 With your rare bounties: Atreus sonne thought this the better side,
 And meant to take it; being about to send him safe to fleete:
 Which when (farre off) his brother sawe, he wingd his royall Feet,
 And came in threatning, crying out; O soft hart whats the cause
 Thou spar'st these men thus? haue not they obseru'd these gentle lawes
 Of mild humanitie to thee with mightie argument,
 Why thou shouldst deale thus? In thy house? and with all president
 Of honor'd guest-rites entertainde? not one of them shall stie
 A bitter end for it, from heauen, and much lesse (dotingly)
 Escape our reuengefull fingers; all, euen th' infant in the wombe
 Shall taste of what they merited, and haue no other tombe
 Then rased Ilion; nor their race haue more fruite, then the dust.
 This ins' cause turnd his brothers minde, who violently thrust
 The Prisoner from him; In whose guttes the King of men impearc't
 His shen lance; which (pitching downe, his foote vpon the brest,
 Of him that vpwards fell) he drew; then Nector spake to all:
 O Friends and household men of Mars, let not your pursute fall,
 With those ye fell, for present spoyle; nor (like the king of men)
 Let any scape vnselld: but on, dispatch them all, and then
 Ye shall haue time enough to spoyle. This made so strong their chace,
 That all the Troians had beene housde, and neuer turnd a face,
 Had not the Priamist Hellenus (an Augure most of name)
 Will'd Hector, and Aeneas thus; Hector, Anchises fame,
 Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lyes
 Of Troy and Lycia, (being both of noblest faculties
 For Counsell, strenght of hand, and apt to take chance at her best,
 In euery turne she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest,
 (By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the Ports;
 Lest (sledd into their wineskinde armes) they there be made the sports
 Of the pursuing enimie; exhort and force your bands,
 To turne their faces: and while we employ our ventur'd hands
 (Though in a hard condition) to make the other staye;
 Hector, goe thou to Ilion; and our Queen mother pray,
 To take the richest Robe she hath, the same that's chiefly deare
 To her Court fancie; with which gem (assembling more to her,
 Of Troyes chiefe Matrones) let all goe, (for feare of all our Fates)
 To Pallas Temple; take the key, vnlocke the leany gates;
 Enter, and reach the highest Towre, where her Palladium stands;
 And on it, put the precious wayle, with pure, and reuerent hands;*

And

And vow to her (besides the gift) a sacrificing stroke
 Of twelue fat heiffers, of a yeare; that neuer felt the yoke;
 (Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pittie vs;
 Our towne, our wines, and youngest toyes, ana (him that plagues them thus)
 Take from the conflict, Diomed; that Furie in a fight,
 That true sonne of great Tydeus, that cunning Lord of flight:
 Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke; for we haue neuer fled
 Achilles (that is Prince of men and whom a Goddesse bre'd)
 Like him; his furie flies so highe, and all mens wraths commands;
 Hector intends his brothers will; but first through all his bands,
 He made quick way encouraging, and all (to feare) asfrayde;
 All turnd their heads and made Greece turn. Slaughter stood stil dismaide
 On their parts; for they thought some God, false from the vault of starres,
 Was rush't into the Iliions ayde; they made such dreadfull warres.

Thus Hector, toying in the waues and thrusting backe the flood
 Of his ebb'd forces; thus takes leane; So, so, now runnes your blond
 In his right current; Forwaras now Troyans, and farre cold friendes
 Awhile hould out; till for successe to this your braue amends,
 I haste to Iliou, and procure our Counsaylors, and wines
 To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their states in our liues.

Then faire-helmd Hector turnd to Troy; and (as he trode the fiede)
 The blacke Bulls hide that at his backe he wore about his shield,
 (In the extreame circumference) was with his gate so rockt,
 That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

And now betwixt the hoasts, were met, Hippolochus braue sonne,
 Glaucus; who (in his verie looke) hope of some wonder won,
 And little Tydeus mightie heire; who seeing such a man
 Offer the fiede; (for vsuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

What art thou (strong it of mortall men) that putt'st so farre before?
 Whom these fights neuer shew'd mine eyes? they haue beene euermore
 Sonnes of unhappie parents borne, that came within the length
 Of this Minerua-guided Lance, and durst close with the strength
 That she inspires in me; If heauen be thy diuine abode,
 And thou a Deitie, thus inform'd, no more with any God,
 Will I change Lances: the strong sonne of Prias did not lue,
 Long after such a conflict darde; who godlesly did drine
 Nilæus Nurfes through the hill, made sacred to his name,
 And cold Nilæius; with a gode, he puncht each furious dame,
 And made them enerie one cast downe their greene and leaue speares:
 This t' Homicide Lycurgus did, and those vngodly feares,

He put the Froes in; seas'd their God; euen Bacchus he did drine
 From his Nisseius; who was faine (with huge exclames) to diue
 Into the Ocean; Thetis there in her bright bosome tooke
 The flying Deitie; who so fearde Lycurgus threats, he shooke:
 For which, the freely-living Gods, so highly were incens'd,
 That Saturns great sonne strooke him blind, and with his life dispenc't
 But small time after; all because th' Immortalls lou'd him not;
 Nor lou'd him, since he striu'd with them: and his end hath begot
 Feare in my powrs, to fight with heauen; but if the fruits of earth
 Nourish thy body, and thy life be our humane birth;
 Come neere, that thou maist soone arrive on that life-bounding shore,
 To which I see thee hoise such saile. Why dost thou so explore,
 (Said Glaucus) of what race I am? when like the race of leaues
 The race of man is? that deserues no question; nor receiues
 My being any other breath; The winde in Autumn strowes
 The earth with olde leaues; then the Spring, the woods with new indewes;
 And so death scatters men on earth, so life puts out againe
 Mans leaue issue: but my race if (like the course of men)
 Thou seekst in more particular tearmes, tis this; (to many known)
 In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands the walled Towne
 Ephyre; where the Mansion house of Sylliphus did stand;
 Of Sylliphus Aelids, most wise of all the Land;
 Glaucus was sonne to him, and he begat Bellerophon,
 Whose body heauen indued with strength, and put a beautie on,
 Exceeding louely; Prætus, yet his cause of loue did hate
 And banisht him the towne: he might, he rulde the Argiue state;
 The vertue of the one, loue plac't beneath the others powre.
 His exile grewe, since he denied, to be the Paramour.
 Of fayre Anteia, Prætus wife; who felt a raging fire
 Of secret loue to him: but he whom wisdom did inspire
 As well as prudence, (one of them aduising him to shunne
 The danger of a Princeesse loue; the other, not to runne
 Within the danger of the Gods; the act being simplie ill)
 Still intertaining thoughts diuine, subdu'd the earthly still;
 She, (rulde by neither of his wits) preferd her lust to both;
 And (false to Prætus) would seeme true, with this abhor'd vntroth;
 Prætus, or dye thy selfe (sayd she) or let Bellerophon die;
 He urg'd dishonour to thy bed: which since I did denie,
 He thought his violence should grant, and sought thy shame by force;
 The king, incens'd with her report, resolu'd vpon her course:

But

But doubted, how it should be runne; he shunn'd his death direct;
 (Holding a way so neere, not safe) and plotted the effect,
 By sending him with Letters seald (that opened, toucht his life)
 To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to his wife:
 He went; and happily he went; the Gods walkt all, his way.
 And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth display
 The silver ensignes of her wanes; the King of that brode Land
 Receiv'd him, with a wondrous free and honourable hand;
 Nine dayes he feasted him; and kild an Ox in euerie day,
 In thankfull sacrifice to heauen, for his faire guest; whose stay
 With rosie fingers brought the world the tenth wel-welcomde morne;
 And then the king did moue, to see the Letters he had borne
 From his lou'd sonne in law: which scene, he thus wrought their contents,
 Chymæia the inuincible, he sent him to conuince;
 Sprung from no man, but meere diuine; a Lyons shape before;
 Behind, a Dragons; in the midst, a Gotes shagg'd forme she bore;
 And flames of deadly feruentie flew from her breath and eyes;
 Yet her he slew; his confidence, in sacred prodigies
 Renderd him victor; then he gaue his second conquest way;
 Against the famous Solymi, when (he himselfe would say
 Reporting it) he enterd on, a passing vigorous fight;
 His third huge labor he approu'd against a womans spight,
 That fild a fiede of Amazons: he ouercame them all.
 Then set they on him lie deceit, when force had such a fall;
 An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lyciabred,
 Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd sure, they neuer raysde a head.
 His deeds thus showing him deriu'd from some Celestiall race;
 The king detainde, and made amends, with doing him the grace
 Of his faire Daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a Dowre)
 Gaue halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did poure
 More then was given to any King: a goodly planted field,
 In some parts, thicke of groues, and woods; the rest rich croppes did yeild:
 This field, the Lycians futurely (of future wandrings there
 And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy Rere
 Of his sad life) the Errant cald: the princeesse brought him forth
 Three Children (whose ends grien'd him more, the more they were of worth)
 Ifander, and Hippolochus, and faire Laodomy;
 With whom, euen Iupiter himselfe, left heauen it self, to lie;
 And had by her the man at armes Sarpedon, cald diuine;
 The Gods then left him (least a man should in their glories shine)

And set against him: for his sonne, Mandrus, (in a strife,
 Against the valiant Solymi) Mars rest of light and life;
 Laodamia (being enuied of all the Goddesses)
 The goulden barded handling Queene, the mayden Patroneſſe,
 Slew with an arrow; and for this he wandred euermore,
 Alone through his Aleian fielde and ſed vpon the core
 Of his ſad boſome; ſlying all the loth d conſorts of men:
 Yet had he one ſuruiu'd to him, of thoſe three childeren,
 Hippolochus, the root of me, who ſent me here with charge,
 That I ſhould alwaies beare me well, and my deſerts enlarge
 Beyond the vulgar; leaſt I ſhame my race; that farre exceld
 All that Ephyras famous Towrs, or ample Lycia held.
 This is my ſtock, and this am I: this cheerd Tydides hart;
 Who pitcht his ſpeare downe, leand and talkt in this affectionate part;
 Certefſe (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art
 A gueſt of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus twentie daies
 Detaind, with Feaſts, Bellerophon, whom all the world did prayſe;
 Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were giuen; my Grandſire gaue to thine,
 A gyrdle of Thacian worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:
 Thine gaue a two-neckt luge of gould; which though I uſe not here,
 Yet ſtill it is my gemme at home: but if our fathers were
 Familiar, or each other knew, I know not; ſince my ſire
 Left me a childe, at ſiege of Thebes, where he left his lifes fire;
 But let vs proue our Grandſires ſonnes, and be each others gueſts;
 To Lycia, when I come, do thou receiue thy friend with feaſts;
 Peleponellus, with the like, ſhall thy wiſht preſence greet;
 Meane ſpace, ſhunne we each other here, though in the preaſe we meet;
 There are enow of Troy beſide, and men enough renownde
 To right my Powrs, whom euer heauen ſhall let my Lance conſound;
 So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canſt; and now
 For ſigne of Amitie twixt vs, and that all theſe may know
 We glorie in th' hoſpitiouſ rites, our Grandſires did commend,
 Change we our armes before them all: from horſe then both deſcend,
 Ioyne hands, giue faith, and take, and then did loue elate
 The mind of Glaucus; who to ſhowe his reuerence to the ſtate
 Of vertue in his grandſires hart, and gratulate beſide
 The offer of ſo great a friend, exchanging (in that good pride)
 Curets of gould, for thoſe of braſſe, that did on Diomed ſhine;
 One, of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine.
 By this, haſt Hector reacht the ports of Scæa, and the Towrs;

About him flockt the wiues of Troy, the Children, Paramours;
Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, lones.

He stood not then to answer them, but said; It now behoues
Ye should goe all t' implore the aide of heauen, in a distresse
Of great effect, and imminent: then hasted he accesse,
To Priams goodly builded Court; which round about was runne
With walking porches galleries, to keep off raine and sunne;
Within of one side, on arew of sundrie colourd stones,
Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for Priams sistrer sonnes;
And for as many sort of their wiues; and in the opposite viewe
Twelue lodgings of like stone, like height were likewise built arew;
Where, with their faire and vertuous wiues, twelue Princes, (sonnes in Law
To Honourable Priam laye; And here met Hecuba
(The louing mother) her great sonne; and with her, needes must be
The fairest of her femall Race the bright Laodice;
The Queene grip't hard her Hectors hand, and said; O worthyest sonne,
Why leau'st thou field? is't not because, the cursed Nation
Afflict our Countrymen and friends? They are their mones that mone
Thy minde to come and lift thy hands (in h's high Towre) to loue:
But stay a little, that my selfe may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Iupiter; then that these ioynts of thine
May be refresh't; for (woe is me) how thou art toyld, and spent!
Thou for our Citties generall state; thou, for our friends farre sent,
Must now the prease of fight endure now solitude to call
Vpon the name of Iupiter, thou onely for vs all;
But wine will something comfort thee: for to a man dismaide,
With carefull spirits; or too much, with labour ouerlaide,
Wine brings good rescue, strengthening much the bodie and the minde.

The great helme-mouer thus receiu'd the author of his kind;
My royall mother, bring no wine, least rather it impayre,
Then helpe my strength, and make my minde forgetfull of th' affaire,
Committed to it: and (to poure it out in sacrifice)
I feare, with vnwast hands, to serue the pure-liu'd Deities;
Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd with blood, and dust, to proue
The will of heauen; or offer vov'es to clowd compelling loue;
I onely come to vse your paines (assembling other Dames,
Matrons, and woemen honour'd most, with high and vertuous names)
With wine and odors; and a robe most ample most of price,
And which is dearest in your loue, to offer sacrifice,
In Pallas Temple; putting on the precious robe ye beare,

On her Palladium and to vow, twelve Oxen of a yeare,
 Whose necks were neuer wrung with yoke, shall pay her Grace their lines,
 If she will pittie our sieg'd Towne, pittie our selues, our wines;
 Pittie our children; and remoue, from sacred Ilion,
 The dreadfull Souldiour Diomed; and when your selues are gone,
 About this worke; my selfe will goe, to bring into the field,
 (If he will heare me) Hellens Lone; whom would the earth would yeeld
 And headlong take into her Gulfe, euen quicke before mine eyes:
 For then my heart, I hope, would cast his lode of miseries;
 Borne for the plague he hath been made, and bred to the desace
 (By great Olympius) of Troy, our Sire, and all our Race;
 This sayd, graue Hecuba went home, and sent her maids about,
 To bid the Matrones; she her selfe ascended, and searcht out
 (Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richest Robe she had:
 Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made,
 By women of Sydonia; which Paris brought from thence,
 Saying the broad Sea, when he made that voyage of offence,
 In which he brought home Hellena. That Robe, transferd so farre,
 (That lay, the vndermost) she tooke; it glittered like a starre;
 And with it, went she to the Fine, with many Ladies more;
 Amongst whom, faire cheek't Theano vnlockt the folded dore;
 Chaste Theano, Antenors wife and of Cisseus race,
 Sister to Hecuba both borne to that great king of Thrace;
 Her, th' ilions made Mineruas Priest, and her they followed all,
 Vp to the Temples highest Towre; where, on their knees they fall,
 Lift vp their hands, and fill the Fane with Ladies pittious cries.
 Then louely Theano tooke the vaile, and with it she implies
 The great Palladium praying thus; Goddesse of most renowne,
 In all the heauen of Goddesse, great guardian of our Towne;
 Reuerena Minerva; break the Lance of Diomed, cease his grace;
 Giue him to fall in shamefull sight headlong and on his face,
 Before our Ports of Ilion; that instantly we may,
 Twelve vnyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple slay,
 To thy sole honor; take their bloods and banish our offence,
 Accept Troys zeale, her wines, and saue our infants innocence.

She prayed, but Pallas would not grant. Meane space was Hector come
 Where Alexanders lodgings were, that many a goodly roome
 Had, built in them by Architects of Troys most curious sort;
 And were no lodgings; but a house, nor no house, but a Court;

Or had all these containde in them; and all within a Towre,
 Next Hectors lodgings and the kings: the lou'd of heauens chiefe powre,
 Hector, here entred; in his hand a goodly Lance he bore,
 Ten cubits long; the brasen head went shining in before,
 Helpt with a burnisht Ring of gould; he found his brother then
 Amongst the woemen; yet preparde to goe amongst the men.
 For in their Chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield,
 His Curets; and was trying how his crooked Bowe would yeeld
 To his streight armes; amongst her mayds, was set the Argiue Queene,
 Commanding them in choycest works. When Hectors eyes had secne
 His brother thus accompanied, and that he could not beare
 The verie touching of his armes, but where the woemen were;
 And when the time so needed men; right cunningly he chid
 That he might do it bitterly; his Cowherdise he hid,
 (That simply made him so retirde) beneath an anger fainde,
 In him, by Hector; for the hate the Citizens sustaine
 Against him, for the foyle he tooke in their cause; and againe,
 For all their generall foyles in his; so Hector seemes to plaine
 Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his Cowherdise,
 As that were it that shelterd him, in his effeminacies;
 And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aide in fight:
 For which he chid thus; Wretched man, so timelesse is thy sight,
 That tis not honest; and their hate is iust, gainst which it bends;
 Warre burns about the Towne for thee; for thee our slaughtered friends
 Besiege Troy with their carcazes, on whose heapes our high wals
 Are ouerlook't by enemies: the sad sounds of their falls,
 Without, are echo'd with the cries of wiuers and babes within,
 And all for thee; and yet for them thy honor cannot winne
 Head of thine anger: thou shouldst need no spirit to stirre vp thine,
 But thine should set the rest on fire, and with a rage diuine
 Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbears:
 Come forth; least thy faire Towns, and Troy be burnd about thine eares.

Paris acknowledg'd (as before) all iust that Hector spake;
 Allowing iustice, though it were for his iniustice sake:
 And where his brother put a wrath upon him, by his art;
 He takes it (for his honors sake) as sprung out of his hart;
 And rather would haue anger seeme his fault, then cowherdise;
 And thus he answerde; Since with right, you ioynd checke with a diuise;
 And I care you: giue equall care; It is not any splene,

Against the Towne (as you conceiue) that makes me so vnseene;
 But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest,
 (Within my selfe) I liue so close: and yet since men might wrest
 My sad retreat; like you, my wife (with her aduice) enclinde
 This my aduersion to the fildes, which was my owne free minde,
 As well as th' instance of her words; for though the foyle were mine,
 Conquest brings forth her wreaths of turnes: stay then this hast of thine
 But till I arme, and I am made a consort for thee streights;
 Or goe, Ile ouertake thy haste. Hellen stood at receipt,
 And tooke vp all great Hector's powers, & attend her beauiue words;
 By which had Paris no reply; this vent her griefe affordes;

Brother, (if I may call you so, that had beene better borne
 A dogge, then such a horrid Dame, as all men curse and skorne,
 A mischiefe maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day,
 That first gaue light to me, had beene a whyrlewinde in my way;
 And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage
 Of earths most farre-re-sounding seas, ere I should thus engage
 The deare liues of so many friends: yet since the Gods haue beene
 Helpeless foreseers of my plagues, they might haue likewise seene,
 That he the put in yoke with me, to beare out their awarde,
 Had beene a man of much more spirit, and, or had noblier dar'd
 To shield mine honor with his deed; or with his minde, had knowne,
 Much better the vpbraids of men; that so he might haue shorne
 (More like a man) some sense of griefe, for both my shame and his;
 But he is senseless, nor conceiues, what any manhood is;
 Nor now, nor euer after, will. O then what hope haue I
 Of any least ioy in my loue? or why should miserie
 Let me respect my selfe at all? deare brother, and to you
 That know my worthlesnes, all cares that lliou ouerflowe
 (By my meanes, being pourd on you, sit yet and something ease
 By me your toyles; which haue this good, that fame shall make their peace,
 Through all times future: but my cares, by Paris got; as long,
 Blacke infamie shall thunder out, and be the vulgars song.

He answerd; Hellen, do not seeke, to make me sit with thee;
 I must not stay; though well I knowe thy honor'd loue of me;
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
 Longings to see mee; for whose sakes, importune thou, to deeds,
 This man by all meanes; and let him be to himselfe a spurre,
 And meet me ere I passe the towne, that he may yet incurre

The good opinion of his friends; my selfe will home, and see
 My household, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me.
 For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall euer more,
 Returne and see them; or to earth her right in me restore;
 The Gods may stoupe me by the Greeks. This said, he went to see
 The vertuous Princeesse, his true wife, white arm'd Andromache.
 She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre about
 The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.
 Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retirde,
 Stood in the gate, her woman cald, and curiously enquird,
 Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see
 His sisters, or his brothers wiues? or whether she should be
 At Temple with the other Dames, t' implore Mineruas ruth.
 Her woman answerd; since he askt and urg'd so much the truth,
 The truth was, she was neither gone, to see his brothers wiues;
 His sisters; nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas on their liues;
 But (she aduertisde of the bane Troy sufferd; and how vast
 Conquest had made her selfe, for Greece) like one distraught, made hast
 To ample Ilion, with her sonne and nurse; and all the way,
 Mournde, and dissolu'd in teares for him. Then Hector made no stay;
 But trode her pathe, and through the streets (magnificently built)
 All the great Citty past, and came, where (seeing how blood was spilt)
 Andromache might see him come; who made as he would passe
 The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was;
 She, with his sight, made breathlesse haste to meet him; she whose grace
 Brought him, withall, so great a dowre. She that of all the race
 Of King Action, onely liu'd; Action whose house stood
 Beneath the mountaine Placius, enuiron'd with the wood
 Of Thebane Hippoplac; being Court, to the Cilician Land;
 She ran to Hector, and with her (tender of hart and hand)
 Her sonne, borne in his nurses armes: when like a heauenly Signe,
 Compact of many goulden stars, the princely childe did shine;
 Whom Hector cald Scamandrius, but whom the Towne did name
 Astianax; because his fire did onely prop the same.
 Hector, (though griefe bereft his speech, yet) smil'd vpon his ioy:
 Andromache cryed out, mixt hands, and to the strength of Troy,
 Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;
 Thy minde, enflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire;
 Nor pittiest thou thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widow be;

If now thou issue, all the field wil enely run on thee;
 Better my shoulders vnderment the earth, then thy decease;
 For then would earth beare ioyes no more: then comes the black encrease
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion): Alas, what one surliues
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft seauen brothers liues,
 By fierie Achilles; by his hand my Father breath'd his last;
 His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, sackt by him and layd wast;
 The royall bodie yet he left vnspoyld; Religion charmd
 That act of spoyle; and all in fire, he burn'd him compleat armd,
 Built ouer him a royall Tombe: and to the Monument
 He left of him; th' Oreades (that are the high descent
 Of Æg's-bearing Iupiter) another of their owne
 Did adde to it; and set it round with helms, by which is showne
 (In theirs) the Barrainnes of death; yet might it serue beside
 To shelter the sad Monument, from all the ruffenous pride
 Of stormes, and tempests, vsde to hurt things of that noble kind;
 The short life, yet, my mother liu'd, he sau'd, and seru'd his mind
 With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough esteemde,
 He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth redeem'd:
 And she in syluane Hyppoplace Cilicia rulde againe;
 But soone was ouer-rulde by death: Dianas chaste disdain
 Gaue her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all these gone from me,
 Thou amply renderst all; thy life makes still my father be;
 My mother; brothers: and besides, thou art my husband to;
 Most lou'd, most worthy. Pittie then (deare loue) and do not goe;
 For thou gone, all these goe againe; pittie our common ioy;
 Least of a Fathers patronage, the Bullmark of all Troy)
 Thou leau'st him a poore widdowes charge; stay, stay then, in this Towre,
 And call vp to the wilde Figge tree, all thy retired powre;
 For there the wall is easiest skal'd, and fittest for surpris;
 And there, th' Aiaces, Idomen, th' Attrides, Diomed, thrice
 Haue both suruaid, and made attempt; I know not if induc'd
 By some wise Augure, or the fact was naturally insusde,
 Into their wits, or courages. To this, great Hector said;
 Bewell assur'd wife, all these things in my kind cares are waide:
 But what a shame, and feare it is, to think how Troy would skorne
 (Both in her husbands and her wiues, whom long-traind gounes adorne)
 That I should Cowherdly slye off & the spirit I first did breath
 Did neuer teach me that; much lesse since the contempt of death

Was settl'd in me; and my minde knew what a Worthie was;
 Whose office is, to lead in fight, and giue no danger passe
 Without improuement; in this fire must Hectors triall shine;
 Here must his Countrie, Father, friends be (in him) made diuine.
 And such a stormie day shall come, in minde and soule I know,
 When sacred Troy shall shed her Towns for teares of ouerthrow;
 When Priam, all his birth, and powre, shall in those teares be dround;
 But neither Troies posteritie, so much my soule doth wound;
 Priam nor Hecuba her selfe; nor all my brothers woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must all be foode for foes)
 As thy sad state, when some rude Greek shall leade thee weeping hence,
 These free daies clowded, and a night of captiue violence
 Loding thy temples; out of which, thine eyes must neuer see;
 But spin the Greek wines webs of task, and their fetch-water be;
 To Argos, from Messeides, or cleare Hyperias spring:
 Which (how soeuer thou abhorst) Fate's such a shre-wish thing,
 She will be mistresse; whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cryes
 From thy oppressions; (being beheld by other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extreames; This dame was Hectors wife;
 A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life,
 Of all their armie. This againe will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
 To misse the man, that to thy hands could giue such narrow bounds:
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solid heape of night
 Shall enterpose, and stop mine eares against thy plaints, and plight.

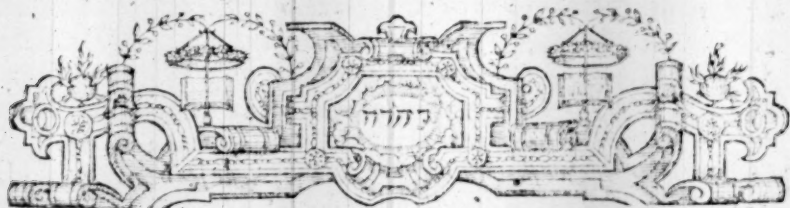
This sayd, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes affraide;
 And then, the horse-haire plume, with which he was so ouerlaide,
 Nodded so horrible) he clingd back to his nurse and cryed;
 Laughter affected his great Syre, who doft and laid aside
 His fearefull Helme, that on the earth cast round about it light;
 Then tooke ana kist his loued sonne; and (ballancing his weight
 In dancing him) these loning voyes, to liuing loue he vsde,
 And all the other bench of Gods; O you that haue infusde
 Soule to this Infant, now set downe this blessing on his starre,
 Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his strength in warre;
 And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeelde
 His fact's this fame; (when rich in spoiles, he leaues the conquerd field
 Sonne with his slaughters) These high deeds exceede his fathers worth;
 And let this eccho'd praise supply the comforts to come forth
 Of his kind mother, with my life. This sayd, th' Heroike Syre

Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes fresh streames of loues salt fire,
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to heare the last of Hectors speech,
 In which his vov'es comprise the summe of all he did besetch
 In her wisht comfort; so she tooke, into her odorous breast,
 Her Husbands gift; who (mou'd to see her hart so much oppress'd)
 He dried her teares; and thus desire: Afflict me not (deare wife)
 With these vaine griefes; For does not lue, that can disioyne my life
 And this firme bosome; but my Fate: and Fate whose wings can flie,
 Noble, ignoble, Fate controules; Once borne, the best must die;
 Goe home; and set thy huswiserie, on these extreame: of thought;
 And driue warre from them with thy maydes; keep them from doing nought:
 These will be nothing; leaue the cares of warre, to men, and mee;
 In whom (of all the lllion race) they take their high'st degree.
 On went his helme; his Princeesse home, halfe colde with kindly feares,
 When euerie feare turnd backe her looks, and euerie looke shed teares.
 Foe-slaughtering Hectors house, soone reacht her many woemen there,
 Wept all to see her; in his life great Hectors Funerals were;
 Neuer look't any eye of theirs, to see their Lord safe home,
 Scap't from the gripes, and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come
 From his high Towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on
 His richest armour; but flew forth: the slints he trod upon
 Sparkled with luster of his armes; his long-ebd (spirits now flowde
 The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a fayre Steed, prou'd
 With full-giuen Mangers; long tyed vp, and now (his head-stall broke)
 He breakes from stable, runnes the feld, and with an ample stroke
 Measures the Center, neighs, and lifts aloft his wanton head;
 About his shoulders shakes his Crest, and where he hath been fedd,
 Or in some calme flood washt; or (stung with his high plight) he flies
 Amongst his femalls; strength put forth his beautie beautifies,
 And like Lifes mirror beares his gate: so Paris from the Towre
 Of loftie Pergamus came forth; he showde a Sun-like powre
 In carriage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife;
 And found his noble brother, neere the place he left his wife;
 Him (thus respected) he salutes; Right worthy, I haue feare
 That your so serious hast to field, my stay hath made forbeare,
 And that I come not, as you wish. He answered, Honour'd man,
 Be confident; for not my selfe, nor any others can
 Reproue in thee, the worke of fight; at least, not any such,
 As is an equall iudge of things: for thou hast strength as much

*As serues to execute a mind verie important: But,
Thy strength too readily flies off: enough will is not put
To thy habilitie: my heart is in my spirit sad,
When Troy (out of the much distresse, she and her friends haue had
By thy procurement) doth depraue thy noblesse in mine eares:
But come, hereafter we shall calme the billowye splene she beares;
When, from her Ports the foe expulst, high loue to her hath giuen
Wisht peace: and vs free sacrifice, to all the Powers of heauen.*

The ende of the sixt Booke.





THE SEAVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



HEditor, by Helenus advise, doth seeke
 Adventurous combat on the boldest Greeke.
 Nine Greeks stand vp, Acceptants every one,
 But lot select's strong *Ajax Telamon*;
 Both, with high honour, stand th' important fight,
 Till Heralds part them by approach'd night.
 Lastly, they graue the dead: the Greeks erect
 A mightie wall, their Nauie to protect;
 Which angers Neptune. Ioue, by haplesse signes,
 In depth of night, succeeding woes diuines.

Another Argument.

In *Gamma*, Priams strongest Sonne
 Combats with *Ajax Telamon*.

THis saide braue Hector through the ports, with Troys bane bringing
 Made issue to th' insatiate fildes, y' solde to feruent fight. (Knight,
 And as the weather-wieder sends to Seamen prosperous gales,
 When with their fallow-polisht Oares, long lifted from their sails,
 Their wearied armes, dissolude with toyle, can scarce strike one stroke more;
 Like those sweet winds appeare these Lords, to Troians tyrac before.
 Then fell they to the works of death: by Paris valour fell
 King *Arcihous* haplesse sonne, that did in Arna dwell,
 (*Meneſthius*) whose renouned Syre, a Club did ever beare,
 And of *Philomeſusa* gat (that had her eyes so cleare)

This

*This slaughterd issue: Hector's dart strooke Eioncus dead;
Beneath his good Steele caske, it pierst above his gorget stead.
Glaucus (Hippolotus his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades, with soudaine laueline slew,
As he was mounting to his horse: his should'ers tooke the speare;
And ere he sat; in tumbling downe, his powers dissolued were.*

*When gray-eyde Pallas did perceiue the Greeks so fat in fight,
From high Olympus top she stoopt, and did on Ilion light.
Apolio, to encount' her, to Pergamus did flie;
From whence he (looking to the fields) wisht Troians victorie.
At Ioues broad beach these godheads met, and first Ioues sonne obieets;
Why, burning in contention thus, doe thy extreame affects
Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to ouersway
The doubtfull victorie of fight, and giue the Greeks the day?
Thou neuer pittiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,
That this day no more mortall wounds may either side inuade.
Hereafter, till the end of Troy they shall apply the fight,
Since your immortall wils resolute to ouerturne it quight.*

*Pallas replied, It likes me well, for this came I from heauen:
But to make either arme cease, what order shall be giuen?
He said; We will direct the spirit that burnes in Hector's brest,
To challenge any Greek to wounds, with single powers imprest;
Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make some one stand out,
So stoute a Challenge to receiue, with a defence as stoute:
It is confirme: and Helenus (King Priams loued seede)
By Augurie, decern'd theuent, that these two powers decreede.
And (greeting Hector) askt him this: Wilt thou be once aduis'd?
I am thy brother, and thy life with mine is euently prisd;
Command the rest of Troy and Greece to cease this publike fight;
And what Greek beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:
I promise thee that yet thy soule shall not descend to fates;
So heard I thy suriuall cast, by the celestiall States.
Hector, with glad allowance, gaue his brothers counsaile care;
And (fronting both the hostes) aduanc'd; iust in the midst, his speare.
The Troians instantly surcease; the Greeks Attri'des slaid:
The God that beares the siluer Boye, and wars triumphant Maide,
On Ioues beach, like two Vultures sat, please to behol'd both parts,
Flowe in to heare; so sternely arm'd with huge shields, helmes and darts:
And such fresh horror as you see driuen through the wrinkled waues
By rising Zephyre; under whom, the sea growes black and rauen:*

Such did the kassie gathering troupes of both hoasts make to heare;
 Whose tumult settl'd; twixt them both, thus spake the Challenger;
 Heare Troians, and ye well arm'd Greeks, what my strong minde (diffus'de,
 Through all my spirits) commands me speake; Saturnius hath not vs'de
 His promist fauor for our truce, but (studying both our ills)
 Will neuer cease till Mars, by you, his rauinous stomacke fills,
 With ruinde Troy, or we consume your mightie Seaborne fleete.
 Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;
 Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsue minde,
 Let him stand forth as combattant, by all the rest designde.
 Before whom thus I call high loue, to witnesse of our strife;
 If he with home-thrust Iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
 (Spoyling my armes) let him at will conuey them to his tent;
 But let my bodie be returnd; that Troys two-sexst descent
 May waste it in the funerall Pyle: if I can slaughter him,
 (Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoyle his conquerd lim,
 And beare his armes to llion, where in Apollos shrine
 Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his bodie Ile resigne
 To be disposed by his friends, in flaming funerals,
 And honored with erected tombe, where Hellespontus fals
 Into Egæum, and doth reach, euen to your nauall rode;
 That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their periode;
 Survuors, sayling the blacke sea, may thus his name renew;
 This is his monument, whose bloud long since did fates embrew;
 Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew:
 Thus shall posteritie report, and my fame neuer dy.
 This said, dumbe silence seas'd them all, they shamed to denie,
 And feard to undertake: At last, did Menelaus speake,
 Checkt their remissnes, and so sigh't, as if his heart would breake;
 Ayme but onely threatning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames;
 If Hectors honorable prooffe be entertaind by none;
 But you are earth and water all, which (symbolis'de in one)
 Haue framde your faint vnfire breasts: ye sit without your harts,
 Grossely inglorious: but my selfe will vse acceptiue darts,
 And arme against him; though you thinke, I arme gainst too much odds:
 But conquestes Girlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortal gods.
 He arm'd, and gladly would haue fought: but (Menelaus) then,
 By Hectors farre more strength, thy soule had fled th' abodes of men;
 Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restraind,

And euen the king of men himfelfe, that in fuch compaffe raignde;
 Who tooke him by the bould right hand, and fternely pluckt him backe:
 Mid brother, it is no worke for thee, thou feek'ft thy wilfull wracke:
 Containe thougit despite thee much, nor for this strife engage
 Thy perfon with a man more ftrong, and whom all feare t'enrage:
 Yea whom Æacides himfelfe, in men-renowning warre,
 Makes doubt t' encounter: whose huge ftrength fufficeth thine by farre;
 Sit thou then by thy regiment; fome other Greeks will rife
 (Though he be dreadleffe, and no warre will his defires fuffice,
 That makes this challenge to our ftrength) our valors to auow:
 To whom, if he can fcape with life, he wil be glad to bow.

This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded knowing it true,
 And his glad fouldiers tooke his armes: when Nellor did purfue
 The fame reproofe he fet on foote, and thus replied his turne.
 What huge maigntie is this! how will our Countrey mourne!
 Old Pe'cus that good King will weepe: that worthy counfaylor,
 That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did afke me for
 All men of name that went to Troy: with ioy he did enquire
 Their valor and their towardnes: and I made him admire.
 But that ye all feare Hector now, if his graue eares fhall heare,
 How will he lift his hands to heauen, and pray that death may beare
 His greened foule into the deepe! O would to heauens great King,
 Minerva and the God of light, that now my youthfull fpring
 I in flourifh in my willing vaines, as when at Phæas towers,
 About the ftreames of Iardanus, my gathered Pylean powers,
 And dart imployed Arcadians fought, neere raging Celadon:
 Amongst whom, firft of all flood forth, great Ereuthalion,
 Who th' armes of Areithous wore (braue Areithous)
 And (fince he ftill fought with a club) furnam'd Clauigerus;
 All men and faire girt Ladies both for honor cald him fo:
 He fought not with a keepe-off fpeare, or with a farre shot bowe;
 But with a maflic club of iron, he brake through armed bands:
 And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands;
 With fteight (encountring in a Lane, where his club wanted fway)
 He thruft him through his fpatious wafte, who fell and upwards lay;
 In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did deSpoyle,
 Which Iron Mars beftowed on him: and thofe, in Mars his toyle,
 Lycurgus euer after wore; but when he aged grew,
 Enforst to keepe his peacefull houfe their ufe he did renew,
 On mightie Ereuthalions lims, his fouldier loued well;

And

*And with these Armes he chalengde all that did in Armes excell:
 All shooke and stood dismaide, none durst this aduerse champion make;
 Yet this same forward minde of mine, of choice, would undertake
 To fight with all his confidence, though youngest enemy
 Of all the armie we conducte; yet I fought with him, I;
 Minerua made me so renownd, and that most tall strong peere
 I slew; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there,
 As it were couetous to spread the center euerie where.
 O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers, as sound;
 Soone should bould Hector be impugnde: yet you that most are crownde,
 With fortitude, of all our host; euen you, me thinks are slow,
 Not free, and set on fire with lust t' encounter such a foe.*

*With this nine royall princes rose, Atreides far the first;
 Then Diomed: th' Aiaces then, that did th' encounter thirst:
 King Idomen and his consorts, Mars-like Meriones;
 Euemons sonne, Euripilus, and Andromonides,
 Whom all the Grecians Thoas cald, sprong of Andromons blood,
 And wise Vlysses; euerie one proposde, for combat stood;
 Againe Gerenius Nestor spake; Let lots be drawne by all,
 His hand shall helpe the well-armd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall;
 And to his wish shall he be helpt, if he escape, with life,
 The harmefull danger-breathing fit of this aduentrous strife.
 Each markt his lot, and cast it in to Agamemnons caske;
 The souldiers prayed, held up their hands, and this of loue did aske
 (With eyes aduanst to heauen); O loue, so lead the Heraldes hand;
 That Ajax or great Tideus sonne, may our wisht Champion stand:
 Or else the king himselfe, that rules the rich Mycencian land.*

*This said, olde Nestor mixt the lots: the formost lot, suruaide,
 With Ajax Telamon was sign'd; as all the souldiers prayde,
 One of the Hera'dis drew it forth, who brought and shewde it round,
 Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renownde:
 None knowing it; euerie man denide: but when he forth did passe,
 To him which markt and cast it in, which famous Ajax was;
 He stretcht his hand; and into it, the Heralde put the lot,
 Who (viewing it) th' inscription knew, the Duke denied not,
 But ioyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
 And said (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet;
 For now I hope my fame shall rise in noble Hector's fall:
 But whilst I arme my selfe, do you on great Saturnius call;
 But silently, or to your selues, that not a Trojan heare:*

Or openly (if you thinke good) since none aloue we feare;
 None with a will, if I will not can my bould powers affright,
 At least for plaine fierce swindge of strength, or want of skill in fight:
 For I will well proue that my birth, and breed in Salamine,
 Was not all consecrate to meat, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the wel giuen souldiers prayed: up went to heauen their eyne;
 O loue that Ida dost protect, most happy, most dinine,
 Send victorie to Ajax side, fame, grace, his goodly lim:
 Or (if thy loue blesse Hectors life, and thou hast care of him)
 Bestowe, on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright armes shone
 The good strong Ajax: who, when all his warre attire was on,
 Marcht like the hugely figurde Mars, when angry Iupiter,
 With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre
 Wreakfull contention; and comes on with presence full of feare;
 Soth Achilles rampire, Telamon, did twixt the hoasts appeare:
 Smile, yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pase,
 He bouldly stalkt, and shooke aloft his dart, with deadly grace.
 It did the Grecians good to see; but hartquake shooke the ioynts
 Of all the Troians; Hectors selfe felt thoughts, with horrid points,
 Tempt his bould bosome: but he now must make no counterflight;
 Nor (with his honor) now refuse, that had prouok't the fight.
 Ajax came neere; and like a tower, his shilde his bosome bard;
 The right side brasse, and seauen Oxen hides, within it, quilted hard:
 Old Tycheus the best cooryer, that did in Hyla dwell,
 Did frame it for exceeding prooffe, and wrought it wondrous wel.
 With this stood he to Hector close, and with this Braue began:
 Now Hector thou shalt clearely know, thus meeting man to man,
 What other leaders arme our hoast, besides great Thetis sonne:
 Who, with his hardie Lyons hart, hath armies ouerrunne.
 But he lies at our crookt-sternde fleet, a Riual with our king
 In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring,
 Coequall with Aecides, all able to sustaine
 All thy bould challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

The helme-grac't Hector answerd him; Renowned Telamon,
 Prince of the Souldiers came from Greece; assay not me like one,
 Yong and immartiall, with great words, or like an Amazon dame;
 I haue the habit of all fights, and know the bloody frame
 Of euerie slaughter: I well know the ready right hand charge;
 I know the left, and euerie sway of my secure full targe;
 I triumph in the crueltie of fixed combat fight,

And manage horse to all designs; I thinke then with good right,
I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes,
Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty howes;
But (being a souldier so renownd) I will not worke on thee,
With least aduantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me;
And so with priuie of sleight, winne that for which I strue:
But at thy best (euen open strength) if my endeouours thrive.

Thus sent he his long laueline forth: it strooke his foes huge shield,
Neere to the vpper skirt of brasse, which was the eight it helde.
Six fouldes it vntamed dart strooke through, and in the seauenth tough hide
The point was checkt; then Ajax threw: his angry Lance did glyde
Quight through his bright orbiculare targe, his Curace, shirt of m.yle;
And did his manly stomacks mouth, with dangerous taint assaile:
But in the bowing of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;
Then both to plucke their lauelines forth, encountred Lyon like,
Whose bloodie violence is increast by that raw foode they eate;
Or Boxes, whose strength wilde nourishment doth make so wondrous great.
Against Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,
Yet pierst not through the vpper plate, the head reflected was:
But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,
And stayd bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way out right,
And hurt his neck, out gusht the blood: yet Hector ceast not so,
But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards goe)
Blacke, sharp and bigge, laied in the field: the seauenfold targe it smit,
Full on the bosse, and round about the brasse did ring with it.
But Ajax a farre greater stone lift vp, and (wreathing round,
With all his bodie layd to it) he sent it forth to wound,
And gaue vnmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
His ruddled target: his low'd knees, to languish did begin,
And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but Phœbus rais'd him streight.
Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in vse of closer fight,
Vnlesse the Herralds (messengers of gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece, had held betwixt them then
Imperiall scepters: when the one (Idæus, graue and wise)
Said to them, Now no more my sonnes, the Soueraigne of the skies
Doth loue you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right.
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obay the night.

Idæus (Telamon replied) to Hector speake, not me:
He that cald all our Achue Peeres, to station fight t'was he;
If he first cease, I gladly yeeld; great Hector then began;

Ajax,

Ajax, since loue to thy bigge forme, made thee so strong a man,
 And gaue thee skill to vse thy strength; so much, that for thy speare,
 Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let vs fight forbear:
 Hereafter we shall warre againe, till loue our tierrald be,
 And grace with conquest, which he wil; heauen yeelds to night, and we.
 Goe thou and comfort all thy Fleet, all friends and men of thine,
 As I in Troy my fauourers; who in the Fane diuine
 Haue offerd Orisons for me; and come let vs impart
 Some ensignes of our strife, to shew each others suppled hart;
 That men of Troy and Greece may say, Thus their high quarrell ends:
 Those that encountring were such foes, are now (being seperate) friends.
 He gaue a sword, whose handle was with siluer studs through drinen,
 Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By Telamon was giuen
 A faire wel glossed purple waste, Thus Hector went to Troy,
 And after him a multitude, fild with his safeties ioy;
 Despairing he could ener scape the puisant fortitude
 And unimpeached Ajax hands: the Greeks like ioy renued,
 For their reputed victorie, ana brought him to the King,
 Who to the great Saturnides preferd an offering:
 An Oxe that fed on fine fayre springs; they sleade and quartred him,
 And then (in peeces cut) on spits they roasted euerie lim:
 Which neatly drest, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feast:
 All had enough; but Telamon, the king fed past the rest,
 With good a large peeces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid,
 Nestor (whose counsels late were best) vowes new, and first he said:
 Attices, and my other Lords, a sort of Greeks are dead,
 Whose black blood neere Scamanders streame, inhumaine Mars hath shed:
 Their soules to hell descended are: it fits thee then our king,
 To make our souldiers cease from war, and by the dayes first spring
 Let vs our selues, assembled all, the bodies beare to fire,
 With Mules and Oxen neere our Fleet; that when we home retire,
 Each man may carrie, to the sonnes of fathers slaughtered here,
 Their honord bones: one tombe for all, for euer let vs reare,
 Circling the Pyle without the field: at which we will erect
 Wal, and a raveling, that may safe our Fleet and vs protect.
 And in them let vs fashion gates, solid and bard about,
 Through which our horse and Charriots may well get in an out.
 Without all, let vs digge a dike, so deepe it may anaile
 Our forces gainst the charge of horse and foote that come i' assaile:
 And thus th' attempts, that I see swell in Troys proude hart, shal faile.

*The Kings doe his aduise approve: so Troy doth Court conuent,
At Priams gate, in th' Ilion tower, fearefull and turbulent.
Amongst all, wise Antenor spake: Troians and Dardan friends,
And Peeres assistants, giue good eare to what my care commends
To your consents, for all our good: resolute, let vs restore
The Argiue Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before:
We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuse,
No good euent can I expect of all the warres we vse.*

*Heceast, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argiue Queene;
Antenor, to mine eares thy words harsh and vngratious been:
Thou canst vse better if thou wilt: but if these truly fit
Thy serious thoughts; the Gods, with age, haue rest thy grauer wit:
To warrelike Troians I will speake. I clearely doe denie
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth Ile render willingly,
What euer I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more;
Which I haue readie in my house, if peace I may restore.*

*Priam surnamde Dardanides (godlike in Counsailes graue)
In his sonnes fauor well aduise, this resolution gaue;
My royall friends of euerie state, there is sufficient done,
For this late counsell we haue cald in th' offer of my sonne;
Now then let ail take needfull food; then let the watch be set,
And euerie court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet
The high raise of battlements of Troy; Idæus shall be sent
To th' Argiue Fleet, and Atreus sonnes, t' unfold my sonnes intent,
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will, obtaine
Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume our souldiers slaine:
And after; our most fatall warre, let vs importune still,
Till loue the conquest haue disposed to his unconquered will.*

*All heard and did obey the King, and (in their quarters all,
That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall.
Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achine Peeres did find
In counsell at Atreides ship: his audience was assignde:
And in the midst of all the Kings, the vocall Herald said;*

*Atreides; my renowned King, and other Kings his aide,
Propose by me, in their commands, the offer Paris makes,
(From whose ioy all our woe proceeds) he princely undertakes
That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends restore.
But famous Menelaus wife he still meanes to enioy,
Though he be urgde the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.*

And

*And this besides, I haue in charge ; that if it please you all ,
 They wish both sides may cease from warre ; that rites of funerall
 May on their bodies be performde, that in the fields lie slaine :
 And after to the will of Fate, renew the fight againe.*

*All silence held at first : at last, Tydides made reply ;
 Let no man take the wealth, or dame ; for now a childes weake eye
 May see the imminent black end of Priams emperie.
 This sentence quicke, and briefly giuen, the Greeks did all admire ;
 Then said the King ; Herra!d, thou hear'st in him, the voice entire
 Of all our Peeres to answer thee for that of Priams sonne ;
 But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne
 To satisfie thy king therein, without the slenderest gaine
 Made of their spoyled carcases ; but freely (being slaine)
 They shal be all consumed with fire : to witnesse which, I cite
 High thundring Ioue, that is the king of Iunos beds delight.
 With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie throne powers :
 And graue Idæus did returne, to sacred Ilion towers ;
 Where Ilians, and Dardanians, did still their counsailes ply,
 Expecting his returne : he came, and tolde his Legacie.
 All, whirlwinde like, assembled then : some, bodies to transport,
 Some to hew trees : on th' other part, the Argiues did exhort
 Their souldiers to the same affaires ; then did the new firde sunne
 Smithe the broad fieldes, ascending heauen, and th' Ocean smooth did run :
 When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know ;
 Then washt they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares bestow
 Vpon the slaughtered, and in carres conuaid them from the field :
 Priam commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld
 Their honord carcases to fire, and onely griene in hart.
 All burnde ; to Troy, Troyes friends retire ; to fleet, the Grecian part :
 Yet doubtfull night obscurde the earth, the day did not appeare :
 When round about the funerall pyle, the Grecians gathered were ;
 The pyle, they circled with a tombe, and by it raise a wall,
 High towres to guard the fleet and them : and in the midst of all
 They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had :
 Without the rampire, a brode dike, long and profound they made :
 On which they Pallesados pitch, and thus the Grecians wrought.
 Their huge works in so little time, were to perfection brought ,
 That all Gods, by the Lightner set, the frame thereof admire ;
 Amongst whom, the earthquake making God, this of their King enquire ;
 Father of Gods, wil any man of all earths endless sphere,*

*Aske any of the Gods consents, to any actions there,
 If thou wilt see the shag-heard Greeks, with headstrong labors frame
 So huge a worke, and not to vs due offrings first enflame?
 As far as white Auroras dewes are sprinkled through the ayre,
 Fame will renoune the hands of Greece, for this diuine affaire:
 Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sun and I did rayse,
 For King Laomedon; bright Troy, and this will beare the prayse.
 Ioue was extreamely mou'd with him, and said What words are these,
 Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?
 Some other God, of far lesse power, might hould conceits dismaide,
 With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaide;
 For it will glorifie thy name, as far as light extends:
 Since, when these Greeks shall see againe their natie soyle and friends
 (The bulwarke battred) thou maist quite deuoure it with thy waues,
 And couer (with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatall shore of graues:
 That what their fierie industries haue so diuinely wrought,
 In raising it; in racing it, thy power will prooue it nought.
 Thus spake the Gods amongst themselves: set was the seruent sunne;
 And now the great worke of the Greeks was absolutely done.
 Then slew they Oxen in their tents, and strength with food reuinde;
 When out of Lemnos a great fleete of odorouse wine arriue,
 Sent by Euneus, lacons sonne, borne of Hypsipyle.
 The fleete containd a thousand tunne: which must transported be,
 To Atreus sons, as he gaue charge, whose marchandize it was.
 The Greeks bought wine, for shining Steele, and some for sounding brasse;
 Some for Oxe hydes: for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.
 A sumptuous banquet was preparde, and all that night the peeres,
 And faire kayrde Greeks consumde in feast: so Troians and their aide.
 And all the night Ioue hundred lowde: pale feare all thoughts dismaide.
 While they were gluttonous here in earth, Ioue wrought their banes in heauen:
 They pourde full cups vpon the ground, and were to offrings drinen,
 In steade of quaffings: and to drinke, none durst attempt, before
 In solemne sacrifice they did almighty Ioue adore.
 Then to their rests they all repairde: bould Zeale their feare bereaude:
 And sodaine sleepes refreshing gift, securely they receiue'd.*

The ende of the seauenth Booke.

THE



THE EIGHT BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



The Argument

Vhen *Ioue* to all the Gods had given command
That none, to either hoast, should helpful stand;
To *Ida* he descends: and sees from thence
Iuno and *Pallas* haste the Greeks defence:
Whose purpose, his command by *Iris* giuen,
Doth interuent; then came the silent *Euen*;
When *Hector* charge de fires should consume the night,
Least Greekes in darkenes tooke suspected flight.

Another Argument.

In *Thetis* gods a Counsell haue,
Troyes conquest, glorious *Hectors* Braue.

THe chearefull *Ladie* of the light, deckt in her saffron robe,
Disperst her beames through euery part of this enflowred Globe,
When thundring *Ioue* a Court of Gods assembled by his will,
In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th' *Olympian* hill.

He spake, and all the Gods gaue eare: Heare how I stand inclinde;
That God nor Goddess may attempt t' infringe my soueraigne minde:
But all giue suffrage that with speed, I may these discords end.
What God, so euer I shall finde, indenuour to defend
Or *Troy* or *Greece*, with wounds to heauen, he (*shamde*) shall reascend;
Or (taking him with his offence) Ile cast him downe as deepe

As Tartarus (the brood of night) where Barathrum doth sleepe
 Torment in his profoundest sinkes; where is the flore of brasse,
 And gates of iron: the place, for depth, as far doth hell surpasse,
 As heauen (for height) exceeds the earth; then shal he know from thence,
 How much my power, past all the Gods, hath soueraigne eminence.
 In danger it, the whiles and see: let downe our golden chaine;
 And, at it, let all deities their vtmost strengths constraîne,
 To draw me to the earth from heauen: you neuer shall prenaile,
 Though with your most contention ye dare my state assaile:
 But when my will shall be disposde, to draw you all to me;
 Euen with the earth it selfe, and seas ye shall enforced be.
 Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine binde,
 And by it euerie thing shall hang, by my command enclinde:
 So much I am supream to Gods, to men supream as much.
 The Gods sat silent, and admire; his dreadfull speech was such.

At last, his blue-cyde daughter spake: O great Saturnides,
 O Father, O heuens highest king, well know we the excessse
 Of thy huge power, comparde with all: yet the bolae Greeks estate
 We needs must mourne, since they must fall, beneath so hard a fate:
 For if thy graue command enioyne, we wil abstaine from fight:
 But to afforde them such aduise, as may relieue their plight,
 We wil (with thy consent) be bould; that all may not sustaine
 The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slaine.
 He smilde and said; Be confident, thou art belon'd of me:
 I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee.

This said, his brashe hou'd winged horse, he did to Charriot binde,
 Whose crests were fring'd, with manes of gold, and golden garments shinde
 On his rich shoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge,
 Diuinely fashion'd, and with blowes their willing speed did urge,
 Mid way betwixt the earth and heauen; to Ida then he came,
 Abounding in delitious springs, and nurse of beasts vntame;
 Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect,
 To his high name; and altars sweet; and there his horse he checkt;
 Dissolude them from his Charriot, and in a clowde of iate
 He couered them, and on the top tooke his triumphant seate;
 Behoulding Priams famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece.
 The Greeks tooke breakfast speedily, and arme at euerie pecce:
 So Troians; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes:
 Dire Need enforst them, to auert their wines and childrens harmes.
 All gates flew open, all the hoast did issue, foote and horse,

*In mightie tumult: strait one place adioynd each aduerse force:
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength op-
 The bosse-pikt Targets were thrust on, and thundred as they closde (posde:
 In mightie tumult, grone for grone, and breath for breath aid breath:
 Of men then slaine and to be slaine, earth flowde with fruits of death.
 While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increast in height;
 Their lauelines mutually made death, transport an equall freight:
 But when the hote Meridian point, bright Phœbus did ascend,
 Then Ioue his goulden Ballances did equally extend:
 And of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates -
 For Troy and Greece he held the midst: the day of finall dates
 Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots sunk to the flowrie ground.
 The Troians leapt as high as heauen, then did the claps resound:
 Of his fierce thunder lightning leapt, amongst each Grecian troope:
 The sight amasde them; pallid feare made bouldest stomachs stoope:
 Then Idomen durst not abide, Atrides went his way,
 And both th' Aiaces: Nestor yet, against his will did stay
 (That graue Protector of the Greeks): for Paris with a dart
 Enragde one of his Charriot horse, he smot the upper part
 Of all his skull, euen where the hayre, that made his foretop, sprung:
 The hurt was deadly, and the paine so sore the Courser stung,
 (Picst to the braine) he stampd and plunge: one on another beares:
 Entangled round about the beame, then Nestor cuts the geres
 With his new drawen autentique sword; meane while the fry horse
 Of Hector brake into the prease, with their bold rulers force:
 Then good old Nestor had been slaine, had Diomed not espied;
 Who to Vlyses as he fled, importunately cryed,
 Thou that in counsell dost abound, O Laertiades,
 Why flyest thou? why thus cowardlike shunst thou the honord prease?
 Take heed, thy backe take not a dart: stay, let vs both intend
 To drine this cruell enimie, from our deare aged friend.*

*He spake, but warie Ithacus would find no patient eare:
 But fled forth right, euen to the Fleete: yet though hee single were,
 Braue Diomed mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the steeds
 Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly he areedes:
 O father, with these youths in fight, thou art vnequall plait,
 Thy willing sinewes are vnknit, graue age pursues thee fast,
 And thy unruly horse are slow: my charriot therefore vse,
 And trie how ready Troian horse can flie him that pursues.
 Pursue the flyer, and euery way performe the varied fight:*

*I forst them from Anchyses sonne, well skild in cause of flight.
Then let my Squire lead hence thy horse: mine thou shalt garde, whilst I
(By thee aduanc't) assay the fight; that Hector selfe may trie
If my Lance dote with the defects, that fayle best minds in age,
Or find the Palsey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.*

*This noble Nestor did accept; and Diomedes two friends,
Eurymedon, that valour loues, and Sthenelus, ascends
Old Nestors Coach: of Diomedes horse, Nestor the charge sustaines,
And Tydeus sonne tooke place of fight; Neleides held the raines,
And scourge the horse; who swiftly ran direct in Hector's face,
Whom fierce Tydides brauely charge: but he turnd from the chace:
His iaueline Eniopeus smit, mighty Thebeus sonne,
And was great Hector's Charrioteer; it through his breast did run,
Neere to his pappe; he fell to earth; back flew his frighted horse;
His strength and soules were both dissolde. Hector had deep remorse
Of his mishap: yet left he him, and for another sought;
Nor long his steeds did want a guide: for straight good fortune brought
Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from Iphytis spring;
He made him take the raynes and mount: then soules were set on wing,
Then high exploits were undergone; then Troians in their wals
Had been infolded like meek Lambs, had loue winkt at their fals;
Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly
Into the earth, before the horse, that Nestor did apply.
A dreadfull flash burnt through the aire, that sauerd sulphur like,
Which downe before the Charriot, the daseled horse did strike:
The fayre raignes fell from Nestors hands, who did (in feare) intreat
Renownd Tydides, into flight to turne his furies heate.
For knowest thou not, said he, our aide is not supplied from loue?
This day he will giue fame to Troy, which when it fits his loue
We shall inioy; let no man tempt his vnresisted will,
Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him still.*

*Father (replied the king) t'is true: but both my hart and soule
Are most extreamely grien'd to think, how Hector will controule
My valour with his vaunts in Troy: that I was terror-sicke
With his approche: which when he boasts, let earth deuour me quick.*

*Ah warlike Tydeus sonne (said he) what needles words are these?
Though Hector should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease,
The Troians nor the Trojan wiues, would neuer giue him trust,
Whose youthfull husbands thy free hand hath smotherd so in dust.*

This sayd, he turnde his one-hou'd horse to flight, and troope did take;

When

When Hector and his men with howts did greedie pursute make,
 And pourd on darts, that made ayre sigh: then Hector did exclaim;
 O, Tydeus sonne, the Kings of Greece doe most renowne thy name
 With highest place, feasts and full cups; who now will doe thee shame:
 Thou shalt be like a woman vsde, and they will say, Depart
 Immartiall mynion; since to stand Hector, thou hadst no hart:
 Nor canst thou skale our turrets tops, nor lead the wiues to Fleete
 Of valiant men; that wiselike fear'st, my aduers charge to meete.

This, two waies moon'd him; still to flie, or turne his horse and sight:
 Thrise thrust he forward to assault, and euery time the fright
 Of loues fell thunder, draue him back: which he proposde for signe
 (To shew the change of victorie) Troians should victors shine.
 Then Hector comforted his men; All my adventurous friends,
 Be men, and of your famous strength, thinke of the honored ends.
 I know, beneuolent Iupiter did by his becke professe
 Conquest, and high renowne to me; and to the Greekes distresse.
 O fooles, to raise such silly sorts, not worth the least account,
 Nor able to resist our force; with ease our horse may mount,
 Quite ouer all their hollow dike: but when their Fleet I reach,
 Let Memory to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:
 For, I will all their ships inflame; with whose infestiu smoke
 (Feare-shrunk & hidden neer their keeles) the conquerd Greeks shal choke.
 Then chersht he his famous horse: O Xanthus now, said he,
 And thou Podargus: Ethon to, and Lampus, deare to me;
 Make me some worthy recompence, for so much choice of meate,
 Giuen you by faire Andromache; bread of the purest wheat;
 And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wished cheere,
 Still seruing you before my selfe (her husband young, and deere):
 Pursue and vse your swiftest speed, that we may take for prise
 The shield of old Neleides, which Fame lifts to the skies;
 Euen to the handles, telling it, to be of massy Gold:
 And from the shoulders let vs take, of Diomedes the bold,
 The royall Curace Vulcan wrought, with art so exquisite.
 These if we make our sacra spoile, I doubt not, but this Night,
 Euen to their Nauie to enforce the Greekes vnturned flight.

This Iuno tooke in high disdain; and made Olympus shake,
 As she but stird within her throne, and thus to Neptune spake;
 O Neptune, what a sight is this? thou God so huge in power,
 Afflicts it not thy honor'd hart, to see rude spoile deuoure
 These Greekes, that haue in Helice, and Aege, offred thee

14 THE EIGHT BOOKE OF

So many and such wealthy gifts, let them the victors be;
 If we that are the aides of Greece, would beat home these of Troy,
 And hinder bread-eye loues proud will, it would abate his toy.
 He (angry) told her she was rash, and he would not be one,
 Of all the rest, should strive with one whose power was matcht by none:
 Whiles they conferrd thus, all the space, the trench containde before;
 (From that part of the fort that flankt the nauic-anchoring shore)
 Was filld with horse and targateirs, who there for refuge came,
 By Mars-swift Hectors power engagde; loue gaue his strength the fame;
 And he with spoylefull fire had burnd the fleet, if Lunos grace
 Had not inspirde the king himselfe, to run from place to place,
 And stir vp euerie souldiers power to some illustrate deed,
 First visiting their leaders tents; his ample purple weed
 He wore, to shew all who hee was, and did his station take
 At wise Villes sable barkes, that did the battell make,
 Of all the flecte: from whence his speich might with more ease be driuen,
 To Ajax and Achilles ships; to whose chiefe charge were giuen
 The Vanteguard and the Reregarde both: both for their force of hand,
 And trustie bosomes. There arriu'd, thus vrgde he to withstand
 Th'insulting Troians; O what shame ye emptie harted ords,
 Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words?
 In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the Grecian host?
 We are the strongest men (ye sayd) we wil command the most:
 Eating most flesh of high-hornd beeuies and drinking cups full crounde,
 And euerie man a hundred foes, two hundred, wil confound:
 Now all our strength, darde to our worst one Hector cannot tame,
 Who presently with horrid fire will all our fleet inflame.
 Of father Ioue, hath euer yet, thy most vn sufferd hand
 Afflicted, with such spoyle of soules the king of anyland?
 And taken so much fame from him? when I aid neuer faile
 (Since vnder most unhappie stars, this flecte was vnder sayle)
 Thy glorious altars I protest; but aboue all the Gods,
 Haue burnd fat thibbes of buls to thee, and prayd to race th'abodes
 Of rape-defending llions: yet grant (almightie loue)
 One fauor, that we may at least, with life from hence remoue;
 Not vnder such inglorious hands, the hands of death employ,
 And where Troy should be stoopt by Greece, let Greece fall vnder Troy.
 To this euen weeping king, did loue remorsefull audience gine,
 And shooke great heauen to him, for signe his men and he should line:
 Then quickly cast he off his hault, the Eagle prince of aire,

That

*That perfects his unspotted vowes, who seelde in her repayre
A sucking kind calfe; which she trust in her enforcine seeres,
And by Ioues altar let it fall, amongst th' amased peeres,
Where the religious Achine kings with sacrifice did please
The author of all oracles, diuine Saturnides.*

*Now when they knew the birde of Ioue, they turnd couragious head;
When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he leade
Tydides to renewde assault: or issued first the dike,
Or first did fight: but first the first, slone dead his Lance did strike
Armad Agelaus; by discent, surnamde Phradimonides;
He turnd his ready horse for flight, and Diomedes Lance did seaze
His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out of his breast;
He fell, and his armes rang his fall. The Atrides next adrest
Themselves to fight; th' Aiaces next, with vehement strength endude:
Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursude;
And after these Euripilus, Euemons honored race;
The ninth, with backward wreathed bowe had little Teucer places
He still fought under Ajax shield; who sometimes held it by,
And then he lookt his obiect out, and let his arrow flie:
And whom soeuer in the prease he wounded, him he slew;
Then under Ajax seauen fold shield he presently withdrew.
He fardelike an unhappie child, that doth to mother run,
For succour, when he knowes full well, he some shrewde turne hath done.
What Troyans then were to their deaths by Teucers shafts imprest?
Haples Orlochus was first, Ormenus, Ophellest,
Detor, and hardie Cronius, and Lycophon diuine;
And Amopaon, that did spring from Polymons lyne,
And Menalippus: all on heaps, he tumbled them to ground.
The king reioyst to see his shaftes, the Phrygian rankes confound:
Who straight came neere and spake to him; O Teucer louely man,
Strike still so sure, and be a grace to euery Grecian,
And to thy Father Telamon, who tooke thee kindly home,
(Although not by his wife, his sonne, and gane thee foster roome,
Euen from thy childhood: then to him, though far from hence remon'd,
Make good fame reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shal be prou'd:
If he that dreadfull Egis beares, and Pallas, grant to me
Th' expugnance of wel-builde Troy, I first will honor thee,
Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot vessel, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:
Or two horse and a Charriot, or else a louely dame,*

That may ascend one bed with thee, and amplifie thy Name.

Teucer right nobly answered him: *Why (most illustre King)*
I being thus forward of my selfe, doost thou adioyne a sling?
Without which, all the power I haue, I cease not to employ:
For, from the place where we repulst the Troians, towards Troy,
I all the purple field haue strowde, with one or other slaine:
Eight shafts shot, with long Steele heads; of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodie fixt, well skild in warres constraint:
Yet this wilde dogge, with all my aime, I haue no power to taint.
This said, another arrow forth from his stiffe string he sent,
At Hector, whom he longd to wound; but still amiss it went:
His shaft smit faire Gorgythion, of Priams princelie race,
Who in Aepina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By Castianra; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed.
And as a Crimson poppy flower, surcharged with his seed,
And vernall humors falling thick, declines his heauie brow;
So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow:
Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hector's life dispose;
So faine he such a marke would hit: but still beside it goes;
Apollo did auert that shaft: but Hector's charriote
Bold Archeptolemus he smit, as he was rushing neere
To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse back did flie,
And there were both his strength and soule exile eternally.
Huge griefe, for Hector's slaughtered friend: pincht in his mighty mind:
Yet was he forc't to leaue him there, and his void place resign
To his sad brother, that was by; Cebrione: whose eare
Receiuing Hector's charge, he straight the waightie raignes did beare;
And Hector, from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on,
To wreake his friend on Teucers hand; and vp he tooke a stone,
With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiner, drew
A sharpe-pylde shaft, and nockt it sure: but, in great Hector flew,
With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke,
Where twixt his necke and breast, the ioynt his natie closure tooke.:
The wound was wondrous full of death; his string in sunder flees;
His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he vpon his knees.
Ajax neglected not to aide his brother thus deprest;
But came and faste him with his Shield, and two more friends addrest
To be his aide, tooke him to Fleet, Mecistius, Echius son,
And gay Alastor: Teucer sigh't, for all his seruice done.
Then did Olympus, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers reuiue;

Who,

Who to their trenches once againe the troubled Greeks did drine.
 Hector brought terror with his strength, and euer fought before.
 As when some highly stomakt hound, that hunts a syluan boye,
 Or kingly Lion loues the hanch, and pincheth oft behinde,
 Bould of his feet, and still obserues, the game to turne inclinde,
 Not utterly dissolude in flight: so Hector did pursue;
 And who soeuer was the last, he euer did subdue:
 They fled: but when they had, their dike, and Palefados past,
 (A number of them put to sword) at ships they staide at last:
 Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eies;
 Aduans't to all the Gods, their plagues wrang from them open cries.
 Hector with his fower rich-man'd horse, assaulting alwayes rode;
 The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and wars vermillion God.
 The Goddesse that all Goddeses (for snowye armes) out shinde,
 Thus spake to Pallas; to the Greeks, with grations ruth inclinde.

O Pallas, what a grieve is this? is all our succour past
 To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?
 Euen now, when one mans violence must make them perish all
 In satisfaction of a Fate, so full of funerall?

Hector Priamides now raues, no more to be indurde,
 That hath already on the Greeks, so many harmes inurde.

The Azure Goddesse answerd her; This man had surely found
 His fortitude and life dissolude, euen on his fathers ground,
 By Grecian valour; if my Syre, infested with euill moods,
 Did not so dote on these of Troy, too ielous of their bloods:
 And euer in vniust repulse, stands to my willing powers;
 Little remembring what I did in all the desperate howers
 Of his affected Hercules: I euer rescued him,
 In labours of Euristheus, vntoucht in life or lim.

When he (heauen knowes) with drowned eyes, lookt vp for helpe to heauen;
 Which euer at command of Ioue, was by my suppliance giuen:
 But had my wisdom reacht so farre, to know of this euent,
 When to the solid-ported depths of hell his sonne was sent,
 To hale out hatefull Plutoes dogge, from darke some Erebus,
 He had not scapt the streames of Styx, so deepe and dangerous:
 Yet Ioue hates me, and shewes his loue in doing Thetis will,
 That kist his knees, and strok't his chinne; prayd, and importunde still,
 That he would honour with his ayde her Citty-raizing sonne,
 Displeasde Achilles; and for him our friends are thus vndone:
 But time shall come againe, when he (to doe his friends some aide)

Will call me his Glaucopides, his sweet and blew-eyde maide;
 Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Palace gates
 I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates:
 And I will trie if Priams sonne will still maintaine his cheare,
 When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare;
 For some proud Troians shall be sure to nourish dogs and foules,
 And pane the shore with fatte, and flesh, depriv'd of liues and soules.

Iuno prepare her horse, whose manes, Rybanas of gold enlac't:
 Pallas her partie cullored robe, on her bright shoulders cast,
 Diuinely wrought with her owne hands, in th' entrie of her Syre;
 Then put she, on her ample breast, her under-arming tyre:
 And on it her celestiaall armes, the Charriot streight she takes,
 With her huge heauie violent Lance, with which she slaughter makes
 Of armies, fatall to her wrath: Saturnia whipt her horse;
 And heauen gates, guarded by the towers, opte by their proper force:
 Through which they flew: whom when Ioue saw, set neere th' Idalian Springs;
 Highly displeas'd, he Iris call'd, that hath the golden wings,
 And said; Flie Iris, turne them back, let them not come at me;
 Our meetings (seuerally dispos'd) will nothing grations be.
 Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiuer their proud steeds;
 Hurl downe themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds,
 In ten whole yeeres they shall not heale the wounds I will impresse
 With horrid thunder; that my maide may know, when to adresse
 Armes gainst her father: for my wife, she doth not so offend,
 T'is but her vse to interrupt what euer I intend.

Iris, with this, left Ioas hils, and vp t' Olympus flew,
 Met (neere heauen gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.

What course intend you? why are you rapt with your fancies storme?
 Ioue likes not ye should aide the Greeks, but threats, and will performe
 To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,
 Hurl downe your selues, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes
 His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiaall parts,
 In ten full Springs ye shall not cure; that she that tames proud harts
 Thy selfe, Minerva, may be taught, to know for what, and when,
 Thou doost against thy father fight; for sometimes childeren
 May with discretion plant themselves, against their fathers wils;
 But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils;
 For, Iuno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much;
 For, t'is her vse to crosse his will, her impudence is such:
 The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract,

And

*And so grieues or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact:
But thou most grien'st him (dogged dame) whom he rebukes in time,
Least licence should peruert thy will, and pride too highly clyme
In thy bold bosome (desperate yrrle) if seriously thou dare,
Lift thy vnwieldie Lance gainst loue, as thy pretences are.*

*She left them, and Saturnia sayd, Ayme thou seede of loue
By my aduice we will no more, unfit contention moue
With Iupiter for mortal men; of whom, let this man die
And that man liue, who euer he pursues with destinie:
And let him (plotting all euents) dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become vs most.*

*Thus turnde she backe, and to the Howres her rich man'd horse resignde,
Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the charriot they inclinde,
Beneath the Crysell walls of heauen, and they in goulden thrones
Consorted other deities, replete with passions.
Loue, in his bright wheeld Charriot, his fierie horse now beates,
Vp to Olympus; and aspride the Gods eternall seates.
Great Neptune loos'd his horse; his Carre vpon the Altar plast,
And heavenly-linnen Coverings did round about it cast.
The farre-seer vsde his throne of gould: the vast Olympus shooke
Beneath his feete; his wife, and mayde, apart their places tooke;
Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts and said;
Why do ye thus torment your selues? you need not sit dismaide
With the long labours you haue vsde, in your victorious fight,
Destroying Troians; gainst whose lines, you heape such high despight.
Ye should haue held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre
As all my powers (by all meanes urg'd) could haue sustaind the warres;
Not all the hoast of Deities should haue retyrde my hand,
From vowde inflictions on the Greeks, much lesse you two withstand.
But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there,
Had all your goodly lineaments possest with shaking feare,
Ana neuer had your Charriot borne their charge to heauen againe:
But thunder should haue smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.
Both Goddeses let fall their chynnes vpon their Tuory breasts,
Set next to loue; contriuing still afflicted Troys vnrests;
Pallas for anger could not speake; Saturnia, contrary,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bould reply;
Not-to-be-suffred Iupiter, what needst thou still inforce
Thy matchlesse power? we know it well, and we must yeeld remorse*

To them that yeeld vs sacrifice: nor needst thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes; but beare our powers applyde
To iust protection of the Greeks; that anger toomb not all
In Troys fowle gulf of periurie, and let them stand, should fall.

Greene not (say a loue) at all done yet: for if thy fayre eyes please,
This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease,
Till he haue rowsed, from the Fleet, swift-foote Æacides,
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slaine,
The Greeks in great distresse shall fight; for so the Fates ordaine:
I weigh not thy displeased spleene, though to th'extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carrie thee, where endles night confounds
Iapet, and my deiected Syre, who sit so farre beneath,
They neuer see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neere to profoundest Tartarus; nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pittie of thy moodes, since none more impudent.

To this, she nothing did reply: and now Soles glorious light
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew vp the drowisie night:
The Troians grien'd at Phœbus fall, which all the Greeks desire;
And sable Night (so often wisht) to Earths firme Throne aspired.

Hector, intending to consult, neere to the gulfie floode
Farre from the Fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,
The Trojan forces: from their horse, all lighted and did heare
Th' Oration loue-lou'de Hector made, who held a goodly speare,
Eleauen full cubites long; the head was brasse, and did reflect
A wanton light before him still; it round about was deckt
With strong hoops of new burnisht gold; on this he leand, and saide;
Heare me my worthe friends of Troy, and you our honorde aide;
A little since, I had conceipt, we should haue made retreat,
By light of the inflamed fleete, with all the Greeks escheate;
But darkenes hath preuented vs, and safte, with special grace,
These Achiues, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let vs then render place,
To sacred Night, our suppers dresse, and from our charriots free
Our faire-man'de horse, and meat them wel: then let there conuioide be,
From forth the Cittie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe;
Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood, that all night we may keep
Plenty of fires, euen till the light bring forth the louely morne;
And let their brightness glase the skies; that night may not suborne
The Greeks escape, if they, for flight, the seas broade backe would take;

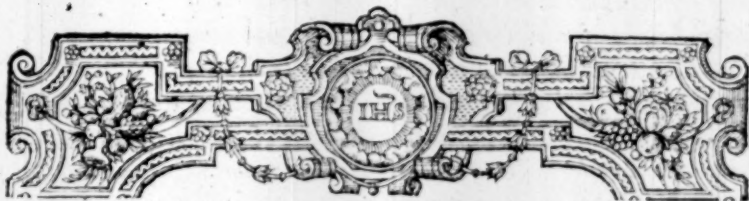
At least they may not part with ease; but as retreat they make,
 Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home,
 Made with a shaft or sharpened speare, and others feare to come,
 With charge of lamentable warre, gainst souldiers bred in Troy:
 Then let our Herralds, through the towne, their offices imploy,
 To warne the youth, yet short of warre, and time-white fathers, past;
 That in our god-built towers they see strong courts of garde be plasht,
 About the wals; and let our dames, yet flourishing in years,
 That (hauing beauties to keep pure) are most inclinde to feares
 (Since darkenes in distresfull times more dreadfull is then light)
 Make loftie fires in euerie house: and thus the dangerous night
 Held with strong watch, if th'emie haue ambuscados layd
 Neere to our walls (and therefore seeme in sight the more dismaide,
 Intending a surprize, while we are all without the towne)
 They euerie way shall be impugnde to euerie mans renowne.
 Performe all this braue Troian friends: what now I haue to say,
 Is all exprest; the chearefull morne shall other things display;
 It is my glorie (putting trust in Ioue, and other Gods)
 That I shall now expulse these dogs fates sent to our abodes;
 Who bring ostents of destinie, and black their threatning fleet.
 But this night let vs hold strong guardes: to morrow we will meete
 (With fierce-madde warre, before their shippes, and Ile make knowne to all
 If strong Tydides, from their ships, can drine me to their wall,
 Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoyle;
 The wished morne shall shoue his powre, if he can shun his foyle,
 I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day ascends,
 He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends.
 O that I were as sure to liue immortall, and sustaine
 No fraileties, with increasing yeares, but euermore remaine
 Adorde like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts dye in me,
 That heauens next light shall be the last the Greeks shal euer see.

This speech all Troians did applaude; who from their traces losde
 Their sweating horse; which seuerally with headstales they reposed,
 And fastned by their chariots; when others brought from towne,
 Fat sheepe and Oxen, instantly, bread, wine, and hewed downe
 Huge store of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly sky,
 Their suppers sauer, to the which they sat delightfully,
 And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shinde;
 As when about the siluer moone, when aire is free from winde,

*And stars shine cleare, to whose sweet beames, high prospect's and the brows
 Of all sleepe hills, and pinacles, thrust vp themselves for shewes;
 And euen the lowly valleis ioy to glitter in their sight,
 When the vnmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
 And all the Signes in heauen are seene, that glad the shepheards hart;
 So many fires disclose their beames, made by the Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets shewde;
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and euerie garde allowde
 Fiftie stout men, by whome their horse eate oates and hard white corne,
 And all did wishfully expect the siluer-throned Morne.*

The ende of the eight Booke.





THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TO *Agamemnon* (vrging hopelesse flight)
Stand *Diomed* and *Nestor* opposite:
By *Nestors* counsaile Legates are dismiss,
To *Thetis* sonne, who still denies t'assist.

Another Argument.

In *Epsilon*, the Ambassie,
And great *Achilles* sterne replie.

So held the *Troians* sleepleess guard; the *Greeks* to flight were giuen:
The feeble consort of cold feare (strangely infused from heauen)
Griefe, not to be indurde, did wound all *Greeks* of greatest worth.
And as two laterall-sited windes (the westwinde and the North)
Meete at the *Thracian* seas black breast; ioyne in a sodaine blowe;
Tumble together the darke waues, and powre vpon the shore
A mightie deale of froth and weed; with which men manure ground:
So loue and *Troy* did driue the *Greeks* and all their mindes confound;
But *Agamemnon* most of all, was grieved at his hart,

S 3

Who

Who to the voiceful Heralds went, and bade them cite, apart,
 Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclame;
 In which he laborde with the first: and all together came.
 They sadly sat; the king arose, and pourd out teares as fast
 As from a loftie Rock, a spring doth his blacke waters cast;
 And deeply sighing, thus bestake the Achines; O my friends,
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greekes; heauens aduerse king extends
 His wrath, with too much detriment to my so iust designe;
 Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe
 Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should race,
 And safe returne: yet now engagde, he plagues vs with disgrace,
 When all our trust to him hath drawne so much blood from our friends.
 My glorie, nor my Brothers wreake, were the proposed ends,
 For which he drew you to these toyles; but your whole countries shame;
 Which had been huge, to leare the rape, of so diuine a dame,
 Made in despite of our reuenge: and yet not that had mou'de
 Our powers to these designs if Ioue had not our drifts approu'de;
 Which since we see he did for blood, 't is desperate fight in vs
 To strue with him; then let vs flie, 't is flight he vrgeth thus.

Long time still silence held them all; at last did Diomed rise:
 Atides, I am first must crosse thy indiscret aduise,
 As may become me, being a king in this our martiall court.
 Be not displeasde then: for thy selfe didst broadly misreport,
 In open field, my fortitude, and calde me faint and weake;
 Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth any rites to break,
 That appertainde thy publike rule: yet all the Greeks knew well
 (Of euerie age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst refell
 My valour first of all the hoist, as of a man dismaide:
 So now, with fit occasion giuen, I first blame thee affraid;
 Inconstant Saturns son hath giuen inconstant spirits to thee,
 And with a scepter ouer all, an eminent degree:
 But with a scepters soueraigne grace, the chiefe power fortitude
 (To briale thee) he thought not best, thy breast should be endude.
 Vnhappy king, thinkst thou the Greeks are such a silly sort,
 And so excesssiue impotent as thy weake words import?
 If thy mind mooue thee to be gon, the way is open, go:
 Mycenian ships enow ride neere, that brought thee to this woe;
 The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till Troy be ouercome,
 With full euer sion; or if not, but (doters of their home)
 Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and Sthenelus

Will fight, till (trusting fauouring Ioue) we bring home Troy with vs.
 This, all applauded, and admirds the spirit of Diomed;
 When Nestor (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded;
 Tydides, thou art (questionless) our strongest Greek, in warre,
 And grauest in thy counsailes too, of all that equall are
 In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one
 Can blame, or contradict thy speech; And yet thou hast not gone
 So farre, but we must further goe; th' art yong, and well mightst be
 My youngest sonne; though still I yeeld, thy words had high degree
 Of wisdom in them to our kings, since wel they did become
 Their right in question, and refute inglorious going home;
 But I (well known thy senior far, will speak, and handle all
 Yet to propose; which none shall check, no not our Generall.
 A hater of Societie, vniust and wilde is he
 That loues intestine warre, being stufte with manless crueltie:
 And therefore in perswading peace, and home-slight, we the lesse
 May blame our General; as one lothe, to wrap in more distresse
 His loued souldiers: but because they brauely are resolu'd
 To cast liues after toyles, before they part in shame inuolu'd,
 Provide we for our honored stay; obay black night, and fall
 Now to our Suppers; then appoint our guards without the wall,
 And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wish may stand
 Of our braue youth: and (Atreus sonne) since thou art in command
 Before our other Kings; be first in thy commands effect:
 It well becomes thee; since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect;
 And in the royall right of things, is no empaire to thee;
 Nor shall it stand, with lesse then right, that they inuited be
 To Supper by thee; all thy Tents are amply storde with wine,
 Brought dayly in Greek ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine
 All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to weight;
 And many meeting there, thou maiest heare euery mans conceipt,
 And take the best; it much concerns all Greeks to vse aduice
 Of grauest nature; since, so neere our shippes, our enemies
 Hane lighted such a sort of fires: with which, what man is ioyde?
 Looke how all beare themselues this night, so liue or be destroyde.
 All heard and followed his aduise: there was appointed then
 Seauen Captaines of the watch, who forth did march with all their men.
 The first was famous Thrasymed, aduicefull Nestors sonne;
 Alcalaphus and Ialmen, and mighty Merion;
 Alphareus and Deipyrus, and louely Lycomed,

Old Cicons ioy : these seauen bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led
 In euerie seuerde company : and euery man his pike;
 Some placed on the rampeirs top, and some amidst the dyke :
 All fires made, and their suppers tooke : Atides to his tent
 Inuited all the Peeres of Greece, and foode sufficient
 Opposde before them, and the Peeres apposde their hands to it.
 Hunger and thirst being quickly quencht, to counsaile still they sit.
 And first spake Nestor, who they thought of late aduise so well;
 A father graue and rightly-wise, who thus his tale did tell.

Most high Atides, since in thee I haue intent to end,
 From thee will I begin my speech ; to whom loue doth commend
 The Empryre of so many men, and puts into thy hand
 A Scepter and establisht lawes, that thou mayst well command
 And counsaile all men vnder thee. It therefore doth behoue
 Thy selfe to speake most since of all, thy speeches most will moue;
 And yet to heare as well as speake: and then performe as well
 A free iust Counsaile; in thee stil must sticke what others tell:
 For me, what in my iudgement stands the most conuenient
 I will aduise; and am assurde aduice more competent
 Shall not be giuen: the generall prooffe, that hath before bene made
 Of what I speake, confirmes me still, and now may well perswade,
 Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (most royal King)
 Euen from the tent, Achilles Loue, didst violently bring,
 Against my counsaile, vrging thee, by all meanes to relent:
 But you (obaying your high minde) would venture the euent,
 Dishonoring our ablest Greek: a man th'immortals grace;
 Again, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace
 Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field:
 Both which; kind words, and pleasing gifts, must make his vertues yeeld.
 Of ather (answered the king) my wrongs thou tellest me right;
 Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue graunts; one man must stand in fight
 For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him Ioue loues from his hart;
 He shewes it in thus honoring him, who lining thus apart
 Prones vs but number: for his want makes all our weakenies scene:
 Yet after my confest offence, soothing my humorous spleene,
 He sweeten his affects againe, with presents infinite;
 Which (to approue my firme intent) he openly recite;
 Seauen sacred Tripods, free from fire, ten talents of fyne gold;
 Twentie bright caldrons, twelue young horse, well shap't and well controlde,
 And victors too, for they haue wonne the prize at many a race:

That

That man (should not be poore, that had but what their winged pafe
 Hath added to my treasure, nor feele sweet golds defect:
 Seauen Lesbian Laaies he shall haue, that were the most select,
 And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne
 Of famous Lesbos) I did choose: who wonne the chiefe renowne,
 For beautie from their whole fayre sex; amongst whom Ile resigne
 Fayre Brytis; and I deeply sweare (for any fact of mine
 That may discourage her receipt) she is vntoucht, and rests
 As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if loue to our requests
 Touchsafe performance, and afford the worke for which we waite;
 Of winning Troy) with brasse and gold, he shall his Nauie freight;
 And (entring when we be at spoyle) that princely hand of his
 Shall choose him twentie Trojan Dames, excepting Tyndaris,
 The fayrest Pergamus enfoldes: and if we make retreat
 To Argos (cald, of all the world, the Nauill, or chiefe seat)
 He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honor him
 Euen as Orestes my sole sonne, that doth in honor swym.
 Three daughters, in my wel-built Court, vnmarried are and fayre;
 Laodice, Chrytothemis, that hath the golden hayre,
 And Iphianassa: of all three, the worthiest let him take
 At ioyntureless, to Peleus Court: I will her ioynture make;
 And that so great, as neuer yet did any maide preferre;
 Seauen citties right magnificent, I will bestow on her;
 Enope and Cardamile, Hyra for her herbs renownde,
 The fayre Epæa, Pedalus, that doth with grapes abound:
 Antæa, girdled with greene Meades: Phera, surnamde Diuine;
 All whose bright Turrets, on the seas, in sandie Pylos shine:
 Th inhabitants, in flocks, and heards, are wondrous confluent;
 Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,
 And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate;
 All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate:
 Let him be milde and tractable: it is for the God of ghosts
 To be unrulde, impacable, and seeke the blood of hoasts;
 Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me,
 I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he.

Braue King (saide Nestor) these rich gifts must make him needs relent:
 Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greet him at his tent;
 But stay, admit my choice of them, and let them strait be gone:
 Loue-loued Phoenix shall be chiefe, then Ajax Telamon,
 And Prince Vlysses; and on them, let these two herralds wait,

Grane Odius and Euribates: come Lords, take water strait,
Make pure your hands, and with sweet words appease Achilles minde;
Which, we will pray; the king of Gods may gently make inclinde.

All lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Herralds water shed;
The youths crownde cups of sacred wine, to all distributed;
But, hauing sacrific'de and drunke, to euery mans content,
(With many notes by Nestor giuen) the Legates forward went;
With courtship in fit gestures vs'de, he did prepare them well;
But most Vlysses; for his grace, did not so much excell;
Such rites be seeme Ambassadors, and Nestor urged these,
That their most honors might reflect enrag'd AEacides.
They went along the shore, and prayed the God that earth doth bind
In brackish chaines, they might not faile but bow his mightie minde.
The quarter of the Myrmidons they reacht, and found him set
Delighted with his solemne harpe, which curiously was fret
With workes conceipted, through the verdge: the bawdrick that embrace
His loftie necke, was siluer twist: this (when his hand laide waste
Actions city) he did chuse, as his especiall prise,
And (singing sacred musicke wel) made it his exercise;
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great Heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practise fayld, sweet contemplation fead.
With him alone and opposite, all silent sat his friend,
Attentive and beholding him, who now his song did end.
Th' Ambassadors did forwards prease: renown'd Vlysses led,
And stood in view: their suddaine sight, his admiration bred,
Who with his Harpe and all arose: so did Menetius sonne,
When he beheld them: their receipt, Achilles thus begun.

Health to my Lords: right welcome men assure your selues ye be,
Though some necessitie I know, doth make you visite me,
Incens'd with iust cause gainst the Greeks. This said, a seuerall seat
With purple cushions, he set forth, and did their ease entreat;
And sayd: Now friend our greatest bowle, with wine unmixt, and neate,
Oppose these Lords; and of the depth, let euery man make prooffe;
These are my best-esteem'd friends, and vnderneath my rooffe.

Patroclus did his deare friends wil: and he that did desire
To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) set, on a blasing fire
A great brasie pot; and into it, a chine of mutton put,
And fat goates flesh; Automedon held, while he peeces cut
To rost and boile, right cunningly: then, of a well fed swine,
A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine;

His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once past,
 He laid the spit, lowe, neere the coales, to make it browne at last;
 Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the racks:
 This roasted, and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes
 Bread in faire baskets; which, set on, Achilles brought the meat,
 And to diuineſt Ithacus, tooke his opposed seat
 Vpon the bench: then did he will his friend to sacrifice;
 Who caſt ſweet incenſe in the fire, to all the Deities.
 Thus ſell they to their readie food: hunger and thirſt allaide,
 Aiax to Phenix made a ſigne, as if too longe they ſtayd,
 Before they told their legacie. Viſſes ſaw him wink,
 And (filling the great boule with wine) did to Achilles drink.

Heaith to Achilles; but our plights ſtand not in need of meat,
 Who late ſupt at Auides tent, though for thy loue we eate
 Of many things, whereof a part would make a compleat feaſt;
 Nor can we ioy in theſe kind rites, that haue our harts oppreſt
 (O Prince) with feare of vtter ſpoyle: 't is made a queſtion now
 If we can ſaue our ſeete or not, vnleſſe thy ſelfe in adow
 Thy powers with wonted fortitude; now Troy and her conſorts,
 Bould of thy want, haue pitcht their tents cloſe to our fleet and ſortes;
 And made a firmament of fires; and now no more they ſay
 Will they be priſond in their wals, but force their violent way
 Euen to our ſhips; and Ioue himſelfe hath with his lightnings ſhowde
 Their bould aduentures happy ſigneſſe; and Hector growes ſo proude
 Of his huge ſtrength, borne out by Ioue; that fearfully he raues;
 Preſuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his braues.
 Wilde rage inuades him, and he prayes, that ſoone the ſacred morne
 Would light his fury; boaiſting then, our ſteamers ſhal be torne,
 And all our nauall ornaments fall by his conquering ſtroke,
 Our ſhips ſhall burne, and we our ſelues ly ſtiſed in the ſmoke.
 And I am ſeriouſly affraid, heauen will performe his threats;
 And that 't is ſatall to vs all, far from our native ſeates
 To periſh in victorious Troy: but riſe, though it be late;
 Deliu'r the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate;
 It will hereafter be thy grieve, when no ſtrength can ſuffiſe
 To remedy th' effected threats, of our calamities;
 Conſider theſe affaires in time, while thou maiſt uſe thy power,
 And haue the grace to turne, from Greece, fates vnrecouered howre;
 O friend thou knoweſt, thy royall Syre forwarnd what ſhould be done,
 That day he ſent thee from his Court to honor Atreus ſonne:

My sonne (said he) the victorie let loue and Pallas vse
 At their high pleasures; but do thou no honorde meanes refuse
 That may aduance her; in fit boundes, containe thy mightie mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factiously encline,
 Contriuing mischiefes; be to fame, and generall good profest;
 The more will all sorts honor thee; Benignity is best.
 Thus charge thy Syre, which thou forgetst; yet now those thoughts appease
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surcease,
 The king will merite it with gifts; (and if thou wilt giue care)
 Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitst angrie here.
 Seauen tripods that no fire must touch; twise ten pans fit for flame:
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelue horse, that euer ouercame,
 And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftnesse of their feet:
 That man should beare no poore account, nor want golds quickning sweete,
 That had but what he won with them: seauen worthiest Lesbian dames
 Renownde for skil in huswiferie, and beare the soueraigne fames,
 For bewtie, from their generall sex; which at thy ouerthrow
 Of well-built Lesbos he did chuse; and these he will bestow;
 And, with these, her hee tooke from thee: whom (by his state since then)
 He sweares he toucht not, as faire dames vse to toucht by men.
 All these are ready for thee now: and if at length we take,
 By helps of Gods, this wealthy towne, thy ships shal burthen make
 Of gould and brasse at thy desires, when we the spoyle diuide;
 And twentie beutious Troian dames, thou shalt select beside,
 (Next Hellen) the most beautifull; and (when returnde we be
 To Argos) be his sonne in law; for he will honor thee
 Like his Orestes, his sole sonne, maintaine in height of blisse:
 Three daughters beautifie his court, the faire Crysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianels; of all, the fayrest take,
 To Peleus thy graue fathers court, and neuer ioincture make:
 He will the ioincture make himselfe, so great as neuer Syre
 Gave to his daughters nuptials: seauen citties left entire;
 Cardamile and Enoppe and Hyra full of flowers;
 Anthæa, for sweet meadowes prayd, and Phera deckt with towers;
 The bright Epea, Pedasus, that doth God Bacchus please,
 All on the Sandie Pylos soyle, are seated neere the seas:
 Th' inhabitants, in droues and flocks, exceeding wealthy be,
 Who like a God with worthy gifts, will gladly honor thee,
 And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay:
 All this he freely wil performe, thy anger to allay.

But if thy hate to him be more then his gifts may repress,
 Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in such extreame distresse;
 Who with religion honor thee: and to their desperate ill,
 Thou shalt triumphant glorie bring, and Hector thou maist kill,
 When pride makes him incounter thee, fild with a banefull spirit;
 Who vaunts, our whole fleete-brought not one, equal to him in fight.

Swift foot *Æacides* replyde, diuine *Lactes sonne*,
 'Tis requisite I should be short, and shoue what place hath won
 Thy serious speech: affirming nought, but what you shal approue
 Establisht in my settled hart; that in the rest I moue
 No murmure nor exception: for like hellmouth I loath,
 Who holde, not in his words and thoughts one indistinguisht troth.
 What fits the freeness of my mind, my speech shall make displayde;
 Nor *Atteus sonne* nor all the Greeks shal winne me to their aide:
 Their sute is wretchedly enforst to free their owne despaire;
 And my life neuer shall be hirde with thankless, desperate prayers:
 For neuer had I benefit, that euer foilde the foe;
 Eauen share hath he that keeps his tent, and he to fild doth goe;
 With equall honor Cowards dye, and men most valiant;
 The much performer, and the man that can of nothing want.
 No ouerplus I euer found, when with my mindes most strife,
 To do them good, to dangerous fight, I haue exposde my life.
 But euen as to vnfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate,
 Which when she hath bestowde, her selfe hath nothing left to eate:
 So when my broken sleeps haue drawne the nights extreamest length,
 And ended manie bloudie dayes, with still-employed strength,
 To guard their weakenes, and preserue their wines contents infraet,
 I haue beene robd before their eyes; twelue citties I haue sackt,
 Assailde by sea: cleauen by land, while this siege held at Troy:
 And of all these, what was most deare, and most might crowne the ioy
 Of *Agamemnon*; he enioyde, who here behinde remainde;
 Which when he tooke, a few he gaue, and many things retainde:
 Other, to *Optimates* and Kings he gaue, who hold them fast,
 Yet mine he forceth; only I sit with my losse disgrast;
 But so he gaine a loutly dame, to be his beds delight,
 It is enough; for what cause else doe Greeks and Troians fight?
 Why brought he hither such an hoast? was it not for a dame?
 For fayre-hayr'd *Hellen*? and doth loue, alone the harts inflame
 Of the *Attrides* to their wines, of all the men that moue?
 Euery discreete and honest minde cares for his priuate lone,

*As much as they: as, I my selfe lou'd Brylis as my life,
 Although my captiue; and had will to take her for my wife:
 Whom since he forste preuenting me, in vaine he shall prolong
 Hopes to appease me; that know well the deepeenes of my wrong.
 But good Vysses, with thy self, and all you other Kings,
 Let him take stomacke to repell Troys fierie threatnings:
 Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort,
 Cut a dyke by it, pitcht with pales; broad, and of deep import:
 And cannot all these helpes repressse this kil-man Hector's fright?
 When I was armde amongst the Greeks, he would not offer fight
 It without the shadow of his wails; but to the Scæan ports,
 Or to the holy beech of Ioue, come, backt with his consorts;
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat;
 And to make new prooue of our powers, the doubt is not so great:
 Tomorrow then, with sacrifice performde t' imperiall Ioue
 And all the gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remoue;
 Which (if thou wilt vse so thy sight, or thinkest it worth respect)
 In forhead of the morne thine eyes shall see with sayles erect
 Amidst the fishie Hellespont, heipt with laborious ores;
 And if the sea-god send free sayle, the fruitfull Pthian shores
 Within three dayes we shall attaine, where I haue store of prise,
 Left, when with preiudice I came to these indignities
 There haue I gold as well as here, and store of ruddy brasse;
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and sicele as bright as glasse;
 These will I take as I retyre, as shares I firmly saue;
 Though Agamemnon be so base to take the gifts he gaue.
 Tell him all this, and openly, I on your honors charge;
 That others may take shame to heare his lusts command so large;
 And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceiue
 (Being dyde in endless impudence) that man may learne to leaue
 His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be
 Shameless, and rude; he durst not take my prise and looke on mee.
 I neuer will partake his works, nor counsaile, as before;
 He once deceau'de, and iniurde me, and he shall neuer more
 Tye my affections with his words; enough is the encrease
 Of one successe in his deceipts; which let him ioy in peace,
 And beare it to a wretched end; wise Ioue hath rest his braine
 To bring him plagues; and these his gifts I (as my foes) disdain;
 Euen in the numnes of calme death, I will reuengefull be;
 Though ten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on me:*

All he hath here, or any where; or Orchomen containes;
 To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the shore remains
 In circuite of AEgyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lyes,
 Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of so admire a sife,
 Two hundreth souldiers may, a front, with horse and charriots passe:
 Nor, would he amplifie all this, like sand, or dust, or grasse,
 Should he reclaim me, till his wreake paide me for all the paines,
 That, with his contumelie, burnde, like poyson in my vaines;
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend
 With golden Venus for her forme, or if she did transcend
 Blew eyde Minerva for her works: let him a Greek select
 Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect
 My safetie to my fathers court; he shall chuse me a wife.
 Many faire Achive Princesses, of unimpeached life,
 In Helle and in Pithia line, whose Syres doe citties hold,
 Of whom I can haue whom I wil. And more, an hundred fold,
 My true minde in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife,
 Then in another Nation; and there delight my life
 With those goods that my father got; much rather then dye here;
 For all the wealth of wel-built Troy, possesse when peace was there;
 All that Apollos marble Fane, in stony Pythos holds,
 I value equall with the life, that my free breast enfolds.
 Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, crest-deckt horse, though lost, may come againe;
 But, when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe
 Our humane soule; away it flies; and once gone, neuer more
 To her fraile mansion any man can her lost powrs restore.
 And therefore since my mother-queene (fam'd for her siluer feet)
 Told me two Fates about my death, in my airection meet:
 The one, that if I here remaine t'assist our victorie,
 My safe returne shall neuer line, my fame shall neuer die:
 If my returne obtaine successe, much of my fame decays,
 But death shall linger his approche, and I live many dayes:
 This being reuealde, t'were foolish pride, t'abridge my life for prayse.
 Then with my selfe, I will aduise others to hoise their saile;
 For, gainst the height of Ilion you neuer shall preuaile:
 Ioue with his hand protecteth it, and makes the souldiers bould.
 This tell the king in euerie part: for so graue Legates should;
 That they may better counsails vse, to saue their Fleet and friends
 By their owne valours; since this course drownde in my anger ends:
 Phoenix may in my tent repose; and, in the morne, steepe course

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile use no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply; and Phoenix, full of feares
His words would be more weak then iust. supplied their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ships be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shal I after be
Alone in these extreames of death, yeliquished by thee?
I, whom thy royall father sent as orderer of thy force,
When to Attides from his Court, he left thee, for this course
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownde:
In all which, I was sent by him, t'instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou might'st speak when speech was fit, and doe when deeds were done;
Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;
No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore
Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,
Who was the fayre Amyntor cald, surnamde Otmenides;
And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceaseless wrged me
To use his harlote Clytia, and still would claspe my knee
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;
At last I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a cur'e, and to the Furies prayde
No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide
That gouerne hell: infernall loue, and sterne Perlephone.
Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:
Yet did my friends, and weere aliyes, enclose me with desires
Not to depart: kild sheepe, hores, beeuies: rost them at solemne fires:
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding store of wine:
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the hals garde past,
Vnseene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich, and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe, and came to Peleus court,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as gracious sort
 As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strength is spent,
 And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:
 He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend:
 I dwelt in th' utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
 And gouernde the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
 O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart)
 I vsde thee so, thou lou'dst none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
 Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderst meate;
 And giuent thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
 (Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
 My bosome loutingly sustaine the wine thine could not beare:
 Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
 Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wisshed much;
 Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
 I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue
 What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
 O mitigate thymightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
 The harts of all, to liue unmou'd, and succour hates for loues:
 The Gods themselues are flexible; whose vertues, honors, powers
 Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
 Perfumes, benigne deuotions, sauors of offrings burnde,
 And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,
 By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified:
 For, pray'rs are daughters of great Loue, lame, wrinkled, ruddy ey'd;
 And euer following iniurie; who (strong and sound of feet)
 Flies through the world, afflicting men: pray'rs yet obtain their cures;
 And whosoever reuerenceth that seed of Loue, is sure
 To haue them heare, and helpe him to: but if he shall refuse
 And stand inflexible to them; they flye to Loue, and vse
 Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
 On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he fayles to call.
 Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of Loue,
 And yeeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
 If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he vowes,
 But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes
 Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
 (With wrath appeasde) thy ayde to Greece, though plagude in heauiest sort:
 But, much he presently will giue, and after yeeld the rest:

For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, he vse no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply; and Phoenix, full of feares
his words would be more weak then iust, supplied their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus (Peleus renowned ioy)
And thou wilt let our ships be burnde with harmfull fire of Troy,
Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shal I after be
Alone in these extreames of death, relinquished by thee?
I, whom thy royall father sent as orderer of thy force,
When to Attides from his Court, he left thee, for this course
Yet young, and when in skill of armes thou didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownde:
In all which, I was sent by him, to instruct thee as my sonne,
That thou might'st speak when speech was fit, and doe when deeds were done;
Not fit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to moue:
I would not then be left by thee, deere sonne begot in loue;
No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time
Caru'd in my bosome and my browes, and grace me with the prime
Of manly youth; as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore
Deckt with fayre dames, and fled the grudge, my angry father bore,
Who was the fayre Amyntor cald, surnamde Ormenides;
And for a fayre-hayrde harlots sake, that his affects could please,
Contemnde my mother his true wife, who ceaseles urged me
To vse his harlote Clytia, and still would claspe my knee
To doe her will, that so my Syre might turne his loue to hate
Of that lewde dame, conuerting it, to comfort her estate;
At last, I was content to proue, to do my mother good,
And reconcile my fathers loue; who straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies prayde
No dame might loue nor bring me seede; the deities obaide
That gouerne hell: infernall loue, and sterne Perlephone.
Then durst I, in no longer date, with my sterne Father be:
Yet did my friends, and neere allyes enclose me with desires
Not to depart: kilde sheepe, bores, beeuers: rost them at solemne fires:
And from my fathers tunnes, we drunke exceeding flore of wine:
Nine nights they guarded me by turnes, their fires did ceaselesse shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one,
Before my chamber; but when day, beneath the tenth night shone,
I brake my chambers thicke-framde dores, and through the halsuarde past,
Vnseene of any man or maide: through Greece, then rich, and vast,
I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe, and came to Peleus court,

Who

Who entertaind me hartily, and in as gracious sort
 As any Syre his onely sonne borne when his strength is spent,
 And blest with great possessions to leaue to his descent:
 He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend:
 I dwelt in th' utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend;
 And gouernde the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,
 O thou that like the Gods art framde: since (dearest to my hart)
 I vsde thee so, thou lou'dst none els, nor any where wouldst eate,
 Till I had cround my knee with thee, and keru'd thee tenderst meate;
 And giuen thee wine so much, for loue, that in thy infancie
 (Which still discretion must protect and a continuall eye)
 My bosome lovingly sustainde the wine thine could not beare:
 Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare;
 Much haue I suffred for thy loue, much labourde, wished much;
 Thinking since I must haue no heyre (the Gods decrees are such)
 I would adopt thy selfe my heyre: to thee my hart did giue
 What any Syre could giue his sonne; in thee I hop't to liue:
 O mitigate thymightie spirits: it fits not one that mooues
 The harts of all, to liue vnmou'd, and succour hates for loues:
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 Are more then thine; yet they will bend their breasts as we bend ours.
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 And holy rites, the engines are, with which their harts are turnde,
 By men that pray to them; whose faiths, their sinnes haue falsified:
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 And stand inflexible to them; they flye to loue, and vse
 Their powrs against him; that the wrongs he does to them may fall
 On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he fayles to call.
 Then great Achilles honor, thou, this sacred seed of loue,
 And yeeld to them: since other men, of greatest mindes they moue:
 If Agamemnon would not giue the selfe same gifts he vowes,
 But offer others afterwards, and in his still-bent browes
 Entombe his honor, and his word; I would not thus exhort
 (With wrath appeasde) thy ayde to Greece, though plague in heauiest sort:
 But, much he presently will giue, and after yeeld the rest:

T'assure which, he hath sent, to thee, the men thou louest best,
 And most renounde of all the hoast, that they might soften thee:
 Then let not both their paines, and prayers, lost and despised bee;
 Before which, none could reprehend the tumult of thy hart:
 But now, to rest in expiate, were much too rude a part.
 Of ancient Worthies we haue heard when they were most displeasde:
 (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers they stil haue beene appeasle:
 For instance I remember well, a fact performde of old,
 Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets wars did hold
 With the well-fought Etolians; where mutuall lines had end
 About the citie Calidon; Th' Etolians did defend
 Their flourishing countrie; which to spoyle, the Curets did contend;
 Diana with the golden throne (with Oeneus much incens'd,
 Since with his plentious lands first fruits she was not reuerens'd;
 Yet other Gods, with Hecatombs, had feasts; and she alone,
 Great Ioues bright daughter, left vnseru'd, or by obliuion,
 Or vndue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in hart she swore:
 And she, enrag'd, excited much: she sent a syluan Bore
 From their Greene groues, with wounding tuskes, who vsually did soyle
 King Oeneus fieldes; his lofty woods laide prostrate on the soyle;
 Rent by the roots Trees fresh, adorn'd with fragrant apple flow'rs:
 Which Meleager (Oeneus sonne) slew with assembled pow'rs
 Of hunters and of fiercest houndes, from many cities brought:
 For such he was, that with few lines his death could not be bought;
 Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, he funerall piles applide:
 Yet (slaine at last) the goddesse stir'd about his head and hyde
 A wondrous tumult; and a war, betwixt the Curets wrought
 And braue A Etolians: all the while fierce Meleager fought,
 Ill far'd the Curets: neere the wals, none durst aduance his crest
 Though they were many: but when wrath inflamde his haughty breast,
 (Which oft the firme minde of the wise with passion doth infect)
 Since twixt his mother Queene and him, arose a deadly strife;
 He left the court, and priuately liu'd with his lawfull wife;
 Faire Cleopatra, semall birth of bright Marpissas paine
 And of Idæus; who, of all terrestriall men, did raigne
 (At that time) King of fortitude; and, for Marpissas sake,
 Gainst wanton Phœbus king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
 Since he had rauisht her, his ioy; whom her friends, after, gaue
 The surname of Alcyone, because they could not saue
 Their daughter from Alcyones Fate: in Cleopatras armes

Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger for the harmes
 His Mother prayd might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine
 By Meleager, griev'd, and pray'd the Gods to wreak her paine,
 With all the horror could be pourd, upon her furious birth;
 Still knockt she, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth,
 To urge sterne Pluto and his Queene, & incline their vendgefull eares,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast, deawde with her fierie teares,
 To make them massacre her sonne, whose wrath enrag'd her thus;
 Erinis (wandering through the aire) heard, out of Erebus,
 Prayers, fit for her unpleas'd minde; yet Meleager lay,
 Obscurde in furie; then the bruit of the tumultuous fray,
 Rung through the turrets as they skal'd; then came the AEtolian peeres,
 To Meleager with low suites, to rise and free their feares:
 Then sent they the chiefe priests of Gods, with offered gifts & attone
 His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-soild Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yeeldie soyle, what with an hundred steares,
 Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares,
 And halfe of naked earth to plow; yet yeelded not his ire.
 Then to his loftie chamber dore, ascends his royall Syre
 With ruthfull plaints: shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries;
 His mother then, and all entreate; yet still more stiffe he lies;
 His friends most reuerend, most esteemde; yet none impression tooke,
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke
 With the innading enemies; who now forst dreadfull way
 Along the cittie; then his wife (in pitifull dismay)
 Besough: him weeping, telling him the miseries sustaind
 By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemy had gaind;
 Men slaughtered; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forst with lust,
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heapes of fruitlesse dust.
 These dangers softned his Steele hart: up the stout prince arose,
 Indewd his bodie with bright armes, and freedde th' AEtolians woes,
 His smothered anger giuing ayre, which Gifts did not asswage,
 But his owne perill. And because he did not disingage
 Their lines for gifts, their gifts he lost: but for my sake (deare friend)
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these extreames descend,
 Ere thou assist vs: be not so, by thy ill angell, turnde
 From thine owne honor: it were shame to see our Nany burnde,
 And then come with thy timeles aide: for offerde presents come,
 And all the Greeks will honor thee, as of celestia Rome.
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forst by thy private woe,

Thou wilt be nothing so renownde, though thou repell the foe.

*Achilles answered the last part of this oration, thus ;
Phoenix, renownde and reuerend ; the honors urge on vs
We need not ; loue doth honor me, and to my safetie sees,
And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees.
Then doe not thou, with teares and woes, impassion my affects,
Becomming grations to my foe : nor fits it the respects
Of thy vow'd loue, to honor him that hath dishonord me;
Least such loose kindnes lose his heart, that yet is firme to thee.
It were thy prayse to hurt, with me, the hurter of my state,
Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maist participate.
Let these Lords then returne th' euent, and doe thou here repose;
And when darke sleep breaks with the day, our counsailes shall disclose
The course of our returne or stay: this said, he with his eye
Made to his friend a couert signe, to hasten instantly
A good soft bed, that the old Prince, soone as the Peeres were gone,
Might take his rest; when souldierlike braue Ajax Telamon
Spake to Vlysses, as with thought, Achilles was not worth
The high direction of his speech, that stood so sternly forth
Vnmou'd with th' other Orators: and spake not to appease
Pelides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were these;*

*High-issued Laertiades, let vs insist no more
On his perswasion ; I perceiue, the world will end before
Our speeches end, in this affaire: we must with vtmost haste
Returne his answer, though but bad: the Peeres are els where plaste,
And will not rise till we returne ; great Thetis sonne hath storde
Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implorde,
Rude that he is, nor his friends loue respects, doe what they can:
Wherein past all we honourd him. O vnremorseful man!
Another for his brother slaine, another for his sonne,
Accepts of satisfaction: and he the deed hath done
Liues in below'd societie, long after his amends;
To which, his foes high hart for gifts with patience condescends:
But thee a wilde and cruell spirit, the gods for plague haue giuen,
And for one gyrl; of whose sayre sex, we come to offer seauen,
The most exempt for excellence, and many a better prise.
Then put a sweet minde in thy breast, respect thine owne allies
Though others make thee not remisse: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our supreamest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most lone with thee,*

Of all the Greeks; how great an host so euer here there be.

*He answered, Noble Telamon, Prince of our souldiers here;
Out of thy hart I know thou speakst, and as thou holdst me deare:
But still as often as I thinke, how rudely I was vsde,
And like a stranger for all rites, fit for our good, refusde;
My hart doth swell against the man, that durst be so profane
To violate his sacred place; not for my priuate bane,
But since wrackt vertues generall lawes, he shameles did infrindge:
For whose sake I will loose the raignes, and giue mine anger swindge,
Without my wisdomes least impeach, He is a foole, and base,
That pitties vice-plagued mindes, when paines, not loue of right giues place.
And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my iust wrath will not care
For all his cares, before my tents and nauie charged are
By warlike Hector, making way through flocks of Grecian lines,
Enlightned by their nauall fire: but when his rage arriues
About my tent, and sable barke, I doubt not but to shield
Them and my selfe; and make him lie the there-strong bounded field.*

*This sayd, each one but kist the cuppe, and to the ships retirde;
Vlysses first: Patroclus then, the men and mayds requirde
To make graue Phoenix bed with speed, and see he nothing lacks:
They strait obeyde; and laide thereon the subtile fruit of flax
And warme sheep-sels for couering: and there the old man slept,
Attending till the golden Morne her vsuall station kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome of his tent richly wrought,
And that faire Lady by his side, that he from Lesbos brought,
Bright Diomeda, Phorbas seede; Patroclus did embrace
The bewtious Iphis giuen to him, when his bold friend did race
The loftie Syrus, that was kept in Enyeus hold.*

*Now at the tent of Atreus sonne, each man with cups of gold
Receiu'd th' Ambassadors returnde; all clusterd neere to know
What newes they brought: which first the King would haue Vlysses shew.
Say most prayse worthy Ithacus, the Grecians great renowne,
Will he defend vs? or not yet will his prowde stomacke downe?*

*Vlysses made reply; Not yet, will he appeased be,
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light thy offerd gifts and thee,
And wils thee to consult with vs, and take some other course
To saue our Armie and our Fleet; and sayes with all his force,
The morne shall light him on his way, to Pthias wished soyle;
For neuer shall high-seated Troy be sackt with all our toyle;
Loue holdes his hand twixt vs and it: the souldiers gather hart.*

Thus he replies: which Ajax here can equally impart,
 And both these herralds: Phoenix staves, for so was his desire
 To goe with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
 All wondred he should be so sterne: at last, bold Diomedes spake;
 Would God Atrides thy request were yet to undertake;
 And all thy gifts vnoffered; hees provide enough beside:
 But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride.
 But let vs suffer him to stay, or goe at his desire,
 Fight when his stomacke serues him best, or when Ioue shall inspire:
 Meane while our watch being strongly held; let vs a little rest
 After our foode: strength liues by both, and vertue is their guest.
 Then, when the rosy-fingerd Morne, holds out her siluer light,
 Bring forth thy host, encourage all, and be thou first in fight.
 The kings admire the fortitude, that so diuinely mou'd
 The skilfull horseman Diomedes, and his aduice approu'd:
 Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his seuerall tent;
 Where all receiue'd the soueraigne gifts, soft Somnus aid present.

The end of the ninth Booke.





THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



TH' Atrides, watching, wake the other Peeres:
And in the Fort, consulting of their feares,
Two kings they send, most stout, and honorde most,
For royall skowts, into the Trojan hoast:
Who meeting *Dolon* (*Hectors* bryed Spie)
Take him; and learne how all the Quarters lie.
He tolde them in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King *Rhesus*, and his royall Tent:
Striving for safetie; but they end his strife,
And ridde poore *Dolon* of a dangerous life;
Then with digressive wyles, they vse their force
On *Rhesus* life, and take his snowie horse.

Another Argument.
Kappa the Night exploits applies,
Rhesus and *Dolons* tragedies.

THe other Princes at their ships soft fingerd sleep did binde,
But not the Generall; Somnus silkes bound not his laboring minde,
That turnde and returnde many thoughts. And as quick lightnings flie
From wel-deckt Iunos soueraigne, out of the thickned skie,
Preparing some exceeding rayne or hayle the fruit of cold,
Or down-like snow, that sodainely makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his en sulphurde hand
In aafeling flashes, pourde through clouds, on any punishd land:

So from Atides troubled hart, through his darke sorrowes, flew
 Redoubled sighes; his entayles shooke, as often as his view
 Admirde the multitudine of fires, that gilt the Phrigian shade,
 And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawmes, and tumults souldiers made:
 But when he saw his fleet and hoast kneele to his care and loue,
 He rent his hayre vp by the rootes, as sacrifice to loue,
 Burnt in his fierie sighes, still breath'd, out of his royall hart;
 And first thought good, to Nestors care, his sorrowes to impart;
 To trie if royal diligence, with his approu'd aduise,
 Might fashion counsailes, to preuent their threatned miseries:
 So vp he rose, attirde himselfe, and to his strong feet tyde
 Rich shooes, and cast vpon his backe, a ruddy Lions hide
 So ample, it his ankle reacht; then tooke his royall speare:
 Like him was Menelaus pierst with an industrious feare,
 Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest bitter Fates should quite
 The Greeks high fauours, that for him resoll'd such endles fight.
 And first a freckled Panthers hyde, hid his brode backe athwart:
 His head, his brazen helme did arme; his able hand, his dart,
 Then made he all his haste to rayse his brothers head as rare,
 That he who most excelde in rule, might helpe & effect his care;
 He found him at his ships crookt-sterne putting himself in armes;
 Who ioyde to see his brothers spirits awak't without alarmes,
 Well waying th'importance of the time, and first the yonger spake;
 Why, brother, are ye arming thus? is it to vnaertake
 The sending of some ventrous Greek, to explore the foes intent?
 Alas I greatly feare, not one will giue that worke consent,
 Expos'de alone to all the feares, that flowe in gloomy night.
 He that doth this, must know death well; in which ends euerie fright.

Brother (sayd he) in these affaires we both must vse aduise;
 Ioue is against vs, and accepts great Hectors sacrifice;
 For I haue neuer scene, nor heard, in one day and by one,
 So many high attempts well vrg'de, as Hectors power hath done
 Against the hapless sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to Ioue;
 And without cause being neither fruite of any Goddesse loue,
 Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare the deepnesse of his hand
 Ere it berac't out of our thoughts will, many yeeres withstand.
 But brother, bie thee to thy ships, and Idomen diseafe
 With warlike Ajax: I will haste, to graue Neleides,
 Exhorting him to rise, and giue the sacred watch command;
 For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;

And

*And now, his sonne, their captaine is, and Idomens good friend
Bould Merion; to whose discharge, we did that charge commend.*

*Commandst thou then (his brother askt) that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolu'd approach, or els the message beare
And quickly make returne to thee? He answerd: Rather stay,
Least otherwise we faile to meet: for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian hoast; speake euer as you goe;
Command strong watch, from Syre to sonne, vrg all t' obserue the foe;
Familiarly, and with their prayse exciting euerie eye;
Not with vnseason'd violence of proud authoritie.*

*We must our patience exercise, and worke our selues with them:
Ioue in our births combinde such cares to either's Diademe.*

*Th' he dismiss him, knowing well his charge before: he went
Himselfe to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent;
By him, his damaske curets hung, his shield, a paire of darts,
His shining cask, his arming waste in these he led the harts
Of his apt souldiers to sharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares:
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull cares
Intimely feet tolde some approach: he took his Lance in hand,
And spake to him; Ho, what art thou, that walk'st at midnight? stand;
Is any wanting at the guardes, or lack'st thou any peere?
Speake; come not silent towards me; say what intend'st thou heere?*

*He answerde, O Neleides, graue honor of our hoast:
T'is Agamemnon thou maist know, whom Ioue afflicteth most
Of all the wretched men that liue, and wil whilst any breath
Giues motion to my toyled lims, and beares me vp from death.
I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe cannot inclose mine eyes,
Nor shut those Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities;
My feare is vehement for the Greeks: my hart (the fount of heat)
With his extreame affects made cold, without my breast doth beat;
And therefore are my synewes strooke with trembling: euery part
Of what my friends may feele, hath act in my disperfed hart.
But if thou think'st of any course may to our good redounde,
(Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come walke with me the round;
In way whereof we may confer, and looke to euery garde:
Least watching long, and weariness, with labouring so hard,
Drowne their oppressed memories of what they haue in charge:
The libertie we giue the foe (alas) is ouerlarge;
Their Campe is almost mixt with ours, and we haue forth no spies,
To learne their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise.*

Graue Nestor answerde: Worthy king, let good hearts beare our ill:
 Ioue is not bound to perfect all this busie Hectors will;
 But I am confidently giuen, his thoughts are much dismaide
 With feare lest our distresse incite Achilles to our aide,
 And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
 But I will gladly follow thee, and stir vp more besiae:
 Tidides, famous for his Lance, Vlisses, Telamon,
 And bould Phyleus valiant heire: or else if any one
 Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their saile
 Lie so remou'd; with much good speed, it might our haste auaille.
 But (though he be our honord friend) thy brother I will blame,
 Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his vtter shame
 He should commit all paines to thee, that should himself imploy,
 Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
 And be so farre from needing spurres to these his due respects,
 He should applie our spirits himselfe, with prayers, and vrgē affects.
 Necessity (a law to lawes, and not to be indurde)
 Makes prooue of all his faculties, not sound, if not inurde.

Good father (said the King) sometimes you know I haue desired
 You would improue his negligence, too oft to ease retirede;
 Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine;
 But with obseruing my estate, he thinks, he should abstaine,
 Till I commanded, knowing my place; vnwilling to assume,
 For being my brother, any thing might proue he did presume;
 But now he rose before me farre, and came, & auoide delaies;
 And I haue sent him for the man, your selfe desired to raise;
 Come, we shall finde them at the guardes we plaste before the fort;
 For thither my direction was, they should with speed resort.

Why now (said Nestor) none will grudge, nor his iust rule withstand;
 Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shooes vpon his feet,
 About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meete
 Of purple; large and full of fouldes; curld with a warme full nap;
 A garment that gainst colde in nights did souldiers vse to wrap:
 Then tooke he his strong Lance in hand, made sharpe with sharpned Steele,
 And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Vlysses keele,
 He cald; to breake the sylken fumes that did his sences binde:
 The voice through th' Organes of his eares straight rung about his minde.
 Forth came Vlysses, asking him; Why stirre yee thus so late?
 Sustaine we such enforciue cause? He answerde; Our estate

Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthy friend,
 And come, let vs excite one more, to counsaile of some ende
 To our extreames, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield,
 And both tooke course to Diomedes; they found him laid in field
 Far from his tent: his armour by; about him was disspread
 A ring of souldiers; euery man, his shield beneath his head,
 His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground:
 The point, that bristled the darke earth, cast a reflection round,
 Like pallid lightnings throwen from loue; thus this Heroe lay
 And vnder him a big ox hyde; his royall head had stay
 On Arras hangings, rowled vp: whereon he slept so fast
 That Nestor stir'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
 In such deep sleep, in such deep woes: and askt him why he spent
 All night in sleep, or did not heare the Troians neere his tent?
 Their Campe drawne close vpon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?

He, starting vp, sayd, Strange old man, that neuer tak'st repose,
 Thou art too patient of our toyle; haue we not men more yong,
 To be imployde from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.

Said like a king, replied the Syre: for I haue sonnes renownde,
 And there are many other men might goe this toyle some round;
 But you must see, imperious Neede hath all at her command;
 Now on the eager rasors edge, for life or death, we stand:
 Then goe (thou art the younger man) and if thou loue my ease,
 Call swift-foot Ajax vp thy selfe, and young Phyleides.

This said, he on his shoulders cast a yealow Lions hide
 Bigge, and reacht earth, then tooke his speare, and Nestors will applyde;
 Kaisde the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the Round they went,
 And found not any Captaine there, asleep or negligent;
 But waking, and in armes, gaue eare to any little sound:
 And as keene dogs keep sheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound,
 And grinning at euerie breach of aire, enuious of all that moues;
 Still listning when the rauinous beast, stalks through the hilly groues:
 Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mightie tumults make,
 Sleepe wanting waight to close one winke: so did the captaines wake,
 That kept the watch, the whole sad night; All with intentiue eare
 Conuerted to the enemies tents, that they might timely heare
 If they were stirring to surprise: which Nestor ioyde to see:
 Why so deare sonnes, maintaine your watch, sleepe not a winke said he,
 Rather then make your fames, the scorne of Trojan periurie.
 This said, he formost past the dyke; the others seconded;

Euen all the kings that had beene cald to counsaile, from the bed;
 And with them went Meriones, and Nestors famous sonne:
 For both were calde by all the Kings, to consultation.
 Beyond the dyke they chuse a place, neere as they could from blood;
 Where yet appearede the falls of some, and whence (the crimson floode
 Of Grecian liues being pourde on earth by Hectors furious chace)
 He made retreat, when night repourd grim darknes in his face.
 There sat they downe, and Nestor spake; Of friends remains not one;
 That will relie on his bold mind, and view the Campe alone
 Of the prowde Troians? to approue if any stragling mate
 He can surprise neere th' utmost tents, or learne the brieft estate
 Of their intentions for the time; and mixe like one of them
 With their outguards, expiscating if therenownde extreame,
 They force on vs, will serue their turnes, with glorie to retire,
 Or still encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,
 And make a braue retreat vntoucht: and this would winne him fame
 Of all men canapied with heauen; and euerie man of name
 In all this hoast shall honor him, with an enriching meede;
 A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe (Rewards that now exceed
 All other best possessions, in all mens choyce requests)
 And still be bidden by our kings, to kinde and royall feastes.
 All reuerent one anothers worth; and none would silence breake,
 Lest worst should take best place of speech: at last did Diomed speake;
 Nestor, thou askst if no man heere haue hart so well inclinde
 To worke this stratageme on Troy: yes, I haue such a minde:
 Yet if some other prince would ioyne, more probable will be
 The strengthened hope of our exploite: two may together see
 (One going before another still) sie danger euerie way;
 One spirit vpon another workes; it takes with firmer stay
 The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his course,
 Yet might he well distrust himselfe, which th' other might enforce.
 This offer euerie man assumde; all would with Diomed goe;
 The two Aiaes, Merion, and Menelaus too:
 But Nestors sonne enforst it much, and hardie Ithacus,
 Who had to euerie ventrous deede a minde as venturous.
 Amongst all these thus spake the king; Tydides most belou'd;
 Chuse thy associate worthily, a man the most approu'd
 For vse and strength in these extreames. Many thou seest stand forth:
 But chuse not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;
 Least with thy nice respect of right to any mans degree,

Thou

*Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one least fit to ioyne with thee,
Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,
That Diomed (for honors sake) his brother would select.*

*Then sayd Tydides; Since thou giu'st my iudgement leaue to chuse,
How can it so much truth forget Vlysses to refuse,
That beares a minde so most exempt, and vigorous in th' effect
Of all high labors; and a man Pallas doth most respect?
We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine;
He sets strength in so true a course, with counsailes so diuine.*

*Vlysses, loth to be esteem'd a louer of his praise,
With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:
And sayd; Tydides prayse me not, more then free truth will beare,
Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks that giue iudiciall eare.
But come, the morning hastes; the stars are forward in their course,
Two parts of night are past; the third is left t'employ our force.
Now borrowed they for haste some armes: bold Thrasymedes lent
Aduentrous Diomede his sword (his owne was at his tent)
His shield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or cresset,
And cald a murrion; archers heads, it vsed to inuest.
Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bowe;
His helmet fashioned of a hide: the workeman did bestow
Much labor in it, quilting it, with boawstrings: and without,
With snowie tuskes of white-mouthde Bores, t'was armed round about
Right cunningly; and in the midst, an arming cap was plaste,
That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be raste.
This (long since) by Autolycus, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waste Amintors house, that was Ormenus sonne.
In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnam'd Amphydamas,
Autolycus did giue this Helme: he, when he feasted was
By honor'd Molus, gaue it him, as present of a Guest:
Molus to his sonne Merion, did make it his bequest.
With this, Vlysses arm'd his head, and thus they (both addrest)
Tooke leaue of all the other kings: to them a glad ostent,
(As they were entring on their way) Minerua did present;
A Herneshaw consecrate to her; which they could ill discerne
Through sable night: but by her clange they knew it was a Herne.
Vlysses ioyde, and thus inuok't: Heare me great seede of Ioue,
That euer dost my labors grace, with presence of thy loue:
And all my motions dost attend, still loue me (sacred dame)*

*Especially in this exployte, and so protect our fame,
We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily imploy
Our boldnesse in some great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.*

*Then prayd illustrate Diomed: Vouchsafe me likewise eare,
O thou unconquered Queene of Armes: be with thy fauors neare,
As to my royall fathers steps, thou wentst a bountious guide,
When th' Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would haue pacified,
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the flood
Of great Aëolus; whose retreat thou mad'st to swim in blood
Of his enambusht enemies: and if thou so protect
My bold endeavors; to thy name an Heffer, most select,
That neuer yet was tamde with yoke, broad fronted, one yeare old,
Ile burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.*

*The Goddesse heard, and both the Kings their dreadles passage bore,
Through slaughter, slaughtered carcases, armes, and discolored gore.*

*Nor Hector let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsaile cald:
And askt, What one is here to vow, and keep it vnapald,
To haue a gift fitte for his deed, a Charriot and two horse
That passe for speede the rest of Greece? what one dares take his course,
For his renoune (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe,
And learne if still they hold their guards? or with this ouerthrowe
Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold vs longer warre?*

*All silent stood; at last stood forth, one Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous worke; Eumedes beyr, a Herryald much renounde:
This Dolon did in gold and brasse exceedingly abound;
But in his forme was quite deformde; yet passing swift to run:
Amongst fine sisters he was left, Eumedes onely son;
And he told Hector, his free hart would undertake t' explore
The Greeks intentions; but (sayd he) thou shalt be sworne before,
By this thy scepter, that the horse of great Aëacides
And his strong charriot bound with brasse, thou wilt before all these
Resigne me as my valares prise: and so I rest vnmon'd
To be thy spie, and not returne, before I haue approu'd
(By venturing to Aëacides ship, where their consults are held)
If they resolue still to resist; or flie, as quite expeld.*

*He put his scepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God
(Saturnias husband) to his oath, those horse should not be rode
By any other man then he, but he for euer ioy
(To his renoune) their seruices for his good done to Troy.*

Thus

Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe, yet made base Dolon bould:
 Who on his shoulders hung his bowe, and did about him fould
 A white wolues hide; and with a helme of weasels skins did arme
 His weasels head: then tooke his darte, and neuer turnd to harme
 The Greeks with their related drifts: but, being past the troupes
 Of horse and foote, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoupes
 To undermine Achilles horse; Vlysses straight did see,
 And said to Diomedes, This man makes footing towards thee
 Out of the tents; I know not well if he be vsde as spie
 Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughtered enemy:
 But let vs suffer him to come a little further on
 And then pursue him. If it chance that we be ouergone
 By his more swiftnesse; urge him still, to run upon our fleet,
 And (least he scape vs to the towne) still let thy Iaueline meete
 With all his offers of retreat. Thus slept they from the plaine
 Amongst the slaughtered carcases; Dolon came on amaine
 Suspecting nothing; but once past, as far as mules outdraw
 Oxen at plow; being both put on, neither admitted law,
 To plow a deep soild furrow forth: so far was Dolon past;
 Then they pursue, which he perceiv'd, and staide his speedlesse hast;
 Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spie;
 But in a Iauelins throw or lesse, he knew them enemy;
 Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursue like winde.
 As when a brace of greyhounds are laide in with hare or hinde,
 Close-mouth'd and skild to make the best of their industrious course,
 Serue eithers turne and put on hard; lose neither ground nor force:
 So constantly did Tydeus sonne, and his town-racing peere,
 Pursue this spie; still turning him, as he was winding neere
 His couert; till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of garde.

Then Pallas prompted Diomedes, least his due worths rewarde
 Should be empairde, if any man did want he first did sheath
 His sword in him, and he be cald but second in his death;
 Then spake he (threatning with his Lance) Or stay or this comes on,
 And long thou canst not run, before thou be by death outgone.

This said, he threw his Iaueline forth: which mist, as Diomedes would;
 About his right arme it made way; the pile sticke in the moulde:
 He staide and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head;
 They came in blowing, seise him fast; he, weeping, offered
 A wealthy ransom for his life, and tolde them he had brasse,

Much

*Much gold and iron, that fit for vse, in many labors, was ;
From whose rich heapes his father would a wondrous portion giue,
If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his sonne did lye.*

*Vlysses bad him cheare his hart. Thinke not of death sayd he ;
But tell vs true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be?
Is it to spoyle the carcases? or art thou choicely sent*

T' explore our drifts? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wisht euent?

*He trembling answerd: Much reward did Hector's oth propose,
And vrgde me much against my will, t' endenor to disclose,
If you determinde still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
As all dismaide with your late foyle, and wearied with the fight;
For which exploite, Pelides horse and chariot, he did sweare
I onely euer, should inioy. Vlysses smilde to heare*

*So base a swaine haue any hope so high a price t' aspire ;
And said, his labors did affect a great and pretious hyre,
And that the horse Pelides raignde, no mortall hand could vse
But he himselfe; whose matchlesse life, a Goddesse did produce.
But tell vs and report but truth, where leftst thou Hector now?
Where are his armes? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
The watches charge? where sleepe the Kings? intend they still to lye
Thus neere encampt, or turne suffisde with their late victorie?*

*All this, sayd he, Ile tell most true. At Ilus monument
Hecor with all our princes sit, t' aduise of this euent ;
Who chuse that place remou'd, to shun the rude confused sounds
The common Souldiers throwe about; but, for our watch and rounds
Whereof (braue Lord) thou mak'st demaund, none orderly wee keepe ;
The Troians that haue roofes to saue, onely abandon sleepe ;
And priuately without commaund, each other they exhort
To make preuention of the worst ; and in this slender sort
Is watch and garde maintaind with vs: th' auxiliarie bandes
Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Troians hands ;
For they haue neither wiues with them, nor children to protect ;
The lesse they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.*

*But tell me (sayd wise Ithacus) are all these foraigne powers
Appointed quarters by themselves, or else commixt with yours?*

*And this (sayd Dolon) too (my Lords) Ile seriously vnfold :
The Paons with the crooked bowes, and Cares, quarters hold
Next to the Sea; the Leleges, and Camcons ioynde with them,
And braue Pelasgians; Thimbers Meade, yemoude more from the streame,*

Is quarter to the Licians; the loftie Misian force;
 The Phrygians, and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
 But what neede these particulars? if ye intend surprise
 Of any in our Trojan campe; The Thracian quarter lies
 Vtmost of all, and uncommixt with Trojan regiments,
 That keepe the voluntarie watch; new pitcht are all their tents.
 King Rhelus, Eioneus sonne commands them, who hath steedes
 More white then snow; huge, and well shapte; their fierie paze exceeds
 The windes in swiftnes: these I saw; his Charriot is with gold
 And pallid silver richly framde, and wondrous to behold;
 His great and golden armour is not fit a man should weare;
 But for immortal shoulders framde: come then and quickly beare
 Your happy prisoner to your fleete: or leaue me here fast bound
 Till your well vrgde and rich returne, proue my relation sound.

Tydidēs dreadfully replide; Thinke not of passage thus,
 Though of right acceptable newes, thou hast aduertisde vs,
 Our handes are houlds more strict then so: and should we set thee free
 For offerd ranfome; for this scape, thou still wouldst scouting be
 About our ships; or do vs skathe in plaine opposed armes;
 But if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harmes.

With this, as Dolon reacht his hand to vse a suppliants part
 And stroake the beard of Diomedē; he stroake his necke athwart,
 With his forst sworde, and both the nerues he did in sunder wound;
 And suddenly his head, deceiue'd, fell speaking on the ground;
 His wesels helme they tooke, his bowe, his wolues skin, and his Lance:
 Which to Minerua, Ithacus did Zealously aduance
 With lifted arme into the aire, and to her thus he spake;
 Goddesse, triumph in thine owne spoiles: to thee we first will make
 Our inuocations, of all powers, throne on th'olympian hill;
 Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct vs still.

With this, he hung them up aloft, vpon a Tamricke bow,
 As eyefull Trophies: and the sprigges that did about it grow,
 He proyned from the leauy armes, to make it easier viewde,
 When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps pursude.
 Forth went they, through blacke blood and armes and presently aspired
 The guardlesse Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleepe and tynde:
 Their armes lay by, and triple rankes they as they slept did keepe,
 As they should watch and garde their king; who, in a fatall sleepe,
 Lay in the midst; their charriot horse, as they coach fellowes were,

Fedde by them; and the famous fleeds, that did their Generall beare,
 Stood next him, to the hinder part of his rich charriot tyed.
 Vlysses saw them first, and said: Tydides I haue spied
 The horse that Dolon (whom we slew) assurde vs we should see:
 Now vse thy strength, now idle armes are most unfit for thee:
 Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard, and leaue the horse to me.

Minerua with the Azure eyes breathde strength into her king,
 Who fild the tent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing,
 Issued in grones, and made ayre swell into her stormy flood:
 Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with blood.
 As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpose to deuoure
 On flocks vnkept, and on their lines doth freely vse his power;
 So Tydeus sonne assailde the foe. twelue soules before him slew;
 Vlysses wayted on his sword, and euer as he slew,
 He drew them by their strengthles heeles, out of the horses sight;
 That when he was to lead them forth, they should not with affright
 Bogle, nor snore, in treading on the bloodyed carkases;
 For, being new come, they were vnusde to such sterne sights as these.
 Through foure ranks now did Diomed the king himselfe attaine;
 Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his soldiers slaine.
 An ill dreame by Minerua sent, that night, stood by his head,
 Which was Oenides royall sonne, vnconquer'd Diomed.

Meane while Vlysses loofe his horse, tooke all their raines in hand,
 And led them forth: but Tydeus sonne did in contention stand
 With his great minde, to doe some deeде, of more audacitie;
 If he should take the Charriot, where his rich armes did lie,
 And draw it by the beame away; or beare it on his backe;
 Or if of more dull Thracian liues, he should their bosomes sacke.
 In this contention with himselfe, Minerua did suggest,
 And bad him thinke of his retreats; least from their tempted rest
 Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismaide:
 He knew the voice; tooke horse, and fled; the Troians heauenly aide
 (Apollo with the siluer boaw) stood no blinde sentinell
 To their secure and drowsie hoast, but did discouer well
 Minerua following Diomed; and angrie with his act,
 The mighty hoast of Ilion he entred, and awak't
 The cousen germane of the king, a Counsailor of Thrace,
 Hopocoon: who when he rose, and saw the desert place
 Where Rhesus horse did vse to stand; and th' other dismall harmes,

Men struggling with the pangs of death: he shriekt out thicke alarmes;
 Calde Rhelus Rhelus; but in vaine: then still, arme arme he cryde:
 The noyse and tumult was extreame, on euery startled side
 Of Troyes huge hoast; from whence in throngs all gatherd and admire,
 Who could performe such harmefull facts, and yet be safe retyrde.
 Now comming where they slew the skowte, Vlysses stayde the steeds;
 Tydides lighted, and the spoyles (hung on the Tamricke reedes)
 He tooke and gaue to Ithacus, and vp he got againe;
 Then flew they ioyfull to their Fleet: Nestor did first attaine
 The sounds the horse hoofs strook through ayre, and sayd; My royal Peeres
 Doe I but dote? or say I true? me thinks about mine eares
 The sounds of running horses beate. O would to God they were
 Our friends thus soone returnde with spoyles: but I haue hartie feare,
 Least this high tumult of the foe, doth their distresse intend.
 He scarce had spoke when they were come; both did from horse descend;
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to heauen their worth did raise.
 Then Nestor spake; Great Ithacus, euen heapt with Grecian prayse;
 How haue you made these horse your prise? pearst you the dangerous hoast,
 Where such gemmes stand? or did some God your high attempts accoast,
 And honord you with this rewarde? why, they be like the Rayes
 The Sunne effuseth. I haue mixt with Troians all my dayes;
 And now, I hope you will not say, I alwayes lye aborde,
 Though an old soldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afforde
 Neuer the like to any sence, that euer I possest;
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest:
 For he that shadowes heauen with clouds, lowes both as his delights:
 And she that supples earth with blood, can not forbear your sights.
 Vlysses answerd, Honorde Syre, the willing Gods can giue
 Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they liue.
 These horse are of the Thracian breed; their King, Tydides slew,
 And twelue of his most trusted guard and of that meaner crew
 A skowte for thirteenth man we kild, whom Hector sent to spie
 The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or flie.
 Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends) they with applauses past
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomedes they plast
 The horse without contention, as his deseruings meede:
 Which (with his other horse set vp) on yealow wheat did feed.
 Poore Dolons spoyles Vlysses had; who shrinde them on his stern,
 As tropheys vowde to her that sent the good-aboding Herne.

*Then entred they the meere maine sea, to clense their honorde sweat
From off their feet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate
Was calme, and their swolne harts refresht, more curious baths they vsde;
Where odorous and dissoluing Oyles, they through their lims diffusede.
Then, taking breakfast, a big bowle, fild with the purest wine,
They offerd to the mayden Queene, that hath the azure cyne.*



The ende of the tenth Booke.





THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADES.



A *Trides* and his other Peeres of name
Leade forth their men ; whom *Eris* did inflame.
Hector (by *Iris* charge) takes deedless breath,
Whiles *Agamemnon* plyes the worke of death ;
Who with the first bears his imperiall head :
Himselfe, *Ulysses*, and King *Diomedes*,
Euripylus, and *Æsculapius* sonne
(Enforc't with wounds) the furious skirmish shun.
Which Martiall fight, when great *Achilles* viewes,
A little his desire of fight renues :
And forth he sends his friend to bring him word
From old *Neleides*, what wounded Lord
He in his Chariot from the skirmish brought :
Which was *Machaon*, *Nestor* then besought,
He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes,
Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

Another Argument.

Lambda presents the Generall,
In fight the worthiest man of all.

A *Vrora*, out of restfull bed, did from bright *Tython* rise,
To bring each deathlesse essence light, and vse, to mortall eyes ;
When *Ioue* sent *Eris* to the Greeks sustaining in her hand
Sterne signes of her designs for warre : shee tooke her horrid stand

Vpon Vlysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on euerie side,
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' author of their smarts,
Who helde, for fortitude and force, the nauies utmost parts.

The red eyde Goddesse seated there, thundred the Orphian song,
High and with horror, through the eares of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits inuincible, did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all starnenes from their lims, and set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter warre more sweet a thousand times
Then any choice, in hollow keeles, to greet their natie climes.

Atrides summond all to armes, to armes him selfe dispoide:
First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with siluer-buttons close;
Then with rich Curace arme his breast, which Cynias bestowde
To gratifie his royall guest; for euen to Cyprus flowde
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the Greeks proposde for Troy,
And therefore gaue he him those armes, and wisht his purpose toy.
Ten rows of azure mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sun:
Twise ten of tin, in beaten pathes did through this armour run.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rainebowes shinde,
Such as by loue are fixt in clowdes when wonders are diuinde.
About his shoulders hung his sworde, whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining bars exceeding richly gilt;
The scaberd was of siluer plate, with golden hangers graft;
Then tooke he vp his waightie shield, that round about him cast
Defensiu shadows; ten bright Zones of gold-affecting brasse
Were driuen about it; and of tin (as full of glosse as glasse)
Sweld twentie bosses out of it; In center of them all,
One of blacke mettall, had engraue full of extreame apall,
An ugly Gorgon compassed with Terror and with Feare:
At it, a siluer Bawdricke hung, with which he vsde to beare
(Wounde on his arme) his ample shield: and in it there was wouen
An azure Dragon, curld in fouldes; from whose one necke was clouen
Three heads contorted in an orbe; then plaste he on his head
His fower-plum'd caske; and in his hands two darts he managed
Armd with bright Steele that blasde to heauen: then Iuno and the maide
That conquers empires; trumpets seru'd, to summon out their aide
In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloude
(To bring them furious to the field) sat thundring out aloude.

Then all enioynde their Charrioters to rapke their charriot horse
Close to the dike: forth marcht the foot, whose front they did r'enforce

With

With some horse troupes: the battaile then was all of Charioters
 Linde with light horse: but Iupiter disturbd this forme with feares;
 And from ayres upper region did bloody vapors raine,
 For sad ostent, much noble life shouldere their times be slaine.
 The Trojan host, at Ilus tombe, was in Battalia led
 By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchiles seed,
 Who Godlike was esteem'd in Troy, by graue Antenors race,
 Diuine Agenor, Polybus, vnmarried Acamas,
 Proportionde like the states of heauen: in front of all the field
 Troys great Priamides did beare his al-ways-equall shield,
 Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amidst the skie
 We sometimes see an ominous star blase cleare and dreadfully,
 Then run his golden head in cloudes, and straight appeare againe;
 So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vauntgarde, shining plaine:
 Then in the rereguard hid himself; and laborde euerie where
 To order and encourage all: his armour was so cleare,
 And he applide each place so fast, that like a lightning throwne
 Out of the shield of Iupiter, in euerie eye he shone.
 And as vpon a rich mans crop of barley or of wheat,
 Opposde for swiftnes at their worke, a sort of Reapers sweat,
 Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfuls fall;
 So at the ioyning of the hostes ran slaughter through them all:
 None stoopt to any fainting thought of soule inglorious flight,
 But equall bore they vp their heads, and farde like wolues in fight;
 Sterne Etis, with such weeping sights, reioyst to feed her eies;
 Who onely showde her selfe in field, of all the deities.
 The other in Olympus tops, sat silent and repinde
 That loue to do the Troians grace should beare so fixt a minde.
 He carde not, but (enthronde apart) triumphant sat in sway
 Of his free power; and from his seat tooke pleasure to display
 The cittie so adornde with tow'rs; the sea with vessels fild;
 The splendor of refulgent armes, the killer and the kild.
 As long as bright Aurora rulde, and sacred day increast,
 So long their darts made mutuall woundes, and neither had the best:
 But when in hill-eniurond vales, the timber-feller takes
 A sharpe set stomacke to his meat, and dinner ready makes
 His sinnowes fainting and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull;
 Time of accustmed ease arriue; his hands with labor full;
 Then by their valures Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheerd
 Their generall Squadrons through the host: then first of all appearde

The

*The person of the king himselfe; and then the Troians lost
 Byanor, by his royall charge, a leader in the host:
 Who, being slaine, his charioteer, Oileus, did alight
 And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite
 His forehead with his eager launce, and through his helme it ranne
 Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardned panne;
 His braine mixt with his clotted blood, his body strowd the ground.
 There left he them; and presently, he other objects found
 Ilius and Antiphus, two sonnes king Priam did beget;
 One lawfull, th' other wantonly; both in one chariot met
 Their royall foe; the baser borne, Ilius, was chariotere,
 And famous Antiphus did fight: both which king Peleus heire
 Whilome in Ida keeping flockes did deprehend and binde,
 With plyant Osiers; and for prize, them to their Sire resignde.
 Atrides, with his wel-aimde lance, smote Ilius on the brest
 About the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest
 Beneath the eare of Antiphus: downe from their horse they fell.
 The king had seene the youths before, and now did know them well,
 Remembring them the prisoners of swift Aeacides,
 Who brought them to the sable fleete, from Idas foodie leas.
 And as a Lion hauing found the furrow of a Hinde
 Where shee hath calu'd two little twinnes; at will and ease doth grinde
 Their ioints snatcht in his sollide lawes, and crusheth into mist
 Their tender liues; their dam (though neere) not able to resist;
 But, shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oken chafe
 From that fell sauadge; drownd in sweate, and seeks some couert place:
 So when with most unmatched strength the Grecian Generall bent
 Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayde their native kings descent;
 But fled themselues before the Greeks: and where these two were slaine,
 Pylander, and Hypolochus, not able to restraine
 Their head-strong horse; the silken raines being from their hands let fall;
 Were brought by their unruly guides before the Generall;
 Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus that tooke
 Rich giustes and gold of Hellens loue, and would by no meanes brooke
 Iust restitution should be made of Menelaus wealth,
 Bereft him, with his rauisht Queene by Alexanders stealth.
 Atrides Lion-like did charge his sonnes, who on their knees
 Fell from their chariote, and besought regarde to their degrees;
 Who being Antimachus his sonnes, their father would afforde
 A worthy rancome for their liues; who in his house did hoorde.*

Much hidden treasure; brasse and gold, and Steele, wrought wondrous choise.
 Thus wept they, using smothering tearms, and heard this rugged voice
 Breath'd from the vnrelenting king; If you be of the breed
 Of stout Antimachus, that staid the honorable deed
 The other Peeres of Ilion in counsaile had decreed,
 To render Hellen and her wealth: and would haue basely staine
 My brother and wife Ithacus, Ambassadors t' attaine
 That most due motion; now receiue, wreak for his shamefull part.
 This said, in poore Pylanders breast he fixt his wreakfull darts;
 Who upwards spred th' oppressed earth his brother croucht for dread:
 And as he lay, the angric king cut off his armes and head,
 And let him like a football lie, for euerie man to spurne.
 Then to th' extreamest heat of fight, he did his valure turne,
 And led a multitude of Greeks; where foote did foote subdue,
 Horse slaughter'd horse; Neede fether'd flight; the battred center flew
 In clouds of dust about their eares, raisde from the horses hooues,
 That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as Loues.
 The king (perswading speedy chace) gaue his perswasions way
 With his owne valour, slaughtering still. As in a stormy day,
 In thicke-set woods a rauinous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire
 The shaken trees; and by the rootes, doth tosse them into ayre;
 Euen so beneath Atrides sword, flew up Troyes flying heeles:
 Their horse drew emptie Charriots, and sought their thundring wheeles
 Some fresh directors through the fiede, where least the pursute driues:
 Thicke fell the Troians; much more sweet to vultures, then their wines.
 Then Ioue drew Hector from the darts, from dust, from death and blood,
 And from the tumult: still the king firme to the pursute stood;
 Till at old Ilus monument, in midst of all the fiede,
 They reacht the wilde Figtree, and longd to make their towne their shield.
 Yet there they rested not; the king, still cride, Pursue, pursue;
 And all his vnreproued hands, did blood and dust embrue.
 But when they came to Sceas ports, and to the Beach of Ioue,
 There made they stand; there euerie eye, fixt on each other, strone
 Who should outlooke his mate amaze: through all the field they fled.
 And as a Lion, when the night becomes most deafe and dead,
 Inuades Oxe herdes, affrighting all, that he of one may wreak
 His dreadfull hunger, and his neck he first of all doth breake,
 Then laps his blood and entrailes vp: so Agamemnon plyde
 The manage of the Troian chace, and still the last man dyed;
 The other fled; a number fell by his imperiall hand:

*Some groueling downwards from their horse, some vpwards strowd the sand.
 High was the furie of his launce: but hauing beat them close
 Beneath their walls, the both worlds Syre aid now againe repose
 On fountaine-flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heauen,
 And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was giuen
 To Iris with the golden wings; Thaumantia, flie (said he)
 And tell Troys Hector, that as long as he enragde shall see
 The souldier-louing Atreus sonne, amongst the formost fight,
 Depopulating troopes of men: so long he must excite
 Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes aduance:
 But when he, wounded, takes his horse, attaine with shaft or Lance;
 Then will I fill his arme with death, euen till he reach the Fleet,
 And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.*

*The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obeyde, and vsde her wings
 To famous Ilion, from the mount enchaſte with siluer springs:
 And found, in his bright Chariot, the hardy Troian knight,
 To whom she spake the words of loue, and vanisht from his sight.
 He leapt vpon the sounding earth, and shooke his lengthfull dart,
 And enerie where he breathd exhorts, and stird vp enerie hart:
 A dreadfull fight he set on foot, his souldiers strait turnde head;
 The Greeks stood firme; in both the hoasts the field was perfected:
 But Agamemnon, formost still, did all his side excede;
 And would not be the first in name, vnlesse the first in deed.*

*Now sing faire presidents of verse, that in the heauens embowre,
 Who first encountred with the king, of all the aduerse powre;
 Iphydamas, Antenors sonne, ample and bigly set,
 Brought vp in pasture-springing 1 hrace, that doth soft sheepe beget:
 In graue Cisseus noble house, that was his mothers Syre,
 (Faire Theano) and when his breast was hightned with the Syre
 Of gay some youth; his grand-sire gaue his daughter to his loue:
 Who straight his bridall chamber left: Fame with affection stroue,
 And made him furnish twelue faire ships, to lend fayre Troy his hand:
 His ships he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land:
 And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountering with the king,
 Who threw his royall launce and mist: Iphidamas did sting,
 And strooke him on the arming waste, beneath his coat of brasse,
 Which forst him stay vpon his arme, so violent it was:
 Yet pierst it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
 Tried hardnes with his siluer waste, it turnde againe like lead.
 He followed grasping the ground end: but with a Lions wyle,*

That

That wrests away an Hunters staffe, he caught it by the pyle,
 And pluckt it from the casters hand, whom with his sword he strooke;
 Beneath the eare, and with his wound his timeles death he tooke;
 He fell, and slept an iron sleepe wretched young man, he dyde
 Farre from his newly-married wife, in ayde of forraine pride,
 And saw no pleasure of his lone; yet was her ioynture great:
 An hundred Oxen gaue he her, and vow'd in his retreat
 Two thousand head of sheep and Goates; of which he store did leaue:
 Much gaue he of his lones first frutes: and nothing did receiue.
 When Coon (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye,
 And elder brother of the slaine) beheld his tragedie;
 Deep sorrow sate vpon his eyes, and (standing laterally
 And to the Generall vndiscernde) his Iaueline he let flie;
 That twixt his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armeless arme;
 The bright head shinde on th' other side. The v unexpected harme
 Imprest some horror in the king: yet so he ceast not fight,
 But rusht on Coon with his Lance, who made what haste he might,
 (Seasing his slaughtered brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
 And cald the ablest to his aide; when vnder his round shield
 The kings brasse Iaueline, as he drew, did strike him helpelesse dead,
 Who made Iphydamas the blocke, and cut off Coons head.
 Thus vnder great Atrides arme Antenors issue thrinde,
 And to suffise precisest Fate, to Plutos mansion diu'd.
 He with his Lance, sword, mightie stones, pourd his Heroick wreak
 On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
 Through his cleft vaines: but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
 The eager anguish did approue his princely fortitude.
 As when most sharpe and bitter pangs distract a laboring dame,
 Which the diuine Ilithiæ, that rule the painefull frame
 Of humane child-birth poure on her: th' Ilithiæ that are
 The daughters of Saturnia: with whose extreame repaire
 The woman in her trauel strines, to take the worst it giues:
 Which though it must be; 't is lones fruit, the end for which she liues;
 The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redounde;
 So Agamemnon did sustaine the torment of his wound.
 Then tooke he Charriot, and to Fleet b. 4 haste his Charriotere,
 But first pourde out his highest voice, to purchase euerie care:
 Princes and Leaders of the Greeks; braue friends: now from our Fleet
 Doe you expell this boistrous sway: loue will not let me meet
 Illustrate Hector, nor giue leaue, that I shall end the day

In fight against the Ilian power: my wound is in my way.

*This said, his ready Charrioteer did scourge his sprightfull horse,
That freely to the sable Fleet, performde their fierie course,
To beare their wounded Soueraigne, apart the Martiall thrust,
Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with some, and snowing on the dust.*

*When Hector heard of his retreate, thus he for fame contends;
Troians, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
Thinke what it is to be renownde: be souldiers all of name;
Our strongest enemy is gone, loue vov'es to doe vs fame;
Then in the Grecian faces driue your one-hoou'd violent steeds,
And farre aboue their best be best, and glorifie your deeds.*

*Thus as a dog-giuen-Hunter sets, vpon a brace of Bores,
His white-toothd hounds: puffs, shovts, breath terms, & on his emprise pores,
All his wilde art to make them pinche: so Hector vrg'd his hoast,
To charge the Greeks, and he himselfe most bold and actiue most:
He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raues,
Stoopest from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cusse the purple waues.
Who then was first and last he kilde, when Ioue did grace his deed:*

*Affeus, and Autonus, Opys and Clytus seed;
Prince Dolops, and the honorde Syre of sweet Euryalus
(Opheltus) Agelaus next, and strong Hipponous;
Orus, Ephyminus; all of name: the common souldiers fell,
As when the hollow flood of ayre in Zephyres cheeks doth swell,
And perseth all the gathred clouds, white Notus power did draw;
Wraps waues in waues, hurls vp the froth beat with a vehement slaw:
So were the common soldiers wrackt in troops, by Hectors hand.
Then ruine had inforst such workes as no Greeks could withstand;
Then in their fleet they had beene housede; had not Laertes sonne
Stir'd vp the spirit of Diomed with this impression.*

*Tydydes, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?
Stand by me (dearest in my loue) twere horrible impaire
For our two valures to endure a customarie flight,
To leaue our nauie still engag'd, and but by fits to fight.*

*He answered; I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:
But our delight to proue vs men, will proue but short and vaine.
For Ioue makes Troians instruments, and virtually then
Wieldes arms himselfe; our crosse affaires are not twixt men and men.
This said, Thimbræus with his lance, he tumbled from his horse,
Neere his left nipple wounding him: Vlysses did enforce
Faure Molion, minion to this king, that Diomed subdude:*

Both sent they thence till they retorne, who now the king persude
 And furrowed through the thickned troupes. As when two chased bores
 Turn head gainst kennels of bould hounds, and race way through their gores:
 So (turn'd from flight) the forward kings show'd Troians backward death;
 Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils to get great Hector breath.
 Then tooke they horse and charriote from two bould Cittie foes,
 Merops Percolius mightie sonnes: their father could disclose,
 Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not giue consent
 To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;
 For fates, that order sable death, enforst their tragedies:
 Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their armes his prise.
 Hypporochus, and Hyppodus, Vlysses rest of light:
 But loue, that out of Ida lookt, then equall'd the fight;
 A Grecian, for a Troian then, paid tribute to the fates;
 Yet royall Diomed slew one, euen in those euen debates,
 That was of name more then the rest; Pæons renowned sonne,
 The prince Agastrophus; his lance, into his hip did run:
 His Squier detain'd his horse apart, that hindred him to slie;
 Which he repented at his hart: yet did his feet apply
 His scape with all the speed they had, alongst the formost bands;
 And there his loved life dissolu'd. This, Hector vnderstands,
 And rust with clamors on the king; right soundly seconded
 With troupes of Troians: which perceiu'd by famous Diomed,
 The deep conceipt of Loues high will stifned his royall haire;
 Who spake to neere-fought Ithacus: The fate of this affaire
 Is bent to vs: come let vs stand, and bound his violence:
 Thus threw he his long Iaueline forth, which smot his heads defence
 Full on the top, yet pierst no skin; brasse tooke repulse with brasse;
 His helme (with three fouldes made and sharpe) the gift of Phœbus was;
 The blowe made Hector take the troupe; sunke him vpon his hand
 And strooke him blinde; the king persude before the formost band
 His darts recouerie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine:
 By which time, Hector was reuiu'd, and taking horse againe
 Was far commixt within his strength, and fled his darksome graue.
 He followed with his thirstie lance, and this elusive braue;
 Once more be thankfull to thy heeles (proud dog) for thy escape;
 Mischiefe sat neere thy bosome now; and now another rape
 Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well maiest pray
 When through the singing of our darts, thou findest such guarded way:
 But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest hower,

*If with like fauor any God be fautor of my power;
 Meane while some other shall repay, what I suspend in thee:
 This said, he set the wretched soule of Pæons issue free;
 Whom his late wound not fully slew: but Priams eldest birth,
 Against Tydides bent his bowe, hid with a hill of earth;
 Part of the ruinated tombe, for honorde thus built:
 And as the Curace of the slaine (engrauen and richly gilt)
 Tydides from his breast had spoyle, and from his shoulders rapt
 His target and his solide helme; he shot, and his keene shaft
 (That neuer flew from him in vaine) did naile unto the ground
 The kings right foot: the splenefull Knight laught sweetly at the wound,
 Crept from his couert and triumpht; Now art thou maimd (said he)
 And would to God my happy hand had so much honorde me,
 To haue infixt it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot;
 Euen to th'expulsure of thy soule; then blest had beene my shoot
 Of all the Troians: who had then breathde from their long vnrests;
 Who feare thee as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts.*

*Vndaunted Diomed replyde: You, Brauer, with your bowe;
 You slicke hayrd louer: you that hunt and sleere at wenches so:
 Durst thou but stand in armes with me, thy silly archerie
 Would giue thee little cause to vaunt: as little suffer I
 In this same tall exploite of thine performde when thou wert hid,
 As if a woman or a childe, that knew not what it did,
 Had toucht my foote: a cowards steele hath neuer any edge:
 But mine (t' assure it sharpe) still layes dead carcases in pledge;
 Touch it: it renders liueless straight: it strikes the fingers ends
 Of hapless widaowes in their cheeks, and children blinde of friends:
 The subiect of it makes earth red, and aire with sighes inflames,
 And leaues lims more embraste with birdes, then with enamored dames.
 Lance-famde Vlysses, now came in; and slept before the king,
 Kneeld opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager paine did sting
 Through all his bodie: straight he tooke his royall chariot there,
 And with direction to the fleete, did charge his charioter.*

*Now was Vlysses desolate, feare made no friend remaine:
 He thus spake to his mighty minde; What doth my state sustaine?
 If I should flie this ods in feare that thus comes clustering on,
 Twere high dishonor: yet twere worse to be surprisde alone;
 Tis loue that driues the rest to flight: but thats a faint excuse;
 Why do I tempt my mind so much? pale cowardes fight refuse:
 He that affects renowne in war, must like a rocke be fixt,*

Wound,

Wound, or be wounded: valures truth puts no respect betwixt.
 In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shadie bandes
 Of targateres; who sieged him round, with mischiefe-filled hands.
 As when a crew of gallants watch the wilde muse of a Bore;
 Their dogs put after in full crie, he rusbeth on before;
 Whets, with his lather-making lawes, his crooked tuskes for blood;
 And (holding firme his vsuall haunts) breaks through the deepned wood;
 They charging, though his hote approach be neuer so abhorde:
 So, to assaile the loue-lou'd Greek, the Ilians did accord,
 And he made through them: first he hurt vpon his shoulder blade
 Deiopea a blamelesse man at armes: then sent to endles shade
 Thoon and Eunomus, and strooke the strong Cheridamas,
 As from his Chariote he leapt downe, beneath his targe of brasse;
 Who fell and crawlde vpon the earth, with his sustaining palmes,
 And left the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing Martiall almes;
 That, Socus brother by both sides, yong Carops did impresse:
 Then princely Socus to his aide, made brotherly accesse,
 And (comming neere) spake in his charge; O great Laertes sonne
 Insatiate in slye stratagems, and labors neuer done;
 This hower, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hypasides
 And prize their armes, or fall thy selfe in my resolu'd accesse.
 This said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and wel-driuen Lance:
 Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
 Plowing the flesh alongst his sides; but Pallas did repell
 All inward passage to his life. Vlysses knowing well
 The wound vndeadeily; (setting backe his foot to forme his stand)
 Thus spake to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,
 That stayest my victorie on Troy: and where thy charge was made
 In doubtfull tearms (or this or that) this (shalt thy life inuade.
 This frightened Socus to retreat; and in his faint reuerse,
 The Lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his brest did perse:
 Downe fell he sounding, and the king thus plaide with his missease.
 O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hypasides:
 Now may your house and you perceiue death can outfly the slier;
 Ah wretch thou canst not scape my vowe: old Hypasus thy Syre,
 Nor thy well honord mothers hands, in both which lies thy worth,
 Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,
 And hide them with their darksome wings: but when Vlysses dies,
 Diuine Greeks shall tombe my course, with all their obsequies.
 Now from his bodie and his shield the violent launce he drew,

That

*That princely Socus had infixt: which drawne, a crimson deaw
Fell from his bosome on the earth: the wound did dare him sore.*

*And when the furious Troians saw Vlysses forced gores;
(Encouraging themselves in grosse) all his destruction vowde;
Then he retirde and summond ayde: thrise shewted he alowde,
(Which did denote a man engagde) thrise Menelaus eare
Observ'd his aide suggesting voice: and Ajax being neere,
He told him of Vlysses shewts, as if he were enclosde
From all assistance; and advise their aides might be disposde,
Against that Ring that circled him: least, charg'd with troopes alone
(Though valiant) he might be oppressd, whom Greece so built upon.*

*He led, and Ajax seconded: they found their Ioue-lou'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters boaw;
Whose scape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees have power to moue; but (maistred with his wound,
Embosste within a shadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his flesh; when instantly, fortune sends in the powers
Of some sterne Lion; with whose sight, they flie, and he deuours:
So charge the Ilians Ithacus, many and mightie men:
But then made Menelaus in: and horride Ajax then,
Bearing a target like a Tow'r: close was his violent stand,
And euerie way the foe disperst; when, by the royall hand,
Kinde Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes sonne,
Till his faire Squire had brought his horse; victorious Telamon
Still plyed the foe, and put to sword a young Priamides,
Doriclus, Priams bassard sonne: then did his Lance impresse
Pandocus, and strong Pyraus; Lylander, and Palertes.
As when a torrent from the hils, swolne with Saturnian showers,
Fals on the fieldes: beares blasted Oakes and withred rosine flowers,
Loose weedes, and all disperfed filth, into the Oceans force:
So, matchlesse Ajax beat the field, and slaughtered men and horse.
Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing
Of all the hoast, neere those sweet herbs, Scamanders flood doth spring;
Where many forheads trode the ground, and where the skirmish burnd;
Neere Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector ouerturnde
The Grecian squadrons, authoring high service with his lance
And skilfull manadge of his horse: nor yet the discrepance
He made in death betwixt the hoasts, had made the Greeks retire,
If faire-hayrde Helens second spouse had not represt the fire*

of bould Machaons fortitude; who with a three fork't head
 In his right boulder wounded him; then had the Grecians dread,
 Lest in his strength decline, the foe should slaughter their hurt friend;
 Then Idomen urg'd Neleides his charriote to ascend,
 And getting neere him take him in; and beare him to their tents;
 A surgeon is to be preferd, with physicke ornaments,
 Before a multitude: his life giues hurt liues native bounds,
 With sweet insperion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.
 Thus spake the royall Idomen: Neleides obeyd,
 And to his charriote presently, the wounded Greek conuaide:
 The sonne of Esculapius, the great physition:
 To fleet they flew. Cebriones perceiv'd the slaughter don
 By Ajax on the other troupes; and spake to Hector thus:
 Whiles we encounter Grecians here, sterne Telamonius
 Is yonder raging, turning up in heapes our horse and men;
 I know him by his spacious shield: let vs turne charriote then
 Where both of horse and foote the fight most hotely is proposde,
 In mutuall slaughters: ha! ke, their throats from cries are neuer closde.
 This said with his shrill scourge, he stroke the horse that fast enfewde,
 Stung with his lasses; tossing shields and carcases embrewde:
 The chariote tree was dround in blood, and th'arches by the seat
 Disperpled from the horses houes, and from the wheelebands beat.
 Great Hector longd to breake the rankes, and startle their close fight;
 Who horribly amasde the Greeks; and plyed their suddaine fright
 With busie weapons, euer wingd: his lance, sword, weightie stones:
 Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreafull Telamons,
 With whom he wisely shund fowle blowes: but loue (that weighe above
 All humane powers) to Ajax breast, diuine repressions ~~trou~~troue,
 And made him shun, who shunde himselfe: he ceast from fight amasde:
 Cast on his back his seauen-folde shield, and round about him gasde,
 Like one turnde wyld; lookt on himselfe, in his distract retreat;
 Knee before knee did scarcely moue; as when from heards of Neate
 Whole threaues of Bores and mungriels chace a Lion skulking neere,
 Loth he should taint the wel-prisde fat of any stall-fed steere
 Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedy of his prey)
 Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off; so thicke the Iauelins play
 On his bould charges, and so hot the burning firebrands shine,
 Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne;
 And earely his great heart retires: so Ajax from the foe,

For feare their fleet should be inflam'd gainst his swolne hart did goe.
 As when a dull mill Assc comes neere a goodly field of corne
 Kept from the birdes by childrens cries; the boyes are overborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he will eate:
 About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beates
 And still the self-providing asse, doth with their weakenesse beare,
 Not stirring till his wombe be full, and scarcely then will st ere
 So the huge sonne of Telamon, amongst the Troians farde;
 Bore showers of darts vpon his shield, yet scorn'd to flye, as skarde;
 And so kept softly on his way, nor would he mend his pasc
 For all their violent pursuites, that still did arme the chase
 With singing lances: but at last, when their Cur-like presumes,
 More vrgde, the more forborne; his spirits, 'id rarifie their fumes,
 And he reuok't his actiue strength; turn'd head and did repell
 The horse troupes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell,
 And by degrees he stole retreate; yet with such puiasant stay
 That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway
 He stooode, and from strong hands receiu'd sharpe lauelins on his shield;
 Where many stucke throwne on before, many fell short in field
 Ere the white bodie they could reach; and stucke, as telling how
 They purpos'd to haue pierst his flesh: his perill pierced now
 The eyes of Prince Eurypilus, Euemons famous sonne;
 Who came close on, and with his dart strook Duke Apisaon,
 Whose surname was Phaulsiades, euen to the concrete blood
 That makes the lyuer: on the earth, out gusht his vitall flood:
 Eurypilus made in, and eas'd his shoulders of his armes:
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his Bowe, and wreakt in part the harmes
 Of his good friend Phaulsiades: his arrow he let flye,
 That smote Eurypilus, and brake, in his attainted thye:
 Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the flyers cryde;
 Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks; stand, and repulse the tyde
 Of this our honor-wracking chace; Ajax is drownde in darts,
 Ifeare past scape; turne, honor'd friends, helpe out his ventrous parts:
 Thus spake the wounded Greeks; the sound, cast on their backs their shields,
 And rais'de their darts: to whose reliefe Ajax his person wields;
 Then stood he firmly with his friends, retiring their retyre:
 And thus both hoasts indifferent ioyn'd, the fight grew hote as fire.
 Now had Neleides sweating steeds, brought him and his hurt friend
 Amongst their Fleet; Aeacides, that wisely did intend,

(Standing

*(Standing afterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skyrmysh drew
 Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth the insecution grew;
 Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call
 His friend Patroclus: who like Mars in forme celestially
 Came forth with first sound of his voice (first spring of his decay)
 And askt his princely friends desire: Deare friend, said he, this day
 I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to swarme about my knees;
 I see vn-suffred neede imployde in their extremitie:
 Goe sweet Patroclus and enquire of old Neleides,
 Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts I ghesse
 It is Machaon: but his face I could not well descrie,
 They past mee in such earnest speede. Patroclus presently
 Obeide his friend and ran to know: they now descended were;
 And Nestors squire, Eurimidon, the horses did vngare:
 Themselues stood neere th'extreamest shore, to let the gentle aire
 Drie vp their sweat; then to the tent; where Hecamed the faire
 Set chayres, and for the wounded prince a potion did prepare.
 This Hecamede, by wars hard fate, fell to old Nestors share
 When Thetis sonne saekt Tenedos. Shee was the princely seede
 Of worthy king Arfynous, and by the Greeks decreede
 The prize of Nestor, since all men, in counsailes he surpast:
 First, a faire table she appoyde, of which the feet were graste
 With blewish mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same she put
 A brasse fruit dish; in which she seru'd a hol'some onion, cut,
 For pittance to the potion, and honny newly wrought;
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meale: then to the borde she brought
 A right faire cup, with gold studs drinen, which Nestor did transfer
 From Pylos; on whose swelling sides, fowre handles fixed were;
 And vpon euery handle sate a paire of doves of gold;
 Some billing, and some pecking meat. Two gilt feet did uphold
 The antique body: and withall so weightie was the cup,
 That being propos'de brimfull of wine one scarce could lift it vp;
 Yet Nestor drunke in it with ease, spight of his yeares respect;
 In this the Goddesse-like faire dame, a potion did confect
 With good old wine of Pramnius; and scrap't into the wine
 Cheese made of goates milke; and on it, sperst flow'r, exceeding fine:
 In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she preparde
 And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor sharde.
 Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirits reuiu'de*

*With pleasant conference. And now, Patroclus being arrinde,
Made stay at th' entrie of the tent: old Nestor seeing it,
Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would haue him sit.
He set that curtesie aside, excusing it with hast;
Since his much to be reuerent friend, sent him to know who past,
(Wounded with him in chariote) so swiftly through the shore;
Whom now said he I see and know, and now can stay no more:
You know good Father, our great friend is apt to take offence:
Whose fierie temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.*

*He answered, When will Peleus sonne, some royall pittie show
On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is it yet to know
How much affliction tyres our host? how our especiall aide
(Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laide?
Vlisses, Diomed, our king, Eurpylus, Machaon,
All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion
Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he reserve his eye
Till our fleet burne, and we our selues, one after other die?
Alas, my forces are not now, as in my younger life.
Oh would to God, I had that strength, I used in the strife
Betwixt vs and the Elians, for Oxen to be driuen;
When Itumonius lofty soule, was by my valure giuen
As sacrifice to destinie; Hypporocus strong sonne,
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention.
We forragde (as proclamed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote;
And he, in rescue of his Herdes, fell breathlesse at my foote.
All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled, our prey was rich and great,
Twice fure and twentie flockes of sheepe, as many herds of neate;
As many goates, and nastie swine; a hundred fiftie mares,
All sorrel; most, with sucking foales; and these soone-moned wares,
We draue into Neileus towne, fayre Pylos, all by night.
My fathers hart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
The forward minde of his young sonne, that vsde my youth in deeds,
And would not smother it in moodes. Now drew the Suns bright steeades
Light from the hils; our Herraldes now, accited all that were
Endamag'd by the Elians; our princes did appeare;
Our boote was parted; many men, th' Epeians much did owe,
That (being our neighbors) they did spoyle; afflictions did soflowe
On vs poore Pyleans, though but few: in brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late yeares, and wholly did suppress*

Our haples princes: twice sixe sonnes, renownd Neleius bred;
 Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdu'd and dead.
 And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
 On their neere neighbors, being oppress'd, to lay iniurious hands;
 A herd of Oxen for himselfe: a mightie flocke of sheepe:
 My Syre select'd, and made choice of shepheards for their keep;
 And from the generall spoyle, he culd three hundred of the best:
 The Elians ought him infinite, most plagude of all the rest:
 Fower wāger-winning horse he lost, and charriots interuented
 Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented
 Was a religious threefoote urne: Augcas was the king,
 That did detain them, and dismiss their keeper sorrowing
 For his lou'd charge, lost with fowle words. Then both for words and deedes
 My Syre being worthyly incens'd, thus iustly he proceedes
 To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthie prize;
 And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subiects to suffice;
 That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due:
 Thus for the publike good we sharde; then we to temples drue
 Our complete cittie; and to heauen, we thankfull rights did burne
 For our rich conquest: the third day, ensewing our returne
 The Elians flew on vs in heapes; their generall leaders were
 The two Molioness: two boyes, vntrayned in the feare
 Of horrid warre, or vse of strength. A certaine cittie shines
 Vpon a loftie prominent; and in th'extreame confines
 Of sandie Pyos, seated, where Alpheus flood doth run;
 And cald Thryella; thus they sieg'd, and gladly would haue won:
 But (hauing past through all our fields) Minetua, as our spie,
 Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd vs instantly:
 Nor mustred she vnwilling men, nor vnpreparde for force:
 My Syre yet would not let me arme: but hid away my horse;
 Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shynde I nothing lesse
 Amongst our Gallants, though on foote: Minetuas mightinesse
 Led me to fight, and made me heare a souldiers worthy name.
 There is a floud fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame
 Close to Arena, and is cald bright Mynicus streame:
 There made we halt: and therethe Sun cast many a glorious beame
 On our bright armours: horse and foote insea'd together there:
 Then marcht we on: by fiery noone, we saw the sacred cleare
 Of great Alpheus; where to Ioue, we did faire sacrifice,

*And to the azure God, that rules the underliquid skies,
 We offerd vp a solemne bull; a bull i' Alpheus name,
 And to the blew eyde mayde we burnd a heffer neuer tame.
 Now was it night, we supt, and slept about the flood in arms;
 The foe laide hard sledge to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes:
 But for preuention of their splenes, a mightie worke of warre
 Appeard behinde them. For as soone, as Phœbus fierie Carre
 Cast nights foule darknes from his wheelles (inuoking reuerend Ioue,
 And the unconquered maide his birth) we did th' euent approue,
 And gaue them battaile; first of all I slew (the armie saw)
 The mightie souldier Mulius, Augeus sonne in law,
 And spoyld him of his one-hou'd horse: his eldest daughter was
 Bright Agamede, that for skill in simples did surpassesse,
 And knew as many kinde of drugs, as earths broad center bred:
 Him charg'd I with my brasse armde lance, the dust receiu'd him dead:
 I (leaping to his chariote) amongst the formost prest;
 And the great hearted Elyans, fled frighted, seeing their best
 And loftie souldier taken downe, the Generall of their horse.
 I followed like a blacke whirlwinde, and did for prize enforce
 Full fiftie charriots, euerie one furnisht with two armde men,
 Who' eate the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then
 The two young boyes Moliones, if their world circling Syre,
 (Great Neptune) had not safte their liues, and couered their retire
 With unpierst cloudes: then Ioue bestowde a haughtie victorie
 Vpon vs Pyleans. For so long we did the chase apply,
 Slaughtering and making spoyle of armes, till sweet Buprasius soile,
 Alelius, and Olenia, were samde with our recoile;
 For there Minerva turnd our power: and there the last I slew;
 As when our battaile ioynde, the first: the Peleans then withdrew
 To Pylos, from Buprasius. Of all the immortalls then,
 They most thank Ioue for victorie; Neltor, the most of men:
 Such was I euer, if I were, employde with other Peeres,
 And I had honor of my youth, which dies not in my yeares.
 But Great Achilles onely ioyes habilitie of act
 In his braue Prime, and doth not daine t' impart it where t' is lackt;
 No doubt he will extreamely mourne, long after that blacke hower,
 Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthles power.
 O friend, my memorie reuiues the charge Menecius gaue
 Thy towardnes; when thou setst forth to keepe out of the grane*

Our wounded honor; I my selfe, and wise Vlysses were
 Within the roome, where euerie word then spoken we did heare:
 For we were come to Peleus court, as we did mustering passe
 Through rich Achaia, where thy Syre, renownde Menetius was,
 Thy selfe and great Æacides; when Peleus the King
 To thunder-louing Ioue did burne an Oxe for offering,
 In his Court-yard: a Cup of gold crownde with red wine he held
 On th' holy Incensorie powrde: you, when the Oxe was feld,
 Were dressing his diuided lims; we in the Portall stood:
 Achilles seeing vs come so neere, his honorable blood
 Was strooke with a respectiue shame; rose, tooke vs by the hands,
 Brought vs both in, and made vs sit, and vsde his kinde commands,
 For seemely hospitable rights; which quickly were apposde.
 Then (after needfulnesse of foode) I first of all disclosde
 The royall cause of our repaire; mou'd you and your great friend,
 To consort our renownde designs: both straight did condescend;
 Your fathers knew it; gaue consent, and graue instruction
 To both your valours. Peleus chargde his most vnequall sonne,
 To gouerne his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest
 In honor, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest
 With deere aduises from thy Syre. My loued sonne, sayd he
 Achilles by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,
 And for his force more excellent, yet thou more ripe in yeares;
 Then with sound counsailes (ages fruits) imploy his honorde cares,
 Command and ouerrule his moodes; his nature will obay
 In any charge discreetly giuen, that doth his good assay:
 Thus charg'd thy Syre, which thou forgett; yet now at last approue
 (With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his loue.
 Who knowes if sacred influence may bleste thy good intent,
 And enter with thy gracious words, euen to his full consent?
 The admonition of a friend is sweet and vehement.
 If any Oracle he shun, or if his mother Queene
 Hath brought him some instinct from Ioue, that fortifies his splene;
 Let him resigne command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,
 And yeeld by that meanes some repulse, to our confusions;
 Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme
 May haply make thee, thought him selfe, and calme his hostile forme:
 That so a little we may ease our ouercharged hands;
 Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands

Beneath

*Ieneath his labors; and your charge, being fierce, and freshly giuen,
They easily from our tents and Fleet, may to their walls be driuen.*

*This mou'd the good Patroclus minde; who made his utmost haste
T'informe his friend; and as the Fleet of Ithacus he past,
(At which their markets were dispos'd, counsailes and Martiall courts,
And where to th' Altars of the Gods, they made diuine resorts)
He met renown'd Eurypilus, Euemons noble sonne
Halting his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweat did run
Downe from his shoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound
Forth flow'd his melancholic blood, yet still his minde was sound:
His sight, in kinde Patroclus breast, to sacred pittie turn'd,
And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournde;
Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes, deiect'd kings:
Was it your Fates to nourish beasts, and stretch the out cast wings
Of sauage vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Euemons fame,
Doe yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame?
Or are they hopelesse throwne to death, by his resistless lance?
Diuine Patroclus (he replyde) no more can Greece aduance
Defensiu weapons; but to Fleet, they headlong must retire:
For those that to this hower haue held our Fleet from hostile fyre,
And are the bulwarks of our host, lie wounded at their tents;
And Troys vnuanquishable power, still as it toyles, augments:
But take me to thy blacke sternde ship, saue me, and from my thye
Cut out this arrow; and the blood that is engor'd and dry,
Wasb with warme water from the wound: then gentle salues apply,
Which thou knowest best: thy princely friend hath taught thee surgerie;
Whom (of all Centaures the most iust) Chyron did institute:
Thus to thy honorable hands my ease I prosecute,
Since our Physitians cannot helpe: Machaon at his tent
Nedes a Physitian himselfe, being Leach and patient:
And Podalirius, in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines.
Strong Menetiades replyde; how shall I ease thy paines?
What shall we doe, Eurypilus? I am to vse all hast,
To signifie to Thetis sonne occurrents that haue past
At Nestors honorable sute: but be that worke atchieu'd,
When this is done; I will not leaue thy torments vnrelieu'd.*

*This said, athwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme,
And nobly helpt him to his tent: his seruants seeing his harme,
Dispreade Ox-hides vpon the earth, whereon Machaon lay:*

Patroclus

Patroclus cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearely washt away
With luke-warme water, the black blood: then twist his hands he brusde
A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infusde
Into the greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he felt before
Were well and instantly allaide, the wound did bleed no more.

The end of the Eleuenth Booke.



Bb

THE



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMERS ILIADES.



THe Troians, at the Trench, their powers engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
In five parts they diuide their powre, to skale,
And prince *Sarpedon* forceth downe the pale;
Great *Hector* from the Port teares out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those brode gates the Grecians made to guard
Their Tents and shippes; that, broken, and vnbar'd,
They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend
To reach the shippes: which all at last ascend.

Another Argument.

My, workes the Troians all the grace,
And doth the Grecian Fort deface.

Patroclus, thus employ'd in cure of hurt *Eurypilus*;
Both hoasts are all for other wounds, doubly contentious;
One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to inuade;
Nor could the brode dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made,
To guard their fleete, be long vnrac't; because it was not rais'de,
By graue direction of the Gods, nor were their deities prayse

(When

(When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure,
 (Their strength being season'd well with heauens) it should haue force t' endure;
 And so, the safeguard of their fleete, and all their treasure there
 Infallibly had beene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarkes were
 Not onely without powre of checke, to their assaulting foe
 (Euen now; as soone as they were built) but apt for ouerthrowes;
 Such as, in verie little time, shall burie all their sight
 And thought, that euer they were made; as long as the despight
 Of great Æacides held vp, and Hector went not downe;
 And that by those two meanes stood safe, king Priams sacred Towne;
 So long their Rampire had some vse, (though now it gaue some way):
 But when Troy's best men sufferd Fate, and many Greeks did pay
 Deare for their sufferances; then the rest, home to their Countrie turnd,
 The tenth yeare of their warres at Troy, and Troy was sackt and burnd,
 And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres employ
 To ruine their worke, and left lesse of that, then they, of Troy.
 Neptune and Phœbus tumbld downe, from the Idalian hills,
 An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fills
 On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde,
 Rhæsus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander (the adorde)
 Carefus, Simois, Grenicus, Ælepus; of them all,
 Apollo open'd the rough mouths, and made their lustie fall
 Ransh the dustie champain, where as many a helme and shield,
 And halfe-god race of men were strow'd: and that all these might yeeld
 Full tribute to the heauenly worke; Neptune and Phœbus won
 Ioue to unburthen the blacke wombes of clouds (fild by the sun)
 And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might send
 The huge wal swimming to the sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend
 To nights; in tempests; and when all, their vtmost depth had made;
 Ioue, Phœbus, Neptune, all came downe, and all in state did wade
 To ruine of that impious fort: Great Neptune went before,
 Wrought with his trident, and the stones trunks, roots of trees he tore
 Out of the Rampire; tost them all into the Hellespont;
 Euen all the proud toyle of the Greeks, with which they durst confront
 The to-be-shunned Deities; and not a stone remainde,
 Of all their huge foundations; all with the earth were plainde.
 Which done; againe the Gods turnd backe the siluer-flowing floods,
 By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pourd abroad their broods,
 And conerd all the ample shore againe with dustie sand;
 And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand

Was emptied of stones, and darts, contending to inuade;
 Where clamor spent so high a throat, and where the fell blowes made
 The new-built woddon Turrets grone. And here the Greeks were pent
 Tam'd with the Iron whip of Ioue, that terrors vehement
 Shooke ouer them by Hectors hand; who was (in enerie thought)
 The terror-master of the field, and like a whirlewinde fought;
 As fresh as in his morns first charge. And as a sauage Bore
 Or Lion, hunted long; at last with hounds and hunters store,
 Is compass round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a Towre
 They had inchac't him) pouring on of darts an Iron showre;
 His glorions hart yet, nought appall'd, and forcing forth his way;
 Here ouerthrowes a troope; and there a running ring doth stay
 His utter passage; when againe that stay he ouerthrowes;
 And then, the whole field frees his rage: so Hector wearies blowes;
 Runs out his charge vpon the Fort; and all his force would force
 To passe the dike. Which being so deepe, they could not get their horse
 To venture on; but trample, snore, and on the verie brinke,
 To neigh with spirit; yet still stand off: nor would a humane thinke
 The passage safe; or if it were, twas lesse safe for retreat;
 The dike being enerie where so deep, and (where twas least deep) set
 With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong, that horse could neuer passe;
 Much lesse their Charriots, after them: yet for the foote there was
 Some hopefull seruice, which they wisht, Polydamas then spake;
 Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscretly make
 Offer of passage, with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall
 Impossible for horse to take, nor can men fight at all,
 The place being streight; and much more apt, to let vs take our bane
 Then giue theemie: and yet if Ioue decree the wane
 Of Grecian glorie vterly, and so bereaue their harts,
 That we may freely charge them thus, and then will take our parts;
 I would with all speed, with th' assault; that ougly shame might shed
 (Thus farre from home) these Grecians bloods. But, if they once turne head
 And sally on vs from their fleete, when in so deepe a dike
 We shall lye struggling; not a man of all our hoast is like
 To liue, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus;
 Here leaue we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let vs
 Hold close together, and attend the grace of Hectors guide,
 And then they shall not beare our charge; our conquest shall be died
 In their liues purples. This aduice pleas'd Hector; for twas sound;
 Who first obey'd it; and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground;

And

And then all left their Charriots, when he was scene to lead,
 Rushing about him; and gaue vp each Charriot, and steed
 To their directors to be kept, in all precinct of warre;
 There, and on that side of the dike: and thus the rest prepare
 Their onset in fine regiments. They all their powre diuide:
 Each Regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, euen the pride,
 Seru'd in great Hectors Regiment; for all were set on fire
 (Their passage beaten through the wal) with hazardous desire,
 That they might once, but fight at fleet. With Hector Captaines were,
 Polydamas, and Cebriones; who was his Chariotere:
 But Hector found that place a worse. Chiefes of the second band
 Were Paris, and Alcahous, Agenor. The command
 The third strong Phalanx had, was giuen to th' angure Hellenus,
 Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie Asius;
 Euen Asius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode
 The huge bay horse; and had his house where riuer sellers flowd.
 The fourth charge, good Æneas led, and with him were combinde
 Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenors dearest kinde)
 And excellent at euerie fight. The fift braue companie,
 Sarpedon had to charge; who chus'de, for his commands supply,
 Asteropceus, great in arms, and Glaucus; for both these
 Were best of all men, but himselfe: but he was fellowless.
 Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, downe the steep dike they goe;
 And (thirstie of the walls assault) beliewe in ouerthrowe;
 Not doubting but with headlong fals to tumble downe the Greeks,
 From their blacke Nauie; in which trust all on; and no man seeks
 To crosse Polydamas aduice, with any other course,
 But Asius Hyrtacides, who (proude of his bay horse)
 Would not forsake them; nor his man that was their manager;
 (Foole that he was) but all to fleete, and little knew how neere
 An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he neuer more
 Must looke on lofty Ilion, but lookes, and all, before,
 Put on th' all-couering mist of Fate, that then did hang upon
 The Lance of great Deucalides: he fatally rusht on
 The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and Charriot,
 Came vsually from field to fleete: close to the gates he got;
 Which both vnbar'd, and ope he found; that so the easier might
 An entrie be for any friend that was behind in flight;
 Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard
 Maintaind vpon it; past his thought, who still put for it hard,

Eagerly shewing, and with him, were five more friends of name
 That would not leaue him, though none else would hunt that way for fame
 (In their free choice) but he himselfe. Orestes, Iameneus,
 And Acamas, Asiadès, Thoon, Oenomaus,
 Were those that followed Asius: within the gates they found
 Two eminently valorous, that from the race renown'd
 Of the right valiant Lapithes deriv'd their high descent.
 Fierce Leonteus, was the one, like Mars in detriment;
 The other mightie Polepæt, the great Pirithous sonne:
 These stood within the loftie gates, and nothing more did shun,
 The charge of Asius, and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes,
 Wellrooted in the binding earth, obay the ayerie strokes
 Of winde and weather, standing firme, gainst euerie seasons spight;
 Yet they poure on continued shoutes, and beare their shields vpright;
 When in the meane space, Polypæt and Leonteus cheerd
 There souldiers to the fleetes defence: but when the rest had heard
 The Troians in attempt to skale, clamor and slight did slowe,
 Amongst the Grecians; and then (the rest dismaide) these two
 Met Asius entring; thrust him backe, and fought before their doores:
 Nor far'd they then like Okes that stood. But as a brace of Bores
 Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare a sort of hunters shoute,
 And hounds in hot trayle, comming on, then from their dens break out,
 Trauerse their force, and suffer not, in wildnes of their way,
 About them any plant to stand: but thickets, offering stay,
 Breake through, and rend vp by the roots; whet gnashes into aire,
 Which tumult fils, with shewts, hounds, hornes, and all the hote affaire
 Beates at their bosomes: so their armes rung with assailing blowes;
 And so they stirr'd them in repulse; right well assur'd that those
 Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew
 They now fought for their tents, fleete, liues, and fame; and therfore threw
 Stones from the walls and towrs, as thicke, as when a drift winde shakes
 Blacke-clouds in peeces; and pluckes snow, in great and plumie flakes.
 From their soft bosomes; till the ground be wholly cloth'd in white;
 So earth was hid with stones, and darts: darts from the Troian fight;
 Stones from the Greeks; that on the helms and bossie Troian shields
 Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd great Asius, who now yields,
 Sighes, beats his thighs: and in a rage, his fault to loue applies.
 O loue (said he) now cleere thou shewst, thou art a friend to lyes;
 Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good;
 To all their ruines: which I thought, could neuer be withstood;

Yet they; as yellow Waspes, or Bees (that, hauing made their nest
 The gasping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast,
 Hunters come hot and hungrie in, and digge for honny Comes;
 They slye vpon them, strike and sting; and from their hollow homes,
 Will not be beaten, but defend their labours fruite, and brood:
 No more will these be from their port; but either lose their blood
 (Although but two, against all vs) or be our prisoners made;
 All this, to do his action grace, could not firme loue perswade,
 Who for the generall counsaile stood, and (gainst his singular braue)
 Bestow'd on Hector, that dayes fame; yet he, and these behaue
 Themselues thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports,
 And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts,
 Rag'd in contention twixt both hosts; it were no easie thing,
 (Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing.
 The Troians fought not of themselues, a fire from heauen was throwne
 That ran amongst them, through the wall, mere added to their owne;
 The Greeks held not their owne; weak grieve went with her wither'd hand
 And dipt it deeply in their spirits, since they could not command
 Their forces to abide the fiede; whom harsh necessitie
 (To saue those ships should bring them home) and their good forts supply
 Draue to th'expulsive fight they made; and this might stoop them more
 Then neede it selfe could eleuate: for euen Gods did deplore
 Their dire estates; and all the Gods, that were their aids in war;
 Who (though they could not clear their plights) yet were their friends thus far,
 Still to uphold the better sort; for then did Polepat passe
 A Lance at Damalus; whose helme was made with cheeks of brasse,
 Yet had not prooffe enough; the pyle draue through it, and his skull;
 His braine, in blood dround; and the man so late so spirit-full
 Fell now quite spirit-less to earth; so emptied he the vaines
 Of Pylon, and Ormenus liues; and then, Leonteus gaines
 The lifes end of Hippomachus, Antimachus-his sonne;
 His Lance fell at his gyrdle stead; and with his end, begun
 Another end; Leonteus left him; and through the prease
 (His keene sword drawne) ran desperately vpon Antiphates,
 And liueless tumbled him to earth, nor could all these liues quench
 His fierie spirit; that his flame, in Menons blood did drench;
 And rag'd vp, euen to lameus, and yong Orestes life;
 All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife:
 Whose faire armes while the victors spoyld, the youth of Iliou,
 Of which there seru'd the most and best, still bouldly built vpon

*The wise dome of Polydamas, and Hector's matchlesse strength;
 And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit, with wish, and hope at length
 (The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet; but (having past the dike,
 And willing now to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike
 Their hearts with some deliberate stay; a high flowne eagle forde
 On their troopes left hand, and sustaine a Dragon all engorde,
 In her strong seres, of wondrous sife; and yet had no such checke
 In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning backe her necke
 So slung the eagles gorge; that down she cast her feruent pray,
 Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the windes, her way;
 Crying with anguish. When they sawe a branded Serpent sprawle,
 So full amongst them; from aboue, and from lowes fowle let fall;
 They tooke it, an ostent from him: stood frighted; and their cause
 Polydamas thought iust, and spake; Hector, you know, applause
 Of humor hath beene farre from me, nor fits it, or in warre
 Or in affaires of Court; a man, imploy'd in publike care,
 To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre:
 And therefore, for that simple course, your strength hath oft beene sowre
 To me in counsailes; yet, againe, what shoves in my thoughts best,
 I must discover; let vs cease, and make their sight our rest
 For this dayes honor; and not now attempt the Grecian fleet;
 For this (I feare) will be th'euent; the prodigie doth meet
 So full with our affayre in hand. As this high flying fowle,
 Vpon the left hand of our hoast, (implying our controule)
 Howerd aboue vs; and did trusse within her goulden seres
 A Serpent so embrew'd, and bigge; which yet (in all her feares)
 Kept life, and feruent spirit to fight; and wrought her owne release,
 Nor did the Eagle Airie feed: so though we thus far prease
 Vpon the Grecians; and perhaps may ouerrunne their wall;
 Our high minds ayming at their fleet; and that we much appall
 Their trussed spirits; yet are they so Serpent-like disposed
 That they will fight, though in our seres; and will at length be losde
 With all our outcries; and the life of many a Troian breast,
 Shall with the Eagle flie, before we carrie to our nest
 Them, or their Nauie: thus expounds the angure this ostent,
 Whose depth he knowes; and these should feare. Hector with countenance bent
 Thus answerd him; Polydamas, your depth in angurie,
 I like not; and I know right well, thou dost not satisfie
 Thy seife in this opinion: Or if thou think'st it true,
 Thy thoughts, the Gods blinde; to aduise, and urge that, as our due,*

That

That breaks our dueties; and to Ioue; whose vow and signe to me
Is past directly for our speede: yet light-wingd birds must bee
(By thy aduice) our Oracles; whose feathers little stay
My serious actions. What care I, if this, or th' other way,
Their wilde wings sway them; if the right, on which the sunne doth rise,
Or, to the left hand, where he sets? Tis Ioues high Counsaile lies
With those wings, that shall beare up vs; Ioues, that both earth and heauen;
Both men, and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is giuen
To order all men, best of all; fight for thy Countries right.
But why fearest thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight
Strow all men here, about the fleet, yet thou need'st neuer feare
To beare their Fates; thy warie hart will neuer trust thee, where
An enemies looke is; and yet, fight: for, if thou dar'st abstaine,
Or whisper into any eare, an abstinence so vaine

As thou aduise'st; neuer feare, that any foe shall take
Thy life from thee; for tis this Lance. This said; all forwards make;
Himselfe the first: yet before him, exulting clamor flew;
And thunder louing Iupiter, from lostie Ida blew
A storme that vsberd their assault, and made them charge like him;
It draue directly on the fleete, a dust so fierce, and dim,
That it amaz'd the Grecians; but was a grace diuine,
To Hector, and his following Troopes; who wholly did oncline
To him, being now in grace with Ioue; and so put bouldly on
To rase the rampire; in whose height they fiercely set upon
The Parrapets and puld them downe; ras't euerie formost fight;
And all the Butteresses of stone, that held their towers vpright,
They tore away with Crowes of Iron, and hap't to ruine all.

The Greeks yet stood, and stil repaire the foresights of their wall
With hides of Oxen; and from thence, they pourd downe stones in showres
Vpon the underminers heads. Within the formost Towres,
Both the Aiaces had comma'd, who answerd euerie part;
Th' assaulters, and their souldiers; repress, and put in hart;
Repayring valour, as their wall; spake some faire, some reprov'd,
Who euer made not good his place; and thus they all sorts mon'd;
O Countymen, now need in aide, would haue excessfe be spent;
The excellent must be admird, the meane'st excellent;
The worst, do well; in changing warre, all should not be alike;
Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, least Hector strike
Your mindes with frights, as eares with threats: forward be all your hands;
Vrge one another; This doubt downe, that now betwixt vs stands;

Ioue will goe with vs to their wals; To this effect, alowde
 Spake both the Princes; and as high (with this) the expulsion flowde.
 And as in winter time, when Ioue his cold-sharpe lauelines throwes
 Amongst vs mortalls; and is mou'd, to white earth with his snowes;
 (The windes a sleepe) he freely poures, till highest prominents,
 Full tops, lowe Meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with most contents
 The toyles of men; sea ports, and shores are hid; and euerie place,
 But floods (that snowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace);
 So both sides couerd earth with stones. so both for life contend,
 To shoue i their sharpnesse; through the wall vprore stood up an end.
 Nor had great Hector, and his friends the rampire ouerrun,
 If heauens great Counsaylor, high Ioue, had not inflam'd his sonne
 Sarpedon (like the forrests king, when he on Oxen flies)
 Against the Grecians: his round Targe, he to his armes applies
 Brasse-leau'd without; and all within, thicke Ox-hydes quilted hard;
 The verge naild round, with rodde of gould; and with two darts prepar'd,
 He leads his people; as ye see a mountaine Lion fare;
 Long kept from prey; In forcing which, his high minde makes him dare,
 Assault vpon the whole full foulde: though guarded neuer so
 With well-armed men, and eager dogges, away he will not goe,
 But venture on, and either snatch a prey, or be a prey:
 So far as diuine Sarpedons mind, resolui'd to force his way
 Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet since he did not see
 Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he;
 He spake to Glaucus; Glaucus, say, why are we honor'd more,
 Then other men of Lycia, in place? with greater store
 Of meates and cups? with goodlier roofes, delight some gardens, walkes?
 More Lands? and better? so much wealth, that court and countrie talks
 Of vs, and our possessions; and euerie way we goe,
 Gase on vs as we were their Gods? this where we dwell, is so:
 The shores of Xanthus ring of this; and shall not we exceede,
 As much in merite, as in noise? Come; be we great in deed
 As well as looke; shine not in gould, but in the flames of fight;
 That so our neat-armed Lycians may say; See, these are right
 Our kings, our rulers; these deserue to eate, and drinke the best,
 These gouerne not ingloriously: these, thus exceed the rest,
 Do more then they command to doe. O friend, if keeping backe
 Would keep backe, age from vs, and death, and that we might not wracke
 In this lifes humane sea at all; But that deferring now
 We shun death neuer; nor would I halfe this vaine valor shome,

Nor glorifie a folly so, to wish thee to a dance :
 But since we must goe, though not here, and that besides the chance
 Propos'd now, there are infinite fates of other sorts in death;
 Which (neither to be fled nor scap't) a man must sinke beneath:
 Come; trie me, if this sort be ours: and either render thus,
 Glorie to others; or make them resigne the like to vs.
 This motion, Glaucus shifed not, but (without words) obey'd;
 Fore-right went both; a mightie troope of Lycians followed:
 Which, by Menestheus obseru'd, his hayre stood vp on end;
 For at the Towre where he had charge, he saw calamitie bend
 Her horrid browes in their approach. He threw his looks about
 The whole fights neere, to see what Chiefe might helpe the miserie out
 Of his poore souldiers; and beheld where both th' Aiaces fought,
 And Teucer, newly come from fleete; whom it would profite nought
 To call; since tumult, on their helms, shields, and vpon the ports
 Layd such lowde claps: for euerie way defences of all sorts
 Were adding, as Troy tooke away; and clamor flew so high
 Her wings strooke heauen, and dround all voice: the two Dukes yet so nigh
 And at the offer of assault, he to th' Aiaces sent
 Thooos the herralde, with this charge: Run to the regiment
 Of both th' Aiaces; and call both, for both were better here;
 Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more enforc't then there.
 The Lycian Capitaines this way make; who in these fights of stand,
 Haue often shew'd much excellence: yet, if laborious hand
 Be there more needfull then I hope; at least afford vs some;
 Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' archer Teucer come.
 The Herralde hasted, and arriu'd, and both th' Aiaces tould,
 That Petcus noble sonne desired, their little labor would
 Employ it selfe in succoring him; both their supplies were best,
 Since death assaild his quarter most: for on it fiercely prest
 The well-prou'd mightie Lycian Chiefs. Yet if the seruice there
 Allowde not both; he prayd that One, part of his charge would beare;
 And that was Ajax Telamon; with whom he wishd would come
 The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly his roome
 To strong Lycomedes; and will'd Ajax. Oiliades
 With him to make vp his supply, and fill with courages
 The Grecian harts till his returne, which should be instantly
 When he had well relieu'd his friend. With this, the companie
 Of Teucer he tooke to his aide; Teucer, that did descend
 (As Ajax did) from Telamon: with these two did attend

Pandion, that bore Teucers bowe. When to Menestheus Towre
 They came; alongst the wall, they found him, and his hartned power
 Toying in making strong their fort; the Lycian princes set
 Blacke whyrlewinde-like, with both their powers, upon the parapet:
 Ajax, and all resisted them: clamor amongst them rose;
 The slaughter, Ajax led; who first the last deare sight did close
 Of strong Epicles; that was friend to Ioues great Lycian sonne.
 Amongst the high munition heape, a mightie marble stone
 Lay highest; neere the Pynacle; a stone of such a paise,
 That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise:
 Yet this did Ajax rouse, and throw, and all inberds did drine
 Epicles foure-topt caske and skull; who (as ye see one die
 In some deep riner) left his height; life left his bones withall.
 Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing up yet higher, on the wall)
 Where naked he discern'd his arme, and made him steale retreat
 From that hote seruice; least some Greek, with an insulting threat,
 (Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was grien'd,
 At Glaucus parting; yet fought on, and his great hart relieu'd
 A little with Alcmaons blood, surnam'd Thestorides,
 Whose life he hurl'd out, with his Lance; which following through the prease
 He drew from him. Downe from the tower, Alcmaon dead it strook;
 His faire arms ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon tooke
 In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite;
 The wall stript naked; and brode way for entrie and full fight,
 He made the many. Against him Ajax, and Teucer made;
 Teucer, the rich belt on his brest, did with a shaft inuade:
 But Iupiter auerted death; who would not see his sonne
 Dye at the tayles of th' Achine shippes. Ajax did fetch his run,
 And (with his Lance) strooke through the Tardege, of that brane Lycian king;
 Yet kept he it from further passe; nor did it any thing
 Dismay his minde, although his men stood off from that high way,
 His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day
 Should euer make his glory cleere. His mens faults thus he blam'd;
 O Lycians, why are your hote spirits, so quickly disinflam'd?
 Suppose me ablest of you all: tis hard for me alone,
 To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion,
 Way to their Nauie; lend your hands. What many can dispatch
 One cannot thinke: the noble worke of many, hath no match.
 The wise kings iust rebuke, did strike a reuerence to his will
 Through all his souldiers; all stood in, and gainst all th' Achines still

Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch that to the aduerse side
 The worke shewde mightie; and the wall when twas within descryed,
 No easie service; yet the Greeks could neither free their wall,
 Of these braue Lycians; that held firme the place they first did skale;
 Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdie Grecians drine;
 Nor reach their fleet: but as two men, about the lymits stryue
 Of Land that toucheth in a field; their measures in their hands,
 They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffely stands,
 That so farre is his right in law; both hugely set on fire
 About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire
 Both these foes, to their seuerall endes; and all exhaust their most
 About the verie battlements (for yet no more was lost).
 With sword and fire they vext for them, their Targes hugely round;
 With Oxehides linde; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound
 The sterne steele gaue. for that one prise whercof, though some receiu'd
 Their portions on the naked backs, yet others were bereau'd
 Of brauelines, face-turnd, through their shields; towrs, bulwarkees euery where
 Were freckled with the bloods of men; nor yet the Greeks did beare
 Base back-turnd faces; nor their foes would therefore be outfac't:
 But, as a spinster poore and iust, ye sometimes see strait lac't
 About the weighing of her webbe; who (carefull) hauing charge,
 For which, she would prouide some meanes, is loth to be too large
 In giuing or in taking weight; but euer with her hand,
 Is doing with the weights and wolk, till both in iust paise stand:
 So euently stood it with these foes, till loue to Hector gaue
 The turning of the skoles; who first against the rampire draue,
 And spake so lowde that all might heare; O stand not at the pale
 (Braue Troian friends) but mend your hands: vp, and break through the wall,
 And make a bonfire of their fleete: all heard, and all in heapes
 Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane space Hector leapes
 Vpon the port; from whose out-part, he tore a massie stone
 Thicke downe wards, upwards edg'd; it was so huge a one
 That two vast yomen of most strength (such as these times begit)
 Could not from earth, list to a Carr: yet he did brandish it
 Alone (Saturnius made it light); and swindging it, as nought,
 He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought,
 And kept the Port: two folde they were, and with two rafters bard;
 High, and strong lockt: he raide the stone: bent to the hurle so hard;
 And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke;
 The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake;

*The hinges peece-meale flew, and through the feruent little rocke
Thundred a passage; with his weight, th'in wall his brest did knocke;
And in rusht Hector, fierce and grimme as any stormy night;
His brasse Armes, round about his brest, reflected terrible light.
Each arme, held vp, held each a dart: his presence cald vp all
The dreadfull spirits his Being held; that to the threatned wall
None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces;
And thus he look't backe; cald in all: all firde their courages,
And in they flowde: the Grecians fled; their fleet now, and their fright
Askt all their rescue; Greece went downe; tumult was at his height.*

The ende of the Twelfth Book.





To the right Gracious and worthy, the Duke of
LENNOX, &c. Diuine HOMER humblie submittes
*that desert of acceptation in his Presentment, which all worthiest
Dukes haue acknowledg'd, worth Honor and Admiration.*

Amongst th' Heroës of the Worlds prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, & see the shine about you:
Informe your princely minde and spirit by theirs;
And then, like them, liue euer; looke without you,
For subiects fit to vse your place, and grace:
Which throwe about you, as the Sunne, his Raies;
In quickning, with their power, the dying Race
Of friendless *Vertue*; since they thus can raise
Their honor'd Raisers, to *Eternitie*.
None euer liv'd by *Selfe-love*: Others good
Is th'obiet of our owne. They (liuing) die,
That burie in themselues their fortunes broode.
To this soule, then, your gracious count'nance giue;
That gaue, to such as you, such meanes to liue.

D d





To the most graue, and honor'd Temperer of Lawe,
and Equitie, the Lord CHANCELOR, &c. The first
Prescriber of both (Authentique HOMER) humbly presents his
*English Reniuall, and beseecheth Noble countenance to the sacred vertues hee
eterniseth.*

That Poesie is not so remov'd a thing,
From graue administrie of publique weales,
As these times take it; heare this Poet sing,
Most iudging Lord: and see how he reueales
The mysteries of Rule, and rules to guide
The life of Man, through all his choicest waies.
Nor be your timely paines the lesse applied
For Poesies idle name; because her Raies
Haue shinde through greatest Counsaillors, and Kings.
Heare Royall *Hermes* sing the Egyptian Lawes;
How *Solon*, *Draco*, *Zoroastes* sings
Their Lawes in verse: and let their iust applause
(By all the world giuen) yours (by vs) allow;
That since you grace all vertue, honour you.





Of the most Renoun'd, and worthy Earle, Lord
Treasurer, and Treasure of our Countrie, the Earle of
SALISBVRIE, &c. *The first Treasurer of humane wisdom (Diuine
HOMER) beseecheth Grace, and welcome to his English Arriwall.*

Vouchsafe, great Treasurer, to turne your eye,
And see the opening of a Greeian Mine;
Which, Wisedome long since made her Treasury;
And now, her title doth to you resigne.

Wherein as th' Ocean walks not, with such waues,
The Round of this Realme, as your Wisedomes seas;
Nor, with his great eye, sees; his Marble, faues
Our State, like your Vlyisian policies:
So, none like HOMER hath the world enspherde;
Earth, Seas, and Heauen, fixt in his verse, and mouing;
Whom all times wisest Men, haue held vnpe'rde;
And therefore would conclude with your approuing.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath gract,
And made things euer flitting, euer last.





To the most honor'd Restorer of auncient Nobilitie,
both in blood, and vertue, the Earle of SUFFOLK, &c.
olde HOMER (the first eternizer of those combin'd graces) pre-
sents his Reuiual, in this English Apparance; beseeching his honor'd, and
free Countenance.

I Oigne, Noblest Earle, in giuing worthy grace,
To this great gracet of Nobilitie:
See heere what sort of men, your honorde place
Doth properly command; if Poetrie
(Profest by them) were worthily exprest.
The grauest, wisest, greatest, need not, then,
Account that part of your command the least;
Nor them such idle, needles, worthless Men.
Who can be worthier Men in publique weales,
Then those (at all parts) that prescrib'd the best?
That stir'd vp noblest vertues, holiest zeales;
And euermore haue liv'd as they profest?
A world of worthiest Men, see one create,
(Great Earle); whom no man since could imitate.





*To the most antiently Noble and learned Earle,
the Earle of NORTH-HAMPTON, &c. Old HOMER
(the first Parent of Learning and Antiquitie) presents this part
of his eternall Issue; and humbly desires (for helpe to their entire propagati-
on) his cheerefull, and iudicall Acceptance.*



O you, most learned Earle, whose learning can
Reiect illiterate Custome, and embrace
The reall vertues of a worthie Man,
I prostrate this great *Worthie*, for your grace;
And pray that Poesies well-deserv'd ill Name
(Being such, as many moderne Poets make her)
May nought eclypse her cleare essentiall flame:
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.
Nor do I hope; but euen your high affaires
May suffer intermixture with her view;
Where *Wisdome* fits her, for the highest chaires;
And mindes, growne olde, with cares of State, renew:
You then (great Earle) that in his owne tongue knowe
This king of Poets; see his English shewe.

E c





To our English *Athenia*, Chaste Arbitresse of ver-
 tue and learning, the Ladie ARBELLA; reuiu'd HO-
 MER submits cause of renewing her former conference with his ori-
 ginal spirit; and prayes her iudiciall grace to his English Conuersion.

What to the learn'd *Athenia* can be giuen
 (As offering) fitter, then this Fount of Learning?
 Of Wisedome, Fortitude; all gifts of Heauen?
 That by the, both the height, bredth, depth dis-
 Of this diuine soule, when of old he liv'd; (cerning
 (Like his great *Pallas*, leading through his wars)
 Her faire hand, through his spirit thus reuiu'd,
 May lead the Reader; shoue his Commentars;
 All that haue turnd him into any tongue:
 And iudge if ours reueale not Mysteries,
 That others neuer knew, since neuer sung;
 Not in opinion; but that satisfies.
 Grace then (great Lady) his so gracious Muse,
 And to his whole worke his whole spirit infuse.

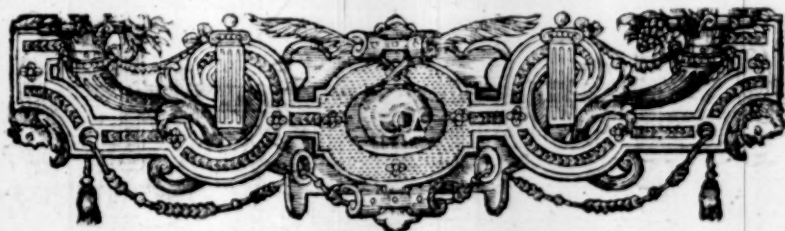




To the most honor'd Patronesse and Grace of
Vertue, the Countesse of Bedford.

TO you, faire Patronesse, and Muse, to Learning;
 The Fount of learning and the Muses sends
 This Cordiall for your vertues; and forewarning
 To leaue no good, for th'ill the world commends.
 Custome seduceth but the vulgar sort:
 With whome, when Noblesse mixeth, she is vulgar;
 The truly-Noble, still repaire their Fort,
 With gracing good excitements, and gifts rare;
 In which the narrow path, to Happinesse,
 Is onely beaten. *Vulgar pleasure* sets
 Nets for her selfe, in swindge of her excesse;
 And beates her selfe there dead, ere free she gets.
 Since pleasure then with pleasure still doth waste;
 Still please with vertue, Madame: That will last.

E c 2





*To my euer-observed and singular good Lord, the
Earle of Svssex; with dutie, alwaies profest to his
most Honor'd Countesse.*

You that haue made, in our great Princes Name
(At his high birth) his holy Christian vöwes;
May witnesse now (to his eternall Fame)
How he performs them thus far; & stil growes
Aboue his birth in vertue; past his yeares
In strength of Bountie, and great Fortitude.
Amongst this traine, then, of our choicest Peeres,
That follow him in chace of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great Herrald *Horners* voice;
March you; and euer let your Familie
(In your vöwes made for such a Prince) reioyce.
Your seruice to his State shall neuer die.
And, for my true obseruance, let this shöwe,
No meanes escapes, when I may honor you.





Against the two Enemies of Humanitie and Religion (Ignorance and Impietie) the awak't spirit of the most-knowing and diuine HOMER, calls (to attendance of our Heroicall Prince) the most Honor'd and vncorrupted Heroe, the Earle of PEMBROKE, &c.

A Boue all others may your Honor shine;
 As, past all others, your ingenuous beames
 Exhale into your grace the forme diuine
 Of godlike *Learning*; whose exiled streames
 Runne to your succor, charg'd with all the wracke
 Of sacred Vertue. Now the barbarous witch
 (Fowle *Ignorance*) sits charming of them backe
 To their first Fountaine, in the great and rich;
 Though our great Soueraigne counter-check her charms
 (Who in all learning, raignes so past example)
 Yet (with her) *Turkish Policie* puts on armes,
 To raze all knowledge in mans Christian Temple.
 (You following yet our king) your guard redouble:
 Pure are those streames, that these times cannot trouble.

Ec 3





To the right gracious Illustrator of vertue, and worthy
of the fauor Royall, the Earle of MOUNTGOMRIE.

Here runs a blood, faire Earle, through your cleare
That well entitles you to all things Noble; (vains,
Which still the liuing Sydnian soule maintaines,
And your Names antient Noblesse doth redouble:
For which, I needes must tender to your Graces
This noblest worke of Man; as made your Right.
And though Ignoblesse all such workes defaces
As tend to Learning, and the soules delight:
Yet since the sacred Penne doth testifie,
That Wisedome (which is Learnings naturall birth)
Is the cleare Mirror of Gods Maiestie,
And Image of his goodnesse here in earth;
If you the Daughter with, respect the Mother:
One cannot be obtaine, without the other.





To the most learned and 'Noble Concluder of
the *Warres* Arte, and the *Muses*, the Lord LISLE, &c.
the first Prescriber and Concluder of both (*Divine HOMER*) in all
observation presents both.



Or let my paines in him (long honor'd Lord)
Faile of your auncient Nobly-good respects;
Though obscure *Fortune* neuer would afford
My seruice shoue, till these thus late effects.
And though my poore deserts weigh'd neuer more
Then might keepe downe their worthless memorie
From your high thoughts (enricht with better store)
Yet yours, in me, are fixt eternally;
Which all my fit occasions well shall proue.
Meane space (with your most Noble Nephewes) daine
To shoue your free and honorable loue
To this Greeke Poet, in his English vaine.
You cannot more the point of death controule,
Then to sticke close by such a liuing soule.





To the right Noble, and (by the great eternizer of
Vertue, Sir P. SYDNEY) long since, eterniz'd, Right
vertuous, the accomplisht Lord WOTTON, &c.



Our friend (great SYDNEY) my long honor'd Lord,
(Since friendship is the bond of two, in one)
Tels vs, that you (his quicke part) doe afforde
Our Land the liuing minde that in him shone.
To whom there neuer came a richer gift
Then the Soules riches; from men ne're so poore:
And that makes me, the soule of *Homer* lift
To your acceptance; since one minde both bore.
Our Prince vouchsafes it: and of his high Train
I wish you, with the Noblest of our Time.
See here, if Poetrie be so slight and vaine
As men esteeme her in our moderne Rime.
The great'st, and wisest men that euer were,
Haue giuen her grace: and (I hope) you will, here.

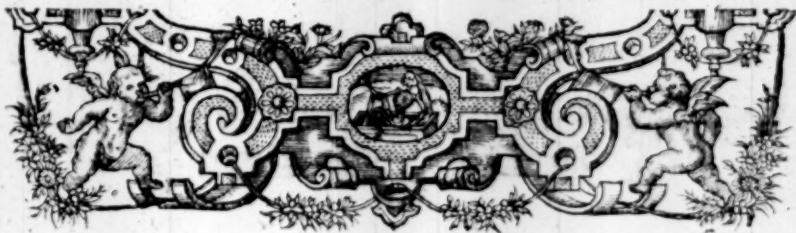




The right valorous, learned, and full sphere of
 Noblesse, the Earle of SOUTH-HAMPTON, the Mu-
ses great Herrald, HOMER, especially calls to the following of our
 most forward Prince in his sacred expedition, against Ignorance and
 Impietie.

IN choice of all our Countries Noblest spirits
 (Fit, those aforesaid Monsters to conuince)
 I could not but inuoke your honor'd Merits,
 To follow the swift vertues of our Prince.
 The cries of *Vertue*, and her *Fostresse*, *Learning*,
 Brake earth, and to *Elysium* did descend,
 To call vp *Homer*: who therein discerning
 That his excitements, to their good, had end
 (As being a Grecian) puts-on English armes;
 And to the hardie Natures in these clymes
 Strikes-vp his high and spiritfull alarms,
 That they may cleare earth of those impious Crimes:
 Whose conquest (though most faintly all apply)
 You know (learn'd Earle) all liue for, and should die.

F f





To conclude, and accomplish the right Princely Traine of
our most excellent Prince, HENRIE, &c. In entertainment of all the
vertues brought hither, by the preserver, HOMER, &c. His diuine worth solicits
the right Noble and vertuous Heroe the Earle of Arundell, &c.

He end crownes all: and therefore though it chance,
 That here, your honor'd Name be vsde the last;
 Whose worth all Right should (with the first) aduance,
 Great Earle, esteeme it, as of purpose past.
 Vertue had neuer her due place in earth;
 Nor stands shee vpon Forme; for that will fade:
 Her sacred substance (grafted in your birth)
 Is that, for which she calls you to her aide.
 Nor could she but obserue you with the best
 Of this Heroicall, and Princely Trainè;
 All following her great Patron to the Feast
 Of *Homers* soule, inuiting none in vaine.
 Sir then, Great Earle, and feast your soule, with his:
 Whose food, is knowledge; and whose knowledge, blisse.

✦ *Subscrib'd by the most true obseruant of*
all your Heroicall vertues,

Geo. Chapman.



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